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SACRED CIRCLE.

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

NUMBER ONE.

BUFFALO, Saturday, August 19, 1836.

MY DEAR S.—I arrived here last evening, and find now the first leisure moment to commence the performance of my promise to write to you freely all that I may see which shall be new to me. I begin to feel that my promise was rather rash, for I am already aware that much which is new to me may not be so to you, and I may therefore be taking up much of your time in detailing matters already familiar to you. But how can I tell? If I must err, I shall choose rather to invite your attention to things well known to you, than to omit any novelty. I shall have one consolation at least: while writing to you, time and space will be annihilated, and in imagination I shall be by your fireside, conversing with you and enjoying all those domestic comforts which no one knows better how to dispense.

I went down to the water-side this morning to take my passage up the lake; but a violent storm was raging, and the steamboats did not dare to leave the harbor. Having a day upon my hands, I have occupied it in visiting all parts of this city. It is ten years since my last visit to this place, and the alterations in it in that time have been astonishing. Every thing seems to be done on a grand scale. What would be a large fortune elsewhere is here spoken of as a trifling matter. I was told of a man who had realized some \$100,000 in a short time by some fortunate speculation. I thought he was lucky in being thus made comfortable for life. "Phoo!" said my informant, "that is nothing; we send such

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men to the poor-house." There is certainly much appearance of wealth here, and much said about it. A good deal of it is doubtless real, but I fear that much of it, like a Western city, exists only on paper. The mode of making a fortune is rather summary. A owns a lot which cost him \$1,000, he sells it to B for \$10,000, and takes a mortgage for his pay. B sells to C for \$50,000, and takes another mortgage; and C sells to D for \$100,000, and takes a mortgage too. Thus A, B, and C have together made \$99,000 by the operation. But the misfortune is, that very little money is paid down—the property is loaded by mortgages sufficient almost to cover its surface; and if pay-day should come a little too soon, the lot to be sure may be there yet, but the fortunes which it made may have vanished like Macbeth's witches, leaving behind only high aspirations and hopes, which insure the ruin of those who entertain them. I hope that such may not be the result, but I fear it much. It can not be that these enormous prices can be maintained or these vast speculations continue unabated. A revulsion must come; perhaps it has already commenced. Then the "devil take the hindmost"—let the last purchaser look out. His ruin is settled, and it will be lucky if his fall does not knock down the whole row.

I do not mean to apply these remarks particularly to Buffalo. They are just as applicable, I fear, to the whole country; but this city has indulged freely in the intoxication and will have to suffer the languor which will follow. It has already in its day undergone one or two such operations, but it has always arisen from the blow with renewed strength and vigor. Such must again be its fate, even if it should be made to suffer under the revulsion I speak of. Its position is such, commanding the trade of a vast and growing country and the commerce of three great seas, with their canals and rivers, that it can not be otherwise than a great place. The elements of prosperity are too deeply ingrafted in it to be eradicated. They may be depressed for a season and their growth checked, but not destroyed.

At present many of its inhabitants seem to delight in doing things magnificently. A new hotel, The American, is about being opened, and if its whole outfit shall equal the specimen I have already seen of its furniture, it will rival the most splendid establishment of the kind in the Union. It is truly gorgeous and extravagant. Two candelabras, costing \$500 each, and mahogany chairs with figured crimson satin bottoms, give you a pretty fair idea of it. With us, such furniture for a public hotel would be considered as evidence almost of insanity, but I do not discover any other feeling manifested here than applause and admiration.

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But I tell you they do every thing on a grand scale. You would scarcely believe now that they will begin to build a house on Monday morning and move into it the very next Saturday, or that they proceed so rapidly that the painter is busy with one end of a board while the carpenter is nailing on the other end! But such things are said of them.

Even their failures are on the same grand scale. Rathbun's crash exceeds all comparison in this country. He commenced as the keeper of a hotel, and soon succeeded in distinguishing himself. He then engaged in other operations, and extended his business until it exceeded all that had ever been known to be undertaken by one man in this country. He monopolized all the building at Buffalo. He was an extensive stage proprietor, and owned hundreds of horses. He had brick-kilns, lumber-yards, and stone quarries. He bought and sold lands, and built up whole streets. He owned taverns and stores in great number, and his dry goods and hardware stores exceeded all others of the kind in Buffalo, not only in their exterior appearance, but in the assortment and quantity of goods and in the business done in them. He displayed great taste and energy of character, and did more than any other man to build up, beautify, and adorn his favored city. His last great work, if he could have completed it, would have been a vast monument of his taste and enterprise. He contemplated the erection of an exchange of the most stately dimensions, and had already torn down several fine buildings to make room for it. But he was suddenly arrested in his career. It was discovered that he had carried on his business by means of extensive forgeries. He has been thrown into prison, and the fate of the malefactor will doubtless be his.

There is great sympathy exhibited here for him. He has done a vast deal to benefit this place. He has been generous and honorable in his dealings. He has brought large sums from abroad and expended them in erecting large buildings and giving employment to great numbers. He has provided that no one here should lose by his failure, and the sense of his great crimes seems to be lost in feelings of commiseration for his misfortunes. This feeling, however, can not be otherwise than transient, and will be followed by a proper estimate of the magnitude of his offenses.

His forgeries, if correctly reported to me, exceed every other known case of the kind. I am told that from the commencement of these practices to the day of his arrest, they amount to \$7,000,000! Fauntleroy, the greatest known rascal of the kind, did not scarcely reach one tenth of this amount. And it seems to me matter of utter astonishment how a

course of this kind could have been continued for two years to so enormous an extent without giving rise to some suspicion. But none seems to have been excited, or if excited, to have been made public. And he has gone on from step to step, until he stands out on the calendar of criminals on a painful preëminence above all others.

I am told that he seems to feel relieved by the explosion. He has compared his situation for months past to that of the wretch placed at the mouth of a cannon loaded and primed, with a bundle of combustibles burning over its priming. There was one chance perhaps in a million that the powder might not catch, but a constant dread that each spark would light the train and bring upon him instant and certain destruction.

He certainly must have been a remarkable man, to have been so long and so eminently successful in escaping detection, and in conducting, during the horrors of his situation, his vast business in a manner distinguished for its order and regularity.

Perhaps there is one exception to this remark. A pitiful fellow was detected the other day in a paltry forgery of \$200! But there *was* some talk of tarring and feathering the fellow for his littleness!

One of the newspapers of the city remarked lately, that it seemed as if all the devils had been let loose upon Buffalo at once. A traveler who passed himself off at one of the hotels as a planter from Virginia, cut open the valise of his room-mate and robbed it of several thousand dollars, and immediately fled. He had not been particularly noticed at the hotel and no one could describe him, so that there was every prospect of his escaping. But, as it strangely happened, there was a gentleman in town whom he had robbed when in Georgia some years before, and who recognized him and so accurately described him, that in less than two hours' time he was detected even under his new disguise, and was thrown into prison. The rascal professed to understand the character of the people where he had committed his last offense, and boasted that he had followed the trade of stealing for fifteen years in England and America without detection, and it had remained for the citizens of Buffalo to finally arrest his career.

But enough of my Newgate calendar. I do not know why I give you so much of it, except that I have nothing else to give you. If I can not hereafter find something more interesting for you, I will at least promise that my letters shall not be as long as this.

I will write you during my passage up the lakes. In the mean time, God bless you.



DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER X.

SPIRITUALIST.—Do you not perceive, my friend, that we do not differ widely in opinion upon our respective tenets. We look upon the same things through colored or unequal glasses. You have been so long in the habit of viewing the subject through somber-colored media, that the sight of it through a clear crystal seems unnatural.

SKEPTIC.—Is it not you who look at the subject through a *couleur de rose* medium, while I see it in its naked truth? I agree with you, however, that we look at the same object, or endeavor to do so, and that we must look at it through a medium which may possibly distort it or color it.

SP.—Here is the great difficulty to a uniformity of belief. Every one looks at the object through a glass of his own, compounded of ingredients found in his individual organization and events in his experience, made homogeneous by his associations and habits of thought, and vitrified by his hot zeal and prejudice. Through this glass the man generally looks for a lifetime. I do not deny that my vision is as likely to be obstructed generally as that of any other person. I only claim that I can better understand a matter that I have examined carefully and investigated long and diligently, than you can understand the same thing without having studied it.

SKEP.—I am willing to admit that I see through a glass darkly, but so do all while in the flesh. I see through a medium colored by my prejudices and distorted by my errors undoubtedly—who does not? But I claim that I am sincere. I hear a startling assertion. The opinions received from my fathers, from my teachers, from my Bible, are boldly controverted, and I am requested to give up all I have held sacred, and adopt a new faith, so utterly unlike that in which I was bred, that I can not recognize them as being of any relationship.

SP.—Thus I said to you that we look at the same object through glasses so differently colored that there seems to be no resemblance between

them. You have all your life professed to believe and worship God according to the Christian religion. You were right in so doing, for it is the ultimate and perfection of precept—so perfect, that God alone could be its author. This pure religion, taught by Christ while on earth and after he had risen, the essence of which is *love*—love fraternal and love universal—we Spiritualists are striving to exhibit to the world in its native whiteness. The world opposes any new idea. False ideas have taken possession, and would not willingly be ousted. Like the demons of the time of Christ, they cry out to the exorcist, "What have we to do with thee? art thou come to torment us before the time?" It is a happy end to this unholy possession when they will enter into a herd of swine and depart.

SKEP.—Yes, false ideas get possession of all of us; but that would be little harm if we did not learn to love them, and so cherish and protect them. If I thought, or could believe, that the opinions I hold were erroneous, I should need no prompting to discard them from me forever. I know myself to be a sincere seeker after the truth. It is said that there is a bird that never builds a nest for herself, but deposits her eggs in the nests of other birds; and that on being hatched these young interlopers thrust out the legitimate offspring of the parent nest, and hold possession. I have sometimes thought that the devil deposited in the human breast the eggs of error, where God had put those of truth, and that the more early hatching of the errors thrusts out the tender fledgelings of truth. Of a surety the early imbibing of error is apt to smother or thrust out of the soul the bright and beautiful truths of heaven.

SP.—I have found many Spiritualists sanguine of the early conquest of error through this new dispensation. I am not so sanguine. I hope much, I pray for more. But I do not expect to see the world—even Christendom—spiritualized while I live, even if my years reached a century. Error has obtained possession of the human heart, and the labor will be long and arduous that shall endeavor to thrust it out.

Let us resume our discussion of the various points on which we are at issue. At the conclusion of our last conversation you made one very just remark. You said that if you had been so inclined, you, too, could have been a clergyman, and could have stood in the pulpit and been looked upon as an oracle. That is the proper view to take of the matter. If those who worship the priesthood would remember that if they were themselves before the altar they would receive the same reverential homage, and yet be identically the same as they now are, they would arrive at a better understanding of the matter. However, there is no use in com-

bating this propensity of the ignorant to worship men in high places. The priesthood are enlightened generally, and this circumstance actually elevates them above their flocks. If they were all honest, all would be well. If the love and pride of power did not sway them and corrupt them, we should have no occasion to preach the regeneration of the Church. All religions have been founded on the miracles of spiritism. They have been misunderstood, of course. The herd of the ignorant need a leader. There is no lack of those who assume to be able to lead them. They expound the mysteries of the faith, and the herd accept their explanation.

SKEP.—Does not the difficulty lie deeper? Can the common people understand and appreciate any spirituality?

SP.—No, they can not. I am aware of that difficulty, and hence I blame the clergy for making no greater or better efforts to give them a practical religion, instead of suffering them to dwell upon the forms and ceremonies of their worship. I blame them for loving the pageantry and show, the glitter and the glare, the pomp and the pride of luxurious temple worship, instead of teaching, as Christ did, the practical lessons of life.

SKEP.—I do not defend them from the charge. They all love display—they all love *power*, and most of all the power which intellect has over the minds of the masses. Yet, you must admit, this very love of power and influence often leads the preachers to get up revivals and to do their utmost to add to the numbers of their church.

SP.—Yes, to the numbers of *their* church, *their* constituency, *their* faith, their actual means of support, and to their actual consequence and power. And yet though all this may be at the bottom of their hearts, I believe that few of them are aware of the fact. They work for the glory of God, as they call it, and they do great good and great harm. They lift the erring and the ignorant up one notch in the scale *and chain them there*. They forbid them to rise or to fall, or to leave their place. That is what I have against sectarian *creeds*. Men are made to swear fealty to a set of doctrines which, though seeming good and true in the darkness of to-day, will be found to be bad or false in the light of to-morrow.

SKEP.—What would you have them do? Must there not be a platform, an organization, and a government in religion?

SP.—This is too wide a question to discuss here; suffice it to say, that any organization which enslaves the mind must be bad in its tendency. The world moves, and men should be allowed to move with it. Progress is the normal condition of the human soul, and whatever would retard this must be wrong. If it is wrong, as we both believe, for the

Romish ecclesiastical laws to accept the vow of a nun, who to-day would immure herself for life in a cell, and to-morrow, when in her more perfect senses she would be free, shall persist in holding her a prisoner in accordance with her rash vow; so is it wrong to bind an ignorant man in the creed of to-day, when the new light of to-morrow would have set him free.

SKEP.—I have no wish to see men held in the bonds of error. It may not be possible to elevate them much all at once, and perhaps it is well to bind them fast when we get them up a notch, lest they fall back and sink still lower in the mire of ignorance.

SP.—My feeling in this matter is democratic. I wish to see *the people* allowed to share the power that knowledge confers on all. The priesthood, as well as kings, claim to rule by right divine. The laity have no right to think for themselves. I would elevate the people to be the equals of the clergy, by giving them equal information. I would not depress the clergy—I would rather wish them to rise to a still higher position. When this republic was instituted, many well-meaning persons feared that the common people were unfit to govern themselves, and that it would be much better to let *well* alone. We were well governed by the kings of England, and they were used to governing, and could do it better; besides, they had the divine authority to rule. Nevertheless, in spite of all these good arguments and all this friendly warning, *the people* of this country took the helm, and have thus far steered the ship of state over the stormy ocean of political strife in perfect safety. There seems to have been no bad result from this change, and I think it would be as well to democratize religion in the same manner. The host of heaven (for so I style the spirits who are engaged in this cause) seem to be of this way of thinking, for they go about creating priests from the ranks of the laity, sovereigns from the people, until they bid fair to make us all priests and kings unto the Lord. In Spiritualism you see the engine that shall revolutionize and democratize religion. A million of enlightened spirits are preaching this doctrine. They cover the face of the earth like a cloud, and wherever men can be found who are ready to be free, they set them free. If men love their chains and hug their treacherous errors, the angels sigh that their time is not yet come, and pass on.

SKEP.—We are wandering a little from our legitimate subject. Let me hear how you account for the widely different doctrines taught by

why spirits, clothed in mortal bodies on earth, teach different and opposing systems of religion and philosophy.

SKEP.—But here men are expected to err. Spirits have risen above error.

SP.—I was not aware of that fact, and I think you would find it difficult to prove. As to actual *knowledge*, spirits know no more of God than we do. As to the history of creation, they know no more than we do. The lifetime of the oldest spirit of this earth must be an infinitesimal point compared with the period of time which it required to form this globe into a suitable residence for human beings. But upon the *probable history* of the earth, and the probable nature of God, they are, that is the superior spirits, much better informed.

You ask why spirits teach different and conflicting doctrines. I answer, they do not conflict in any matter which it is essential for us to know. They all agree that the soul lives in another state of existence. They all agree that mankind should love one another. They all agree that we should labor for the advancement of ourselves and the good of our fellow-creatures. They all teach honesty, sobriety, and truth. In a word, they tell us to be *good*. What else is it *necessary* for us to know? If we do all that, which spirits agree to teach, we shall do well.

SKEP.—Perhaps you do not quite understand me. There seems to be no *standard* in the manifestations—they are different in the manner of communication and in the substance of what is given, and seem too often to be colored by the minds of those through whom they are given.

SP.—I am aware of these matters, which are undoubtedly stumbling-blocks to those who are not experienced.

Imagine as many spirits interested in spreading the Gospel of Spiritualism over the earth as there are believers—say two millions. It is impossible there can be a perfect union and organization among the spirits in this work, more than there can be perfect unity of effort amid all the religionists on earth. Thousands and thousands will act independently, and without any authority, above their own wills. The majority of enlightened spirits will act upon principle, and in accordance with deliberate resolves made in their various organizations. They will, in the great majority of instances, act like us from disinterestedness.

SP.—They certainly do. Possibly they do not require as much sleep as we do. But they sleep for the refreshment of their bodies.

SKEP.—I find it difficult to think of a *disembodied* spirit with a form.

SP.—The spirit is never wholly disembodied. It leaves one body to inhabit another. A man is not considered houseless who is moving out of an old house into a new one, although he may be occupied a few moments in passing from one to the other.

Let us look at the philosophy of this matter. *All gross matter gives off its sublimation, or spirit.* The sublimation is to the matter what the perfume is to the flower; it contains all its qualities in their refined essence. The human body generates from within its spirit-body, which, at death, whenever it occurs, it throws off by magnetic repulsion, and the spirit changes its habitation—or, rather, leaves the old body when the new body leaves it—for the spirit can only manifest existence, separate from God, when it has the organized body to enable it to do so. The new-born spiritual body is for a little time unconscious. It has the helplessness of a new-born child. But this feebleness is of short duration, for if the grossly material body of earth has been perfected, the spiritual one will also be perfect, and the manifestation will be equally so. Therefore a man a few hours or days deceased is in every possible respect the same as he was on earth, so far as his mental or moral identity is concerned. He is differently situated, 'tis true. He can float in our atmosphere, and can move almost with the speed of thought, his body possessing little or no inertia to be overcome. He may also be amid new friends—or old friends new found—he may be free from the bodily ills and infirmities of his grosser body, and he may wear a new suit of clothes.

SKEP.—I can not resist an inclination to laugh when you mention spirits wearing clothes. Where do they get them? Are there tailors in heaven, and milliners, and mantua-makers?

SP.—Throughout the Bible spirits are alluded to as being *clothed*. Almost all the spirits ever seen have been clothed. Indeed, not to wear clothing would argue a great want of delicacy on the part of the spirits.

SKEP.—Still the idea is amusing. To think of angels stitching, and hemming, and pressing, and washing, and ironing! Probably they make shoes and hats also?

SP.—Else they would go barefooted and bareheaded. I have learned that spirits have all the *wants* found on earth, and many more. The greater the number of wants gratified, the greater is the happiness of the individual. In the world of spirits they labor much more, and much

more to the purpose than we do here. Persons skilled in the trades make the clothing necessary for spirits to wear. How they manage their business operations it is difficult to tell—but we must infer that they do somewhat as they did on earth. To learn these things people must investigate. Starting from the point that *there is no miracle* in the spirit-world any more than there is here, and that all things operate in obedience to natural laws, they can inquire into the manners and customs of spirits, as they would into those of the English emigrants in Australia. They will find that their fellow-citizens who have gone to the spirit-world have carried with them their habits of thought and feeling, and that so far as possible, in the new state of things, they will do as they did before.

SKEP.—This I find very difficult to comprehend.

SP.—You can imagine a Highlander of Scotland—that in his lifetime had never been out of sight of his native mountain—migrating to America. He lands in New York city, and is met by a large number of his friends and relatives who had long resided here. They strip him of his Highland kilt and his blue bonnet, and dress him as a citizen of New York. He would find things strange at first, and be dazzled with their complicated beauty, but in a year he would be quite used to it all, and perfectly at his ease. This case affords a sort of parallel to the mortal arriving in the spirit-world.

SKEP.—Then we arrive there like shipwrecked emigrants?

SP.—Yes; the simile is a good one. We are shipwrecked upon the rocks of death; we are washed ashore, and our friends take up our naked and unconscious bodies, put upon us new clothing, and receive us into their habitations. For a while, as long as it is necessary, they entertain us. Then we seek employment for our own maintenance—unless we should happen to find provision made for our maintenance by those of our relatives who had been long there and become established.

SKEP.—That shocks me. I can not imagine a spirit going out to work as a day-laborer to earn his subsistence. This surpasses all the absurdities you have uttered.

SP.—A few years ago, before I had thought of the matter, it would have seemed absurd to me. I make no direct assertion in this matter. I believe the spirits labor for their daily sustenance as we do. I do not know that they go out to days' work. In the many nations of the many spirit-worlds there is an infinite diversity of manners and customs. And yet among them all, I presume there is some provision made for the comfort and support of immigrants from the earthly worlds. Doubtless all the

temporarily, except in those cases where the friends of the spirit have already made provision. It is probable that in the great majority of cases the friends are ready to receive the spirit on his leaving the earth-body.

Let us suppose a case. A packet steamer with hundreds of passengers is on the ocean and in danger of being lost. With every passenger there will be some attendant spirits. As soon as danger occurs, the intelligence will be conveyed to all the relatives and many of the friends of the passengers. There will be thousands of anxious spirits near the devoted ship. They can do nothing but wait the issue. The ship goes down, and the passengers struggle with the waves. One by one they sink, and the attendant spirits wait till there rises before them the expected form of their friend. They wrap the unconscious new-born spirit in suitable clothing, and bear it away. The spirit soon becomes conscious of his situation. He sees his departed relatives and friends eager to embrace him. Some are weeping, and some are smiling. All are greeting the new spirit with a warm and loving welcome, and soothing his natural grief to be thus suddenly torn from earth and his beloved friends. When all is over with the fated ship—when the stoutest swimmer has been swallowed in the remorseless wave, and there are no more spirits to be cared for, the army of angels return, conducting their new-born friends to their spirit-homes, and there proceed to make them feel they are in heaven.

SKEP.—You make a very practical, common-sense-like affair of it. And it is possible that it may be so.

SP.—It is so. Nothing is more certain to my mind. Even to your mind, all unaccustomed to the idea, it must seem natural and proper. Suppose yourself one of the lost upon the fated steamer, what would you do after your comfortable establishment in the mansions of your friends in heaven?

SKEP.—I can not tell. I suppose I should wish to return to earth and see my children and friends.

SP.—Yes, you undoubtedly would. All the love you now feel for them you would find living in your heart, increased and intensified. You would come down to earth, under the guidance of some of your friends, and you would visit those you loved most. Suppose you wished most to see a favorite daughter. You would go to see her—probably before she had learned of her bereavement. You would embrace her, and speak to her, and weep to find that she did not perceive your presence. You would follow her to her bedroom, and there, in the hours of her slumber,

aided by spirits more accustomed to the business, you would magnetize her, and impress yourself upon her mind. You would picture out the wreck, and tell her of your death, and she, in her unconscious trance, would weep at her loss. You would wake her, and then, with deep regret, perceive that she retained no recollection of the dream. Night after night and day after day would you strive to force yourself into her mind. At length the news would arrive of the loss of the steamer. You would watch the effect upon your daughter. You would perceive her wild and unconsolable grief, and as she wept herself to sleep you would again appear before her when she was entranced. She would wake, and probably remember the vision, for her mind would have been prepared for it. She would tell her dream, and people would say it was natural she should dream of her father, but neither she nor her friends would believe that you had been near at the time.

SKEP.—This seems all very natural. I should probably do just so.

SP.—At length you would find your daughter in the presence of a natural medium. You would make *raps* to waken her attention. Yes, you, the skeptic of earth, now no longer a skeptic, would resort to the much-despised *Rochester Knockings* to communicate with your daughter, to tell her you still lived to love and bless her, to watch over her, and to guide and guard her. She would listen while the alphabet was called and the raps came at the letters which spelled out your name. You would perceive her feeling of distrust. You would see her look under the table to find where the medium's feet were. You would perhaps hear her say, "My father would not come to me in this way, making these silly raps. He would come speaking in his natural voice, or appear as an angel of light!" And you would sigh to think you could not make yourself manifest to her and cause her to believe.

SKEP.—All this seems very natural. I know that if I thus returned, my daughter would never recognize me under such a manifestation.

W.



Try a passive, quiet state of mind. Keep in a quiet mood.

Try the path of obedience. Let your reliance be on the good and true.

Do with energy what it seems right to do.

Try the advantages which result from *listening*. Of course, this refers to conversation carried on in public.

The value of any thing is in its direction.

WHAT'S TRUE WORSHIP?

BY R. H. BROWN.

WHAT's true worship? Organs pealing,
Vespers through the twilight stealing,
Priestly forms in silence kneeling,
 Glittering spires,
Solemn temples, and altar fires?

A pious glance to heaven sent,
Ashes thrown and garments rent.
The body, not the spirit, bent,
 Bells and beads,
Hymns and prayers, in place of deeds?

Consecrated brick and mortar,
Sacrificial blood and slaughter,
Latin verse and holy water,
 Piteous plaints,
And sad appeals to painted saints?

What's true worship? Will God alone
Such soulless rites as worship own?
Can these for crime and sin atone?
 Nay, tis not so!
My heart and Heaven answer, No.

A loving, humble heart to show,
To wipe away the tears of woe,
That all along life's pathway flow—
 Such deeds as these
Far more the Sire of Spirits please.

From Sin and Superstition free,
The poor man's heart thy temple be,
And let the mercies wrought by thee,
 To God in praise
A hymn within that temple raise,

He whose prayers are noble deeds,
For mercy better intercedes,
And he whose heart with pity bleeds,
 The Crown shall gain,
That Pharisees implore in vain.

DETROIT, 1854.

WHY HAVE THEY NOT COME BEFORE?

TRANCE.

THIS term has long been used to signify a state in which the soul seems to have passed out of the body into the celestial regions; and we have seen persons who were subject to ecstasies which were thought peculiar only to those who had actually left the body and passed into heaven.

We have often produced this state by pathetism. The persons in whom it is brought about describe it as one of the most delightful states imaginable. But frequently they manifest an unwillingness to describe it at all, as they say it so far exceeds all our ordinary conceptions of what is elevated, refined, beautiful, and heavenly.

We shall, hereafter, take occasion to give some further account of some of these cases of our own, and in the mean time we present the following from the life of the celebrated Rev. William Tennent. There are persons now living who remember this man, and some who believe that he actually died and went to heaven in the trance narrated below.

After a regular course of study in theology, Mr. Tennent, then with his brother Gilbert, at New Brunswick, N. J., was preparing for his examination by the Presbytery as a candidate for the gospel ministry. His intense application affected his health so much, that his life was threatened. In this situation his spirits failed him, and he began to entertain doubts of his final happiness. He was conversing one morning with his brother, in Latin, on the state of his soul, when he fainted and died away. After the usual time he was laid out on a board, according to the common practice of the country, and the neighborhood were invited to attend his funeral on the next day. In the evening his physician, who was warmly attached to him, returned from a ride in the country, and was afflicted beyond measure at the news of his death. He could not be persuaded that it was certain; and on being told that one of the persons who had assisted in laying out the body thought he had observed a little tremor of the flesh under the arm, although the body was cold and stiff, he endeavoured to ascertain the fact. He first put his own hand into the warm water, to make it as sensible as possible, and then felt

under the arm and at the heart, and affirmed that he felt an unusual warmth, though no one else could. He had the body restored to a warm bed, and insisted that the people who had been invited to the funeral should not attend. To this the brother objected, as absurd, the eyes being sunk, the lips discolored, and the whole body cold and stiff. However, the doctor finally prevailed, and all probable means were used to discover symptoms of returning life. But the third day arrived, and no hopes were entertained of success by the doctor, who never left him, day nor night. The people were again invited, and assembled to attend the funeral. The doctor still objected, and at last confined his request for delay to one hour, then half an hour, and finally to a quarter of an hour, when his brother came in, and insisted with earnestness that the funeral should proceed. At this critical and important moment, the body, to the great alarm and astonishment of all present, opened its eyes, gave a dreadful groan, and sunk again into apparent death. This put an end to all thoughts of burying him, and every effort was again employed, in hopes of bringing about a speedy resuscitation. In about an hour the eyes again opened, a heavy groan proceeded from the body, and again all appearance of animation vanished. In another hour, life seemed to return with more power, and a complete revival took place, to the great joy of the family and friends, and to the no small astonishment and conviction of the very many who had been ridiculing the idea of restoring life to a dead body.

The writer of these memoirs states that on a favorable occasion he earnestly pressed Mr. Tennent for a minute account of what his views and apprehensions were while he lay in this extraordinary state of suspended animation. He discovered great reluctance to enter into any explanation of his perceptions and feelings at that time; but being importunately urged to do it, he at length consented, and proceeded with a solemnity not to be described.

"While I was conversing with my brother," said he, "on the state of my soul, and the fears I had entertained for my future welfare, I found myself in an instant in another state of existence, under the direction of a superior being, who ordered me to follow him. I was accordingly wafted along I know not how, till I beheld at a distance an ineffable glory, the impressions of which on my mind it is impossible to communicate to mortal man. I immediately reflected on my happy change, and

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see any bodily shape or representation in the glorious appearance. I heard things unutterable. I heard their songs and hallelujahs of thanksgiving and praise with unspeakable rapture. I felt joy unutterable and full of glory. I then applied to my conductor, and requested leave to join the happy throng; on which he tapped me on the shoulder and said, 'You must return to earth.' This seemed like a sword through my heart. In an instant I recollect to have seen my brother standing before me, disputing with the doctor. The three days during which I had appeared lifeless, seemed to be not more than ten or twenty minutes. The idea of returning to this world of sorrow and trouble gave me such a shock that I fainted repeatedly." He added: "Such was the effect on my mind of what I had seen and heard, that if it be possible for a human being to live entirely above the world and the things of it, for some time afterward I was that person. The ravishing sound of the songs and hallelujahs that I heard, and the very words that were uttered, were not out of my ears for at least three years. All the kingdoms of the earth were, in my sight, as nothing and vanity; and so great were my ideas of heavenly glory, that nothing which did not in some measure relate to it could command my serious attention."

This extraordinary event is abundantly confirmed by the worthy successor of Mr. Tennent in the pastoral charge of his flock. He states, that after hearing from Mr. Tennent's own mouth a particular narration of this surprising trance, he said to him, "Sir, you seem to be one indeed raised from the dead, and may tell us what it is to die, and what you were sensible of while in that state." He replied in the following words: "As to dying—I found my fever increase, and I became weaker and weaker, until all at once I found myself in heaven, as I thought. I saw no shape as to the Deity, but glory all unutterable." Here he paused, as though unable to find words to express his views, and lifting up his hands proceeded: "I can say as St. Paul did, I heard and saw things unutterable. I saw a great multitude before this glory, apparently in the height of bliss, singing most melodiously. I was transported with my own situation, viewing all my troubles ended, and my rest and glory begun, and was about to join the happy multitude, when one came to me, looked me full in the face, laid his hands upon my shoulder, and said, 'You must go back.' These words ran through me; nothing could have shocked me more; I cried out, 'Lord, must I go back?' With this shock I opened my eyes in this world. When I saw I was in this world I fainted, then came to, and fainted for several times, as one would naturally have done in so weak a situation."

"Mr. Tennent further informed me, that he had so entirely lost the recollection of his past life, and the benefit of his former studies, that he could neither understand what was spoken to him, nor write, nor read his own name; he had to begin again all anew, and did not recollect that he had ever read before, until he had again learned his letters and was able to pronounce the monosyllables, such as thee and thou. But that as his strength returned, which was very slowly, his memory returned also. Yet, notwithstanding the extreme feebleness of his situation, his recollection of what he saw and heard while in heaven, as he supposed, and the sense of divine things which he there obtained, continued all the time in their full strength, so that he was continually in something like an ecstasy of mind. 'And,' said he, 'for three years the sense of divine things was so great, and every thing else appeared so completely vain when compared to heaven, that could I have had the world for stooping down for it, I believe I should not have thought of doing it.'"

The pious and candid reader is left to his own reflections on this very extraordinary occurrence. The facts have been stated, and they are unquestionable. The writer will only ask, whether it be contrary to the revealed truth or to reason to believe that in every age of the world instances like that which is here recorded have occurred, to furnish living testimony of the reality of the invisible world, and of the infinite importance of eternal concerns.—*Magnet of 1842.*



May 8d, 1853.

"And sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

TURN back your heavenward gaze, ye sons of earth; ye look for joys heavenly, not in the present earthly sphere, but in the coming future change, when the spirit needing no longer its tabernacle of flesh passes into a state purely spiritual, and being no longer a dweller of this earth, enters as a thing of course into a state of joyous existence, which forever precludes sorrow and into which sighing finds no home. Turn back, turn back your spirits wandering, for a home, a Father's home is yours, even while clothed in mortal habiliments. "Know ye not the kingdom of heaven is within you? Know ye not that it was while dwelling in this earthly sphere that the Saviour of men was glorified? Let the little child clap its hands and the old man shout for joy, for as your sins and sorrows have sprung from your earthly state, so will your redemption be earthly, and the eye shall see it, and the ear shall rejoice in hearing, that here, aye, on this earth, sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF MANIFESTATIONS.

It is often alleged by the secular press, representing a majority of the public, that the various doings, called physical manifestations, raps, tip-pings, etc., are unworthy of an immortal spirit. It is charged that Spiritualists represent the spirits of heaven as coming to earth on very foolish errands, and doing very foolish things, and altogether acting as enlightened and dignified souls would not be likely to act. On this subject we have a few words to say.

Suppose an unbeliever to be accidentally thrown into the presence of a good natural medium. Suppose him orthodox in his religious creed, and old-fashioned in his notions generally. A circle is formed, and raps are produced; the table is tipped, and perhaps lifted up over their heads without any visible means. The skeptic is told that all this is done by spirits, and it is not wonderful that the *nature* of the feats performed will seem unworthy of a great spirit. In the absence of any tests which prove the work of spirits, he will naturally be disgusted with what he has seen, and be ready to adopt the theory, blindly proposed, that some *new law* of nature causes electricity to act and produce these phenomena; or that men's minds have a power of will—voluntary or involuntary—to produce them. If the skeptic shall see furniture thrown around, and crockery broken, and other mischief done, he will easily account for it all upon the clergy's theory, that it is the work of the devil, who takes this means to win souls to eternal damnation.

Let us enumerate some of the most common forms of the manifestations of spirits, and see whether or not they are wise, and adapted to the purpose of convincing skeptics of the immortality of the soul.

I. There are the RAPS, or KNOCKINGS.—These are easily produced in the presence of a natural medium; that is, one who has a surplus of what we will call the nervous fluid, and which, by the magnetization of spirits, can be indefinitely increased. This, though a simple manifestation, requires peculiar circumstances for its production, and it is comparatively rare.

II. TIPPING OF TABLES.—This is more easily effected by spirits than making raps. It can be done in the presence of any one who is, in a

slight degree, a natural medium. Whatever is to be moved, a table for instance, is to be charged with magnetism, or the nervous fluid. To do this, several persons put their hands upon it (or one only, if a developed medium), and sit from five minutes to two hours, according to their magnetic or non-magnetic quality. When the table is charged spirits, can move it at will, and with facility in exact proportion to the strength of the charge.

III. RESPONSES BY THE HAND.—This manifestation is produced by magnetization, and it may be done by a mortal as well as by a spirit. Let any one (mortal or spirit) magnetize sufficiently the hand and shoulder of a person, and a spirit can use the hand to respond. There are few persons who could not be this kind of medium.

IV. WRITING.—This, if done by the spirit mechanically, using the hand of the medium only, and not impressing the mind, is but magnetizing the hand and arm still more than would be required for making a response. Few persons can be used thus to write, as there are few organizations which can be magnetized sufficiently. In responding, merely the *nerve* alone of the muscle may be acted on, but in writing mechanically the whole arm must be at the *command* of the spirit, and so perfectly as to resist the will of the medium, else when he sees a word or two written he will guess at what is wanted, and incline, in spite of himself, to write it.

V. PERSONATION.—This is accomplished by magnetizing the medium generally, but chiefly the head. The medium is then impressed with the personality of the spirit to be represented, and made to act him out. In this way very good identification is obtained. Mediums of this kind often indicate the nature of the disease which ended the spirit's earthly life, or show by some peculiar act or sign the individuality of the one represented.

VI. PSYCHOLOGY.—In this the medium is magnetized, chiefly in the perceptive organs, and when sufficiently impressible sees the individual spirits who are to be represented. This kind of vision does not always indicate that such spirits are present, but generally they are so. The spirit who has influenced the medium, and is in sympathy (*en rapport*) with him, *wills him to see* persons or things, and he sees them. Whatever picture is in the spirit's mind will be seen by the medium—though what is said or thought by the spirit may not be understood, for the perception of words is very different from the perception of things—that is, the hearing and the sight are distinct faculties, and a medium may possess either without the other, or both of them. A mortal can act upon a

medium in this way as well as a spirit, and this often used to be done a few years ago under the name of animal magnetism. It is now done in public exhibitions, and is called mental alchemy, psychology, etc. It is simply the ascendancy of one mind over another.

VII. SPEAKING, OR PROPHECYING.—This is acting upon the *hearing* faculty of the mind, as the preceding acts upon the seeing. The medium being duly magnetized (by a spirit or a mortal), the operator *thinks* or *speaks* (they are practically the same thing to a spirit, as he will hear the vocalization of the *thought*, and not the acoustic *sound*), and the medium *hears* the words thought or spoken, either as a whisper or as an audible voice, and being *willed to speak*, utters them. Some mediums of this kind hear the words of the spirit *distinctly*, and utter them, whatever they may be; others, less impressible, only hear a part of the words, and that faintly, and gather a general impression of what the spirit would say. The former could hear and utter a *name, place, or date*, the latter could not give any test of the influence of the spirit.

The best mediums of this class can and do serve to give communications in foreign languages—not understood by the medium. But this can only be done when an unconscious trance has been produced. This is the mediumship alluded to by St. Paul in 1 Corinthians, 12th to 14th chapters, where he says, “Desire spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophecy,” etc.

VIII. TRANCE.—This is a state of utter unconsciousness, produced by magnetization. While in this condition the medium is in the condition of a spirit—generally, but not always, seeing the spirit and talking with him face to face, “as a man talketh with his friend.” Such conversation is, however, carried on by the medium mentally. He knows the condition he is in. He knows that he sees and talks with spirits, but feels no surprise or fear, for he is himself in the condition of a freed spirit. He hears the thoughts of those who are placed in communication with him—and in some cases he hears the thoughts of all in the room. If the spirit desires it, he will say audibly that which is required; but a medium in this state feels unwilling to make use of the vocal organs, and always does so with a little difficulty. There are partial trances where this is not the case—where the medium is in a semi-conscious state and speaks fluently often much more than the spirit requires. Many persons, at least one fourth of all that were ever created, as we think, have been put in this state while they were asleep by some of their loving friends who were in the spirit-world; for in that trance the communion of earthly life is renewed. But between this communion and the earthly life “there

is a great gulf fixed." It is impassable, with rare exceptions. Once in a thousand times, perhaps, the communion is remembered, and then it is called a dream. Once in a million times, perhaps, the person wakes while the magnetism, which caused the trance, yet remains in force upon his brain. He then sees his departed friends face to face, and knows that the vision is true. But the force of this conviction fades away by degrees, and if the story were told, all who heard it would pronounce it a dream, and nothing more. Thus the knowledge or conviction conveyed to the mind by a vision can not be transferred to another. It will serve alone for the one who sees.

IX. EXTERNAL IMPRESSIBILITY.—Those who are subjected to much magnetizing will grow sensitive to spiritual contact. If a spirit lays his hand upon the head, the touch will be felt, and frequently the form of the hand will be so clearly defined that the medium will recognize the spirit to whom it belongs. There are many phases of this impressibility. Sometimes the medium will recognize the presence of a spirit and know who it is, without any other knowledge than what is gained from the external feeling or impression—*sphere*, as it is sometimes called. A medium of this kind can communicate with a spirit by the *touches* made upon his person. This kind of mediumship is more rare than the others. It is useful chiefly to the medium, as it enables him to hold a private conversation with a spirit unknown to the surrounding company.

X. MENTAL IMPRESSIBILITY.—This is common to all mankind, and possessed in some measure by brutes, but it ranges through infinite degrees. There are mediums who rarely act *themselves*, but obey the volition of a spirit whose mere machines they are. There are many persons who are constantly *impressed* by spirits and thus guided. A large minority of the human race are governed in some degree by impressions from spirits. Children are especially thus governed by the spirits who watch over them. Thousands of prodigies are but impressible children speaking the words forced upon them by their attendant spirits. If people are disappointed in their fond expectations when the child matures, it is because, from increasing force of will or *positiveness*, the person has become unimpressible; or because the child, being guided and guarded beyond the infantile period, no longer needs the aid of the spirit, and is thus left to himself. Spiritualists all learn to recognize this kind of mediumship. They find themselves coming together with one accord for an unknown purpose, and thus see that they were controlled by an unseen influence.

We have here alluded to ten kinds of mediumship. There are many

more distinct kinds which it is unnecessary now to mention. Of those here described there are *infinite varieties*. No one can possibly comprehend the diversity of them. Every medium seems a new kind, for all are different. There is good cause for this. If the mediumship be one connected with mental impressions, there will be for every medium a distinctly different individuality, acted upon by many different individual spirits. Hence the manifestations will all differ, and in infinite degrees. They will range from the lowest to the highest—from the best to the worst—from the commonplace to the most extraordinary—from the true to the false—from the heavenly to the earthly—from the fiendish to the seraphic. What wonder if, amid all these varieties, skeptics should sometimes be confirmed in their skepticism, or believers led to doubt?

But the diversity of the manifestations is still more complicated by the widely varying mental organizations of those who seek them. One will be educated and another ignorant—one is member of an orthodox church and another a free-thinker—one is coldly intellectual or philosophical and another a creature of feeling. And amid these there will be endless diversity of motive and purpose, honesty or falsity, positiveness or passiveness, etc. Thus whatever may be said through a medium, and however true, is liable to contradiction under varying circumstances; and people seeking communications should always bear this in mind, else every thing will seem contradictory.

With the best motives and most persevering attention, people will sometimes fail of obtaining satisfactory communications from spirits. Those of us who have spent years devoted almost entirely to a pursuit of this ultra-mundane knowledge, have found that we can not always obtain the waters of inspiration pure from the heavenly fount. They run through long and often tortuous channels and must gather from the banks some impurities. But the water, with all its impurities, is from the fount of all truth, and is necessary to our spiritual progress. Therefore do we advise all to seek the knowledge, however difficult of attainment, and to be assured that they will find a just recompense of reward.

To the question, Whether or not spirits are wise in their doings, it may be answered, that they evidently do all they can, and although liable to err in judgment, we are more liable to err in forming opinions of the circumstances under which they act. When tests are wanted for the conviction of a skeptic, they resort to *raps*, if there be a natural medium present, or if they can impress the skeptic to go to one. If raps can not be produced, they may hold a conversation by tipping a table. If circumstances be not favorable, and spirits think that they would fail to

PSYCHOMETRY.

Nov. 12, 1852.

THIS evening, at my house, the Circle of Hope assembled. Shortly after they came in I read to them a psychometrical character I had been obtaining; and then followed through the medium, as from Pythagoras, the following communication:

Psychometry! They knew and practiced it in ancient times. Even your Indians practice it, and by its means detect the track of their enemy. This is preliminary, but points to the jugglers of India and then to the Greeks. Why! I see on the works of the Grecian artists, they left their impress there. In those caves where the priests of the ancient mythology used to retire to receive the oracles of the gods, as they called them, they practiced self-magnetism.

I see them throwing themselves at full length on the floor of the cave. I see six of them. They first stood in a circle about a shaft that looks like iron, small, not larger than three fingers; then raising their arms they fell prostrate, their heads inward, thus leaving a small circle formed by the heads. Before falling they invoked the presence of their gods.

The invocation was here given by the medium in Greek. We recognized the language, but did not obtain a translation.

They lay in that position a long time, each lifting his interior upward, trying to draw the gods down to them. By this process their brains became illuminated and their interior perceptions partially and sometimes fully opened. They were conscious of the presence of spirits, and thought them gods. Then their souls seemed to put out their feelers into the future sometimes, and those feelers seemed to be so sensitive and acute as to recognize and discover the shades of approaching events. Thus many of the oracles of the gods in Greece were truthful.

Turn next to the Roman Empire. Julian, called the Apostate, was clairvoyant, and saw his approaching fate and prophesied it, as you will find if you read some of the histories.

'Twas thus, through the magnetic process, that some of the ancients were skilled in reading the minds of others. There was a society for that purpose among the Jews. It was practically understood by the Magi of the East. It was considered a gift of the gods, and was feared

by the mass. They were taught to fear it by those who possessed it and had an interest in keeping it concealed. The ancient caves were sacred to the priests and the gods.

This was true also of the ancient Egyptians, whence Greece drew her knowledge, partly through Grecian travelers in Egypt, and partly through colonies from Egypt to Greece.

Moses on the mount had the same feeling to keep the people at a distance; and the priest, in the dawn of the Christian era, thought it sacrilege for the people to enter the Holy of Holies.

It was not a gift universal, but bounded by the line of miracles drawn between the priest and the people.

I inquired when the knowledge was lost?

It was plunged in the darkness of superstition and bigotry which followed in the train of consequences which necessarily attended the establishment of the Church of Rome.

But even in that, its darkest moment, I see occasionally a faint glimmer even in its own bosom. But there they were treated and fostered as miracles.

To the ignorant the priests did work miracles by the magnetic forces, and do so still. They are miracles only to those who do not understand the laws which govern them.

It was the same principle in the camp of the Israelites when they were bitten by serpents. He raised that brazen serpent for them to look upon and be cured.

I inquired, How was the cure effected?

By the will of the subject. The people were brought around it in circles and the magnetic forces had tremendous effect. The people, with one mind, were strongly willing against the poison. Hence the magnetic forces acted

I inquired, mentally, Whence did Moses get the idea of raising the brazen serpent? It was answered:

It was a spiritual revelation to him.

Moses' brain I see very strongly and fully developed. His spirituality and veneration were large. His head was generally even, but there was one feature which was very strong in his character. It is embodied in that thing which says, "*I say unto you,*" which makes the strong distinction between himself and the people. It was his self-esteem, joined with his love of approbation and determined firmness, and the supersti-

tion of the age in which he lived, that gave him such mighty power. His concentration was enormous. He could withdraw from the outer to the inner and lose sight of the external for a long time. He stood on the mount of prophecy at such moments, and his eye caught visions of the coming future. He loved power and influence, and had a peculiar way of obtaining it.

Moses magnetized his people—he psychologized them, in other words. Hence he was their chieftain. Every age has had a similar manifestation of man's magnetic power. Behold the generals of Greece and Rome! See that untutored enthusiasm which but a few words to the soldiers would create with manifestations of a magnetic power of man over men. Behold, too, in the force of Napoleon Bonaparte, an illustration of the same principle. Even a movement of his hand toward the enemy, when the conflict was doubtful, seemed to beget new energies.

Take another class in a different field. Imagine yourself in the forum at Rome, listening to the soul-stirring eloquence of Cicero. Behold that living mass of minds swayed by his magnetic power as the bosom of the deep is tossed by the winds of heaven—made to heave and swell with agitation and commotion. See the more mild and pathetic and elevating appeals of his eloquence calming their troubled bosoms like the sun bursting from a storm-cloud and calming its fury.

At the moment when his soul was inspired by its own energies and the inspiration of his theme, his whole system, to the vision of spirits, evolved an immense amount of magnetic force. He should say more in ten minutes in that condition than in an hour—yea, two hours, and sometimes four hours, of his normal state.

As he warmed, he drew in the interior elements of the atmosphere, more of them, and in greater amount, and the greatest amount when most *illuminated*, as he calls it—most excited with his theme.

There are principles connected with this which the world knows not of. The brain, as it acts, absorbs the internal elements of the atmosphere about it, and as it rises and swells in its action a greater and a greater amount is absorbed and used up in its action. Drawn in by the breath and thrown out by the eyes and gestures, it seems to emanate from the whole form. The speaker then seems to be a central vortex, toward which the magnetic elements around him seem to drive and center. It even goes so far as to draw from the brains of his audience their magnetic aura and then re-create it and mingle it with the elements, and it is sent forth in a new form to psychologize the audience.

Indeed, wonderfully great is the power of a harmonious and illumin-

ated mind with a fine and beautiful organism to sway the mass. 'Twas thus Patrick Henry seemed to wave a magic wand over the minds before him, lash them to fury by his burning words and startling thoughts, then calm the tumult like the master of storms. Truly did his biographer say he would create a storm and ride in his chariot and direct it. A chariot of magnetic fire that was.

Now take a contrast with this. Go to the veriest sink of your dark rudimental sphere, and behold there a most startling and sickening manifestation of that same power, acting through the lower faculties, misdirected. Behold those victims of the unrighteous influences of the society about them. See the process of destroying virtue, which may well be compared to the viper charming the bird. Look at it in its general manifestations in society at large. When any one of you meets a stranger you are attracted or repelled, without any knowledge of his character or ever having seen him. You like or dislike at first sight. How is it you detect the congeniality of a mere stranger, except by feeling his magnetic sphere?

Ah! the spheres of men have much to do with the harmonies and discords of society and the world.

Were the laws of affinity, magnetism, and spirituality understood and obeyed, society would be reorganized on its true and righteous and therefore natural basis. Minds would then move as the elements of social life among themselves—the higher rising above the lower, yet sending down its elevating influence upon them; and all grades would find their appropriate position in the great structure of universal brotherhood. But now how is it? The pure minded and the aspiring, the righteous and truthful, are surrounded by those less developed, more groveling, and less pure and elevated.

Hence I find many children, born with good organizations, but coming in contact with uncongenial and unmagnetic spirits which surround them. Thus their magnetic and spiritual forces and equilibrium are destroyed, and antagonism thus begets the like in the mind of the child. Appeals made to the lower faculties of his nature unduly stimulate them, and thus in the end seem for the time to destroy the balance of his mental faculties, his spiritual nature. And here is one of the great fountains of evil in the world, and here must be applied the remedy.

'Tis said, "If ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." But ignorance is the mother of error, of crime, vice and immorality of every description. Then knowledge is the remedy. It is asked, Knowledge of what? We answer, Man's knowledge of himself.

Here, in a low tone of voice, as if speaking to myself, I said, *Gnothi seauton*. The medium paused, repeated the expression, and added, *Know thyself*.

In knowledge, then, is the remedy for the evils of the world. Man should be schooled, not in the mythology of the ancients, not in the musty volumes of antiquity, on whose pages have settled the dust of ages, but in a knowledge of himself, of his origin, his nature and his destiny, the history of progressive creation and the development of man.

This, as he advances, will unfold more and more to his mind. When politicians shall leave the beaten and dusty track of arbitrary enactments of human counsels—when they shall cease turning over the records of ancient nations for precedents, and turn instead to the great scheme of universal human life—nay, the great scheme of nature itself; and when clergymen shall cease to revere the oracles of ancient mythology and turn their attention to the Book of Life, of man's interior life, then the world will become rapidly emancipated and disenthralled from the fetters of the past. 'Tis then and only then that the division lines between religious sects will become obliterated; then the kingdom of peace, righteousness, and brotherhood will become the kingdom of universal humanity. 'Tis then the selfish commercial interests of nations will be merged in the immortal interests of the race. 'Tis then that war will cease, and that demon who, like a monstrous million-headed giant, has waded in the blood of man for ages, will fall to rise no more. 'Tis then the bright flag of universal freedom, justice, and love shall wave in calm grandeur wide o'er the world.

G O D .

O THOU, who art the fountain and the term
Of that which men have called the Universe;
Whose breath from chaos, like a living germ,
Confusion, void, and darkness did disperse;
Thou, who uprolled'st the suns, and spread the stars
Like sentinels in heaven—and broke the bars

LAURETTE.

A MAIDEN sat by the river side
And laved her feet in the silver tide,
As curling, waving, eddying on
Its face grew red in the setting sun.

Fair was the maiden—her auburn hair
In ringlets flowed on the loving air;
And as the sunset through it streamed,
Richer than gold the glad light beamed.
Snowy her brow—her neck was snow—
Her cheek out-blushed the rose's glow,
Her half-oped coral lips beneath
Outshone like priceless pearls her teeth.

Perfect her features' cast—no face
Wore ever a softer, sweeter grace.
But, oh! her eyes, with long, dark lashes,
Whence came her soul in timid flashes,
Her large blue eyes—man has not seen
Orbs larger, brighter, more serene.

In form so softly, sweetly wrought
She seemed an angel-artist's thought—
Some rare perfection—as if Nature
Had been surpassed in shape and feature.

Thus blest by Heaven with angel form,
And woman's every outward charm,
She bore within a soul refined,
Worthy the form where it was shrined;
A spirit pure, and high, and bright
Filled all her thought with holy light;
Feelings the warmest were within
The breast that had not known a sin;
And such the beauty of the whole—
The form and face—the mind and soul—
The angel spirits hovering o'er
Learned to respect her and adore.

Here in the fading sunset hours,
Reclined upon this bank of flowers,

She gazed in dreamy thought upon
 The river, grove, and setting sun,
 When o'er the wave there came in view
 A human form, but strange and new.
 Toward her he floated, till he stood
 Near to her feet upon the flood,
 Then walking lightly on the tide
 He came and sat him by her side.

Surprised, yet not alarmed, she turned
 To where his eyes upon her burned.
 God-like he seemed. His golden hair,
 Unclad, unbound, was free as air.
 His soft blue eyes were like the skies
 When sets the sun and stars arise,
 And true and gentle as a dove
 They looked upon her warmed with love.
 Instant, as an electric start,
 Love sprang and grew within her heart.

She saw and loved—she looked again,
 Till rapture mounted up to pain,
 And, ere a word, fell on his breast,
 Clasped in his arms supremely blest.
 And there she wept, and tears amain
 Coursed her bright cheeks like falling rain,
 And, like two kindred streams, met there
 The auburn and the golden hair.

At length she modestly withdrew,
 And leaned apart his face to view.
 She looked and sighed—and tears again
 Flowed like the drops of summer rain.

At length he spoke :

“ Dear, dear Laurette,

Often thy fond embrace I've met,
 But thou wert in unconscious sleep,
 The trancing spell upon thee deep;
 It seemed a dream—but now the ray
 Shines on thee unto perfect day.
 Thy eyes are opened—thou canst see,
 Unconscious, the spirit-world and me.
 I've loved thee long—I've loved thee ever,
 But flesh and blood our spirits sever.
 Long years have passed me since my birth
 Upon this all-material earth.
 Death in my sinless childhood sent
 My flesh to its cold tenement ;

And in my spirit-form I flew
Home—far beyond yon vaulted blue.
I've traversed many a world of light,
And gathered knowledge in my flight;
I've looked on—through these rolling years—
The brightest angels in the spheres,
Longing to love—yet still all free—
And came at last to worship thee.
Love me, sweet being—be but mine,
And I forever will be thine."

"Oh, angel bright," the maiden said,
And on his shoulder leaned her head,
"Do I not love thee! ne'er till now,
That I have looked upon thy brow,
Did love awake within my heart,
And now he never can depart.
Oh, I am thine, whate'er thy fate—
Take me for thy eternal mate.
If flesh and blood divide our love,
And I can never rise above,
Till Death's cold hand has sundered here
The ties that bind me to this sphere—
Then let me die, that I may be
Henceforth forever blest with thee."

"Oh, fair Laurette, yield not thy breath
Of earthly life to palsying Death!
It may not be—whate'er thy fate
Or mine may be—I wait—I wait.
Thou shalt be mine—live on, live on,
Soon will the task of life be done,
And I shall bear thee to the sky,
Where love and union can not die."

"And must I wait so long a time
To gain my destiny sublime!
By this gross matter sundered far
From him who is my guiding star!
My love, my hope, my wedded lord;
No—life on earth would be abhorred.
I could not stay."

"Oh, fair Laurette,
My soul is filled with deep regret,
That in my hasty love I came
To waken this resistless flame.
It were a sin to leave the earth,
And to the spirit-world go forth

Before thy time. I must depart;
 Even now a sin is on my heart,
 Thus to have tempted thee. I go—
 Thou wilt not doubt me, well I know;
 I wait for thee—one kiss—good-bye—
 I seek my home beyond the sky.”

“Oh, go not from me! ’tis too late—
 I can not stay. I bide my fate,
 I will go with thee—leave me not,
 I can not live to be forgot.
 Behold this softly rippling wave—
 One moment, and it is my grave!
 I shall be free to go with thee,
 Thy bride for all eternity.”

“Stay, dear Laurette!”
 The maid had risen,
 And left the arms, whose loving prison
 Had been a heaven.

“Stay, dearest, stay,
 I will not flee from thee away.
 Thou must not die—and, for thy sake,
 Begone the vision—wake—awake!”

Out from the trance with sudden start
 She came—and night was on her heart;
 Remembering well what now was past—
 Feeling the veil between them cast,
 She cried,

“I come! I can not stay—
 I come to thee—go not away!”

She plunged beneath the wave and sank,
 And deep the strangling water drank.
 The wave grew calm again and smiled
 Warm o’er the bed of passion’s child.
 Out from the wave her spirit rose,
 Unconscious of its joys or woes,
 And in the arms of love was borne
 Beyond the regions of the morn.

W.



LOSE no opportunity of obtaining information on subjects valuable in themselves and of interest to yourself. A habit of observing what those about you do and say is an important means.

THE SOURCE OF SELFISHNESS. . .

NEW YORK, Feb. 16th, 1854.

THE Circle of Progress met at Mr. Sweet's. Present, all the members except Judge Edmonds and Dr. Dexter, who have not yet returned from their Western tour.

The spirits, through Mrs. S., addressed each one of the circle in turn, and gave them some advice and encouragement to persevere in their labors. They then said they wished to impress Mr. Stillman, and he spoke as follows :

Strength and wisdom flower only when we toil for our kind. As you would learn to be spiritual, learn to conquer self. It can hardly be expected here, where all things combine to make self the all-important thing, that we should make the sacrifices necessary to the attainment of the full spiritual condition. Where so many generations of men have learned to concentrate all their gratifications on themselves, we can not expect less than that many more must elapse before men will learn that the noblest, highest joy is that which is derived from rendering service to another. He who labors for himself alone, gratifies himself; but he whose pleasure is to gratify others, gratifies both himself and them. The good we do to the world is like a wave in the open sea, rolling to the farthest limits of earth; that which we do for ourselves, like a wave in a tub, returning ever upon itself and becoming still and dead in its narrow limits. As you would fit yourselves for your eternal home, assume those affections which make that home glorious. Emulate those spirits who for long ages have stood by man's side earnest with a desire to impress the truths they felt on their brethren. Sending forth their hearts in earnest love to insensate objects returning no kindred aspiration, warmed by no like hope, still have their thoughts gone out like rain-drops on the hard rock, to be poured off, and to be re-gathered in the heavens above to renew their perpetual round. To them the hope of benefiting their race has been their highest joy; and as we would progress into their spiritual condition, let us cherish the same affections and the same high ambition. We blindly say to ourselves that self, and its cares nearest us merit our first attention; but let us remember the sublime lesson which the lily and the sparrow, through the words of the blessed Teacher, ever utter to us. We have a Father all-wise, all-powerful, whose hand is not

closed, and whose mercies are not stinted to those who go forth to labor in his vineyard.

Fear not, therefore ; leave self to the care of Him who created it. He who gives himself for God, has indeed made a glorious exchange. The laborer is worthy of his reward. He who labors for himself must reward himself. He who labors for humanity is rewarded by Him whose tender care mankind is

WHY DO THE CLERGY LAY THEIR BAN UPON SPIRITUALISM?—This is truly to be wondered at, since it is exactly the doctrine taught by Christ. As a religion, it commands us to suppress within our breasts all selfishness, and let our hearts expand under the warming influence of a love great enough to embrace the world. It commands us to cherish no malice, but to love our neighbor as a brother, to labor to reform our fellow-man, and yet to throw the broad mantle of charity over his faults. It commands us to relieve the wants of the distressed, to sell what we have and give to the poor, and think only of the treasures laid up in heaven. It commands us to conquer our baser passions, to spiritualize our nature and be pure, and never to do an act that our attendant angels would regret to see. It commands us to love God and to love Christ, and to prove our love to them by loving our brethren. It commands constant prayer—not the empty supplications in forms of worship which people utter mechanically, unthinking what they mean—but the prayer that a sensible man makes when he asks God's assistance in a good and unselfish work *which he is determined himself to do*. It commands respect to the laws, temperance, frugality, honesty in our dealings, fasting, cleanliness, truth, and industry. It declares *labor* to be an ordinance of God, and commands us to work for the good of mankind and our own elevation in the rank of intellectual and moral beings. Does this seem wrong that orthodox Christians should hate it? Ah, it is not that there is any thing wrong in this pure religion of Christ, we did not go to the clergy to get it. *We sought out new spiritual advisers*. That is the unpardonable sin. A good clergyman preaches the doctrine above expounded, and it is well. A spirit from heaven declares it, and the same clergyman in his blind bigotry declares it to be the doctrine of the devil.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

BY R. H. BROWN.

NUMBER ONE.

WHAT is Death? And how far will the change which it produces, independent of the happiness or misery consequent upon the moral character of our lives here, tend to promote our enjoyment?

This is a question of deep interest; it is one which has never been sufficiently examined. The minds of thinking men have been so bound and fettered by a false and unphilosophical system of theology that many vast and interesting fields of inquiry have remained unexplored. All other sciences have been pursued with boldness and ardor, but the philosophy of death and the science of theology have preserved a sort of Chinese immobility, and stood almost entirely still amid the rapid and magnificent progress of all others. Theology has been either totally neglected, or handed over to the priests, who being by self-interest, prejudice, early education, or mental imbecility bound hand and foot to a system of false ideas, were wholly unfit to properly pursue it. Certain dogmas, for the most part fragments of an Oriental mythology, have been adopted as the only standards of thought, as though right, reason, nature, and intuition were not the sole arbiters of truth. Man has even been forbid to reason upon those topics which most intimately concern his happiness here and hereafter. To think for one's self has been denounced as one of the highest crimes, and mankind warned against it as the sure incentive to vice and infidelity. The right of thinking upon religious subjects has been usurped by a particular class, and in their hands thought has degenerated into a mere method of examining which system of false ideas, among a multitude of false systems, was the least false; never once testing the premises upon which all these systems rest, or seeking for the truth with a bold and honest heart. Instead of testing creeds by science, science has been tested by the creeds. Nature, reason, and religion, which should go hand in hand, have been placed in a false and unnatural antagonism. Astronomy, Geography, History,

magnificent discoveries springing from them have been found to conflict with the dogmas of the prevailing theology. These men tell us that the Bible is the word of God. If this is true, why do they seek by warring upon the teachings of nature to make God contradict his own revelation, *for the voice of nature is the voice of God.*

All attempts to reduce the philosophy of a future state to the standard of right reason have been denounced as wicked, diabolical, and atheistical. Upon the "Apostles' Creed" and "Confession of Faith," as upon another cross, the divine form of truth has been crucified, and the darkness of ignorance and superstition covers the whole earth.

Blind faith, unfounded upon reason, has been regarded as the rarest of virtues, and the belief in incomprehensible dogmas and impossible occurrences made the chief qualifications for heaven.

These things will sufficiently account for the darkness and error which reigns in the midst of this enlightened age, upon the most sublime and important subject which can engage the attention of man.

These remarks though just, are perhaps foreign to the subject under consideration; if the reader should think so his pardon is requested.

What is Death? It is a door to a higher sphere of being; it is a second birth, a step in the eternal progression of the soul, a means to a higher form of life. It is the casting off of the material, and the assumption of the purely spiritual; it is the welcome divorce pronounced by nature between mind and matter. Man is a compound being, half-brute, half-angel. He feels an affinity for all below him and all above him. He is attracted both upward and downward; he feels himself a twin-brother of "the Gods," and with sorrow is forced to acknowledge that he is also related to "the brutes that perish." The mingling of a higher and a lower nature within him produces a perpetual conflict—"The spirit warreth with the flesh and the flesh with the spirit continually." As the one or the other is victor in the fight, he is a brute or an angel.

Death in a great measure destroys this antagonism of our nature. It separates humanity into its elements, mind and matter. The one goes down to the earth from whence it sprang, the other mounts to the celestial sphere to which it aspires. As evaporation, asserted by the laws of affinity, purifies impure water, its ethereal elements ascending into heaven and its earthly particles falling to the ground, so death refines and purifies the human organization. That which is base and perishable remains behind, that which is pure and spiritual rises to its appropriate sphere, *mounting to a greater or less elevation in direct proportion to its purity and spirituality.*

Death is the only fountain from which life flows. If there were no death there could be no life. There is no real distinction between birth and death.

Death is a change from a lower to a higher form of life. Birth is exactly the same thing. The difference between them is only apparent, and proceeds from the fact that we view them from different points of observation. There is a story of two knights who quarreled about a shield. A shield hung suspended from the limb of a lofty tree, and two knights who passed that way fell into a dispute concerning it. The one said the shield was gold, and the other affirmed it was silver. The truth was (so the story runs), the shield had both a golden and a silver side, and as the two knights approached it from opposite directions each stoutly maintained the other was mistaken. So is it with birth and death, we view them from different points, and they seem to us to be the opposite of each other. They are in truth but one and the same, a change from a lower to a higher form of life.

In birth we behold only *the entering into the higher state*. In death we only see *the departure from the lower state*.

Viewed from earth, the change from a lower to a higher state is death. The same process seen from the higher state to which that change tends, is birth.

Could we observe the process of dying from both states at the same time, i. e., from the lower state left and the higher state to be attained, we would then take in at one glance birth and death; behold them transpiring at the same time, and perceive they are in truth but one and the same thing, the beginning and the ending of one great change.

Death is a necessary step in the progressive development of man. It is a part of the original design of the Creator, and not the result of a casual and unforeseen violation of God's laws. What is intended is simply this—That the story that death had its origin in the eating of an apple by our supposed first parents, and was not a part of the predetermined and foreordained plan of the Creator, is false. "Come, let us reason together." If death should be suspended, the progression of all things toward perfection would be arrested. If every man born was condemned to an eternity upon earth, but a small number of men could exist. The earth would soon become *fully populated*, and when that period arrived, the generation of man must cease, or a state of things be evolved too horrid to be either described or imagined. Hell with all her

That a benevolent Deity would interpose to prevent so terrible a state of things, either by instituting death or arresting the laws of generation, is self-evident. That of these two methods of averting the calamity the Divine Mind would be more inclined to choose the former, will appear from the following considerations :

Death, being a step in development, is in perfect harmony with the design of Deity, who has so arranged his laws as to bring about the gradual progression and development of all things ; but to suspend the laws of generation, and thus limit the number of human beings capable of being produced, would be, in effect, the same as to block up the ascending progression of nature, and therefore be in direct conflict with the well-ascertained intentions of the Divine Mind as seen in his laws. Besides this, it would not be in accordance with the benevolence of Deity to *limit* the number of his intelligent creatures ; on the contrary, prompted by infinite love, God would naturally desire to bestow the blessing of existence upon as large a number as possible. That active, reasoning, spiritual existence is a blessing, and can in no event be a curse, will appear in the sequel.

That to limit the number of human beings would be to arrest the progression of all things, may be clearly shown.

"Man is the ultimate of all beneath him ; he stands forth the flower of the lower creation." To him all things below tend, and in him are at length absorbed.

Therefore were the period present when the number of human beings was complete, so that it was impossible for any more to be created, the upward progress of all things below man would be at an end, for man, the ultimate to which they tend, could no longer be attained. The progress from man upward would also be arrested. Man condemned to an eternity upon earth could never leave this dark planet and mount to the celestial sphere above. His progress as an individual, instead of being eternal as it now is, would be limited and insignificant. The spheres above would receive no new inhabitants, and unless peopled by creation within themselves would remain vast and magnificent solitudes. Nay, we even assume their non-existence, for Infinite Wisdom can not create any thing which is useless, nor would our heavenly Father have formed the "many" beautiful "mansions" which exist for us on high were it impossible for us ever to possess and enjoy them.

In the next number the answer to the question with which this communication begins will be more immediately entered upon.

DETROIT, May, 1855.

the scale of being; while, on the other hand, it would cause those opposed to slavery to examine more candidly, judge more correctly, and, looking beneath the surface, see that both master and slave are but instruments working out the destiny of the latter in accordance with the universal laws of God; developing, refining, and elevating the gross and crude, whether master or slave, with constant trial and struggle, and, to some extent at least, with pains and suffering. Ere you condemn any real or apparent errors in these remarks, hear me through.

But before proceeding with the subject, allow me to ask if there is not an inconsistency in the position assumed by your correspondent as indorsed by you? You yourselves, I presume, have been shut out from the various orthodox roads to heaven for differing from them in faith; finding, however, another way that men of every faith may tread, your friend and you take possession, and disregarding, as it seems to me, the more liberal teachings of its faith, you first arouse the indignation and excite the prejudice of the slaveholder by harshly denouncing, and, as he knows, either maliciously or ignorantly misrepresenting him, his feelings, and acts, then warning him off, your correspondent (in effect), in the haughty language of the ancient Sybil, "*Procul, O procul, este profani,*" you, in milder but not less decided terms, give him to understand he can not enter there till he not only makes personal and pecuniary sacrifices that he believes very few of the anti-slavery philanthropists would make to get to heaven itself, but you require him to abandon a belief that you admit he honestly entertains, namely, that slavery is no sin, thus constituting yourselves not only judges of other men's belief and acts, but declaring on what terms of humiliation they may be received into the fellowship of your faith. You are surely too well acquainted with human nature to expect to secure a calm and candid hearing from a people, first having aroused their anger and prejudice by abusing and assuming an air of superiority over them, even if what you say of them be true, much less when they know it is not true at most but in part; and who utterly deny, beyond enterprise and perseverance, any of the assumed superiority, either in morals or intelligence, except a shrewdness in the acquisition of gain, which forms such an essential element in all they do, whether in trade or business, or in pandering to a vitiated appetite for the horrible



from their native land the Africans, sold them to the ancestors of the slaveholder, got paid for them body and soul, as your correspondent expresses it, and thereby entailed the curse of slavery, if it be a curse, on him and his, and now under the guise of philanthropy are trying to steal them away from him, and what he values even more, his good name.

Pardon the seeming harshness of these remarks; they were disagreeable to write; but I deemed it a duty to present you, without disguise, the views and feelings of the slaveholder on the subject of Northern interference in this matter, that you may judge better the temper and prejudices of the South, and determine how much the spread of Spiritualism among us is likely to be promoted by uniting it with abolition abuse. So far as the interest of the slave is concerned, I am convinced they never have been, and never will be, benefited by Northern interference; this will be better explained as we proceed with the subject, which I now set about, by declaring in the outset that I am, and have been, opposed to slavery, believing it to be a social if not a moral evil, and would gladly be freed from the responsibility of my position as a slaveholder; and in this view of the subject I am not alone by many thousands, if not an actual majority, who, to accomplish so desirable an end, would make sacrifices, personal and pecuniary, that would put to shame the most extravagant liberality of the truly generous of your people, let alone those who make a profession of philanthropy for the purposes of gain or popularity. But while we deprecate the social evils and responsibilities of slavery, we DO KNOW, from our intimate knowledge of them, and from experiments tried, that they are not yet capable of occupying any higher position, and that to set them free, subject only to their own guidance and control, would be alike disastrous to them and those whose fate placed them in contact with them.

I am convinced of the truth of these propositions:

First—That the freedom of no nation nor people can be established until they are sufficiently advanced in intelligence and morals to govern themselves.

Second—That when they are so advanced they can not be kept in slavery.

Third—In the mean time their government must be rigid and arbitrary in proportion to the want of development of the governed.

Fourth—That no nation nor people from so low an origin have been more rapidly developed, physically, mentally, and religiously, than the negro slaves at the South, since they were brought to this country; a proposition that will not be denied by any who have seen the original

importation; they were among the lowest, if not the very lowest, type of the human race. And how think you their condition in these respects, had they remained in their own country, would have compared with their present condition in this? So that if they have suffered, they have also been benefited, and it is very questionable whether they would have been so to the same extent by any other method that could have been devised, and *would have* been carried out. The labors of the missionaries in Africa I look upon as a failure, thus far, and fear will continue to be, until some means shall be devised of bettering the physical condition of the natives, by requiring of them greater and more continued exertion than they are likely to make, if the choice is left to them; and as the physical precedes the mental development, the missionaries have not the power to begin the reformation at the beginning. Hence we believe there was a power beyond what was visible in bringing them to this country—a power that will give them freedom when they have sufficiently advanced to profit by its possession, which as yet they have not done; they are still too material, yielding too readily to the indulgence of the present, regardless of the future, to make any progress, or voluntarily to submit to any privation for a remote and future good. This we think has been proven in the case of the Haytiens, the British West Indies, and in this country by the experiments of Capers of South Carolina, the Randolph negroes of Virginia, Mr. Mears' negroes of this place, besides a host of individual instances of liberated slaves in every part of the South.

But you have proofs of this position in the cities of Philadelphia, New York, and Boston, where the negroes are not only free, but should enjoy the advantages of the most moral and intellectual society in the United States. And yet I say, and having seen them speak advisedly when I do so, with a very limited exception they are at least as degraded as any similar number of negro slaves in the Southern States—others would say more so—and that there are few slaves who would not be losers by changing situations with them. Allowing this be true, and it surely is so, what advantage would result to the negro by abolishing slavery? We will say nothing of the rights or interests of the master, nor of the injury to mankind by cutting off the three great staples—cotton, rice, and sugar:

tion referred to in my second proposition. To illustrate this, I will give my own actual experience and observation, premising it by saying that it was a fair sample of what slavery was in nine cases out of ten, except where large numbers of them were placed together under the care of subordinates; then their condition and the result would be much such as it is found to be where any large number of them, free, have resided together, with this difference: in the former case their physical wants would be provided for, in the latter not; in neither case would their intellectual or moral faculties receive the culture they would when more distributed among the whites.

But to proceed with my illustration. My father was the proprietor of a small farm and a few negroes. The negroes took their meals and slept in houses by themselves, but when they went to work I and my brothers of sufficient age went to work with them; each doing the same amount of work, in proportion to age and strength, white and black; and when the hours for rest or meals arrived we all stopped at once; our hours for work, our hours for play, and our food the same; companions in our toils and companions in our sports; and so far from the negroes being debarred from the advantages of religious instruction, they were required to go to church when opportunities of doing so offered; and I have often been at meetings where a negro preached, half his audience being white, his owner included; and he laid on and spared not either white or black for their sins and transgressions, and if he did not possess the eloquence of a Chapin or the ideality of a Henry Ward Beecher, it could not be denied he was thoroughly orthodox, at least so far as the devil and hell were concerned, against which he impartially warned both master and slave.

And so far from there being any objection to learning them to read, it was considered rather an advantage and a subject of boast that a man could say his negro could read or even write. I remember one Sunday evening I and the negroes were playing about the yard, when my father reproved us, saying to me that I had better be trying to learn them to read. I immediately adopted the suggestion and got up an impromptu school, but with indifferent success, for my scholars did not like the restraint, preferring physical to intellectual exertion. I never had an opportunity of testing fairly the experiment, for their progress was so slow that before they had learned to read we were overtaken by a law of the State making it a penal offense to teach a slave to read, or for one to preach, which law was passed by the Legislature in consequence of in

among our slaves at the South, inciting them to insurrection. Thus the Abolitionist was the direct cause of depriving the slave of one at least of the greatest advantages he could have enjoyed—one that would have benefited him twice as much as freedom possibly could; and such as stated was the condition, with some modifications, of the slaves on nine tenths of the small farms in this and most or all of the Southern States; and I insist no better condition for them could or can be found, till mankind become sufficiently disinterested and charitable to take the same care of them, free, that they did as slaves. If such philanthropists can be found among the Abolitionists of the North, I would respectfully suggest that they commence by experimenting on those they have among them, and by the time they have got them all intelligent, industrious, moral, and honest, I have no doubt we shall be ready to let them have some more to operate on.

In the meanwhile, to consider the subject fairly and candidly, slavery is an evil, social if not moral, for the origin of which, and for its prolongation, when fairly considered, neither North nor South are so entirely free from responsibility that they can arrogate, in justice, a superiority over the other.

The slaveholder who has abused his trust and misused his slave is responsible to his God, and in his day of reckoning, when his crimes shall be made manifest to him, his punishment will be sufficient without any contributions from his erring brother mortal; and when they who, by their intemperate course, reduced the slave's privileges and put off the day of his redemption shall, in despite of their selfish pride, be made to see their error in its true light, they will find their punishment great enough to humble them into the dust.

I was impelled to write, not from any hope of informing or influencing you, or even that you will be at the trouble to read this through, but to relieve my own feelings, for I was pained that a man for whom I have so great a veneration should sanction a misrepresentation of us.

Yours truly,

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE, *March 24th*, 1855.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

civil war, would take from the helpless orphan their only means of sustenance, rob their fellow-man of his own, and cry philanthropy in mockery of justice, that three and a half millions of slaves might be turned from our doors to seek an asylum among the dead through the pass-way of want.

My attention was drawn to this train of thought by reading in the last CIRCLE a communication from Princeton, Mass. Your correspondent refers to a letter you published from a gentleman of Baton Rouge, La., in which he introduces himself as a sugar planter and one anxious to believe that loved friends who have gone before are permitted to visit us and communicate with us. Lastly he tells you (says your correspondent) he has around him every necessary comfort, and invites any friend of yours—a medium who may be visiting the South—to pass as many weeks with him, etc. “Now, sir,” writes our brother of Massachusetts, “please for one moment to reflect upon the emptiness and hollow-heartedness of this individual.” Pray, sir, what is his crime? It can not be his anxiety to become satisfied of the fact of spirit-communion. Of what is he accused? Not, certainly, with “emptiness and hollow-heartedness,” because of the generous hospitality he tenders you. Hence we infer his sin must be the accident of his birth that has made him a slaveholder. But our friend tells you he understands this term as “an owner of the bodies and souls of his fellow-beings.” Our brother is mistaken, for though he (the slaveholder) may inherit the right to dispose of their time, and with it the responsibility of their maintenance and development, yet it is but a lease for their sojourn in this sphere of mortal toil. *The soul belongs to the God that gave it.*

As a Spiritualist we recognize in the institution of slavery that which has and is developing mentally and physically a race of human beings who, in their original barbarism, are scarce a step above the brute creation.

We think it unnecessary to remind our friend that the cargo of a slaver is composed of prisoners taken in war, doomed to a life of servitude, and bought of their owners or captors. The African slave, subject to his heathen master, is transplanted to a Christian country, where, under the care and protection of an American planter, he first knows comforts and luxuries of civilized life he had not dreamed of, and here he receives that blissful hope of a progressive hereafter, that faith in the existence of a God—in fact, sir, the most illiterate field hand upon our Louisiana friend's plantation has a better chance of reaching heaven than the white slaveholder.

in *his* native land. Need we point to the Republic of Liberia—a colony of manumitted American *slaves*, surrounded by all the social comforts, secure in person and property by a wise administration of government—and ask him to view their condition in contradistinction to the savage hordes that roam like beasts of prey along the shores of the Atlantic, infest the banks of the Niger, and dwell in the mud palaces of Timbuctoo?

We would that all could cast aside the dark vail of sectional prejudice, that they might recognize aught that tends to the divine illumination of man, however questionable its attire or the name it bears. We have been endeavoring but to show that in this, as in all else, we recognize the wisdom of a God—the paternal care of our common Father for the least of his creatures, the lowliest of his children. Progression sways the hand of time, and we would have our Massachusetts brother to acknowledge the fact, even in the institution of American slavery. We think, however, a visit to our sunny South, a stroll through a hundred plantations where no *lash* was ever heard, an evening spent among the “victim slaves,” would give him a different conception of our homes, our care of our own, and our lives. Yes, it might even *cause* him to *remember* thousands of starving poor who throng your northern cities, with no protecting arm to keep want from their cabin or care from their heart. It is true, there are cases of cruelty and inhumanity, but far more rare than your journals record in the North. But here we would say—and we speak it gently, but it is truth, that the “*cruel* overseer” is the *North-ern* man. So generally is this the case that many a Southern planter will not employ one who has been bred in a section of the country where the African is shunned as a loathsome thing; where a *black* dog may receive a share of affection, but the negro is despised because his God made him a *black* man.

The occupation of our Louisiana friend, which appears to be so odious to your Massachusetts correspondent, we think one of which he may well be proud, while the memory of “a Virginia *planter*” is enshrined in the hearts of his countrymen, sacred as our country’s honor and our glorious Union. Long may it stand an example to the world, “Long as our mountains point toward heaven and our rivers run toward the sea.”

I have written more than I intended when I began, but have endeavored to give you my honest convictions upon this subject; not to start a controversy—far from it, for I can see no good to the cause from the agitation of this fruitful source of discord. I should be pleased to hear from you soon. I write in haste. Excuse errors and disconnections.

Yours truly,

EXTRACT FROM A LECTURE

DELIVERED AT BROOKLYN, SUNDAY, APRIL 22, 1855.

BY GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D.

STRONG in itself, truth has no need of denunciation. It seeks observation, not obtrusively, but that it may compare the evidence which is opposed to its own claims, and also that those claims may be rigidly and conscientiously examined. Hence it subjects every department of nature to the scrutiny of its own searching observation, and hence it exposes every law known to itself, nor seeks to prevent the earnest mind from examining those laws seemingly beyond research.

Even those most zealously opposed to our belief, as Spiritualists, will admit that in every society, and in every mind where truth is admitted, the reform which it dictates must substantially follow. If this is so, how much more rational is it to judge of the truth of the faith we profess by its effects on man in every relation he sustains, than blindly to denounce or ignorantly condemn. I can not believe that Christianity has veiled the realities of the other world from the knowledge and understanding of man's reason, especially as to that reason she has permitted and legitimized every effort which would unravel the mysteries or explain the laws of universal nature. To me it seems that the uncertainty which attaches to our ideas of a future existence was wisely permitted, that man might arrive at the certainty by the instrumentality of those same senses and faculties by which he examines and judges every subject presented to his mind. As we are material, and the preponderance of every and all of our surrounding is precisely of the same nature, that which is spiritual within ourselves can only be known except through the same medium and system of evidence by which we decide on any thing. Hence, by the examination of the spiritual through the medium of the material, we learn the better to understand the two existences, the nature and design of both, the manner of thinking and feeling peculiar to each, to perceive the intimate relations established between the spiritual and material, and to realize the reciprocal action of each individual mind, whether that mind be connected with the form on this earth or existing

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in some other form in the other world. The investigation of his ultimate destiny by these means affords to man an opportunity to improve his existence here and to prepare him to enter without fear on that existence hereafter which, until now, was wrapped in such gloom and mystery. His material nature, thus satisfied by a proper understanding and appreciation of the proper laws governing it, imparts to his spiritual being an eternal impulse of activity, and his physical organism, from the reflex of this spiritual association, acquires new and more beautiful faculties, which liberate the spirit from its grosser connections, and thus permit it to seek in unrestrained freedom the knowledge which is found on earth and which is proffered him in heaven.

It is easy to discern that whatever laws control the destiny of man must influence for his good the living world around him, for so intimately is every part of nature, animate and inanimate, blended, that it is instantaneously felt that the mind which can order and arrange its own purposes, possesses the power to compel obedience from that which can not reason for itself, and thus are the demonstrative capacities of man's mind recognized by the whole animal creation, while he has fashioned from the material part his instruments and his aids. Enlightened by the wisdom he thus acquires, man finds the balancing point between the love of self and the love of his fellow-man. It is true that some vague notion of such distinction may have arisen from the received ideas of his religious faith, but how little has this faith influenced the will or the action! In thus tracing, by natural means, the connection that exists between this world and the next, a new era seems to open to man's view. He here discovers the secret of free and pacific associations, not only man with man, but man with spirit; and here is unfolded to him the nature and application of those obligations due to his race and to himself. At this point he understands the full force and power of the divine laws, and sees, with unfeigned delight, how from age to age these laws have developed all the combinations of matter and the attributes and intelligence of the spirit. He comprehends the direct power of the teachings of Christ, and realizes their entire reception at no very distant period, because of the application of their divine principles to all mankind and every human transaction. While he thus traces those threads of direct and analogical connection which run through the whole tissue of material and spiritual manifestations, he can not avoid the conclusion that there is a sublime economy of invisible realities, acting and reacting, each upon the other, and presenting practical and tangible demonstration that there is a world of human spirits held under eternal conformity to the

same laws which control and govern spirits on this earth. He further learns that all changes effected in the moral nature of man are accomplished by the daily and hourly association of the spirits of the just made perfect with spirits in the form ; and these are executed by bringing the human spirit into harmony with the realities of the unseen world, not only by this invisible association, but by positive communication. Such are the grand developments made to man by his investigation of his ultimate destiny, such the effects on his material existence ; and to his sight there is unfolded a life of such transcendent glory and happiness that his spirit, catching the foretaste of these ineffable joys that wait him beyond this sphere, leaps forward in the race, and distances even time by its mighty efforts to achieve the victory of truth. To the Spiritualist a great revolution is evidently beginning—a far more important one, by its higher principles and their more direct application to all conditions of existence, and its more expansive and beneficent consequences, than the ordinary events distinguished by that name. It displays its qualities in efforts of continually increasing scope and power. Beginning first with individuals, and subduing the antagonism of their natures to the truth as it is of God, it will embrace nations, continents—the world.

If, indeed, we regard revelation as susceptible of proof, we must be convinced that what is there made known to man was communicated by spirits with whom there was constant and intimate intercourse. And when we carefully examine all the truths made known to us through this source, we are satisfied that in this spirit-intercourse there was no violation of any known law, but the manifestation occurred as a natural effect of laws under which man lived ; that from the earliest record of the physical condition of the material world the frequent visitation of this sphere by spirits took place under the same arrangement of the same laws which controlled the whole of nature and the whole of man, just as they now control, at this day and this hour, the whole of creation around us. One thing is assuredly true, and the history of creation supports the statement, that since first the morning stars sang together, since first man, as an organized being, was placed on this earth, there has been no change in the natural relations of one object to another, no alteration in the action of those laws under which God fashioned this world and every thing which it contains ; and but one difference exists in the unchangeable effect of the same laws, and that is the gradual yet sure development of every part of this world, as the result of the inflexible influence of cause and sequence. It does not, therefore, to my mind, require an elaborate ar-

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XL

SKEPTIC.—At our last conversation we were discussing the difficulties which a spirit would labor under to make a mortal, who was skeptical in spirit-communication, believe that his departed friend was actually near him and conversing with him. I feel the difficulty that I, as a spirit, should have in the attempt to inform my family that I still lived. They could not see me, nor feel my touch, nor hear my voice; and therefore no mental impressions however strong, and no moral evidence however clear, would be likely to convince them.

SPIRITUALIST.—This is unhappily the case. That which people are not *prepared* to believe, they could not believe if they would, and generally would not if they could. You have advanced a good argument for my side of the question, for you admit the difficulties a spirit must have to undergo to convince a skeptical mortal of his presence. So much being conceded, and it being also allowed that a departed spirit would naturally wish to talk again with his friends, it remains only to discuss the question whether he can do it.

SKEP.—When I admitted, at our last conversation, that I should wish to return to my family, I should have said, if I felt as I feel now. But a great change takes place, and our love for our kindred will be swallowed up in our love for God.

SP.—On this point we must differ. I assert that man is immortal. That *the* man still lives in the condition of a spirit. If the quality of his nature be changed, it is not *the* man—it is somebody else. Man is immortal in his *identity*, and therefore his affections remain—his intellect and his memory. All the propensities, all the qualities of his organization, are unchanged. As the man was created in his phrenological character, so must be his direction in his ultimate development. As he has cultivated, while on earth, a few of his organs, and thus made up an imperfect character, so will he be on his arrival in the spirit-world. He

can not at once produce an equilibrium of character according to the intent of his organization, for that will be the work of eternity.

SKEP.—I understand you to say, then, that on arriving in the spirit-world we are no better than when we started, and that we have all our loves and our hates with us, and in every sense of the word are the same as before death. This can not be—for the saint that goes to heaven could not be happy to have all his natural affections. He would look back and see the unhappiness of those he had left behind, and this would prevent his enjoying that perfect felicity which is the condition of those who are saved.

SP.—You speak as though you had ascertained that fact. For myself, I should not be happy in the loss of my natural affections. Our sympathy is the source of our greatest happiness.

You speak of the condition of those who are saved. You assume that they know nothing of earth—for if they did know the condition of things here they could not be happy. I believe this is very generally believed by orthodox Christians. They suppose that death is a perfect barrier between the mortal and the spirit-life. Of course, this supposition ignores the fact that human beings have ever been seen or spoken with after death; of course it ignores the several hundred cases alluded to in the Bible, and the many thousands of cases recorded in history, with all that has occurred in modern times. If the spirit, after death, can know nothing of this life, it must be because he is incapable of returning to earth after he has left it, and that, apart from all testimony, seems improbable, because if a spirit could go from earth to the spirit-world the same power of locomotion would bring him back. To assume that he was denied the privilege would imply that he was a prisoner. He could not be entirely happy in that situation. To assume that he could come back and see the wretchedness of those he loved and not have his sympathy excited for them, would be to show that he had become hardened, and, as I should consider it, very much deteriorated. He would be less a saint than when on earth.

SKEP.—The soul is to be *happy* after death, if it has been redeemed; how are we to know in what manner this is accomplished? I do not really suppose that we lose our sympathies and our natural affections, for no real happiness could exist without them. I think that those of us who are saved will be happy—I do not know how the matter is brought about. It seems most natural that there is a barrier which parts the mortal from the immortal. Probably, when we arrive in heaven, we learn that it is impossible for us to know any thing of earth, and therefore we are fain to be content while we wait for our friends to arrive.

SP.—But suppose they do not arrive. Suppose the friend or the child that you loved should happen to be cut off before having found favor with God, as the term is.

SKEP.—If those I love most did not come to heaven to meet me and again unite with me, I fear I should not be perfectly happy. I own that if I knew my child had gone to hell, and would be in torture forever, and I could never see her again, I could not be happy in the present state of my mind. God is able to do all things, and he would probably make me happy without the society of those I love.

SP.—Would you have no feeling of unkindness toward the Being who ordained the separation?

SKEP.—I think not. Whatever God does must be right, and I should love him whatever he did.

SP.—I find upon this subject we shall not agree. I can not believe that after parting with this outside body our interior *self* will be changed. I can not believe that a human soul could be happy when deprived of his natural affections, or his sympathies, or when separated eternally from those he loved and knowing them to be in torment; I can not believe he could be happy while imprisoned and debarred the privilege of returning to earth and his friends of earth; I can not believe that he will lose his identity by death—that he will lose his cultivation of mind—his virtues or his vices—his loves or his hates, or any more of his memory than should reasonably be obliterated by the lapse of time. I feel sure that he will go on developing according to his organization, and, therefore, that the man whose head has adapted him to be a mechanic will ultimately become such, though he may have started as a lawyer, a priest, or a king.

SKEP.—I find you all too practical for me. What use will there be for mechanics in heaven?

SP.—And what use of lawyers, priests, or kings? I think there will be use for all the organizations that God has made.

SKEP.—I should rather ask, what use will there be of the work of a mechanic?

SP.—As much as upon this earth. Will things make themselves? Will there be a perpetual series of miracles to supply the wants of men in the spirit-state? Will God be in constant attendance on every one of his creatures throughout the universe? Or will he make us all Gods, and give us creative power? Or shall we be without wants, and reduced to the condition of stocks and stones?

SKEP.—I think we shall have all that is necessary for us whenever we wish it.

SP.—How will it be produced ?

SKEP.—I do not know. God will give it to us.

SP.—Suppose yourself arrived in the spirit-world—or, ather, in the spirit-condition, separated from the gross body worn here, and you wanted a suit of clothes, how would you expect them to come to you ?

SKEP.—In the first place, the idea is preposterous that spirits wear clothing, or if they do, it is a robe of light.

SP.—Well, admit that it is a robe of light. How is it procured and made to fit ? The robe of light that would fit you would not serve for a child.

SKEP.—I suppose I should instinctively require the garments of the righteous. I should find myself clothed in white. But this I consider rather a figurative expression. Actual clothing, I feel sure, is never worn by a disembodied spirit. It is the semblance of a garment ; it can not be any thing real.

SP.—By a *disembodied* spirit clothing could not well be worn. But it happens that a spirit has a body the exact counterpart of that in which he was born and reared. If he wear no clothing he must exhibit a naked form.

SKEP.—If there be still a shape and form to the soul, of course it must be clothed, for decency's sake. But may not one present to the eyes of all who look upon him the semblance of a garment by the power of his will ?

SP.—Possibly he could, for we perceive in the phenomena of psychology similar things. There is one difficulty, however. All things produced by the imaginative power cease to exist when the mind ceases to act—just as darkness ensues when that which illuminates is extinguished. If the man forgot himself a moment he would be naked.

SKEP.—I admit all the difficulties of the case. I do not understand how spirits can be clothed, if they be clothed, without an actual substance. If it be an actual substance, it must be produced in some way.

SP.—And unless there be an infinity of miracles performed on behalf of every spirit, then the clothing must be produced in some rational mode. Why are you unwilling to admit that spirits may reasonably produce their clothing out of the materials found in the world they live in ?

SKEP.—Because it vulgarizes the blissful life of heaven to have to attend to the petty wants of a body.

SP.—Labor is an ordinance of God. As there are infinitely various capacities, so is there an infinite variety of work for their occupation. Can you not look abroad over earth and see a large number of those who you think will go to heaven, who are scarcely intelligent enough to make a shirt or a pair of shoes ?

SKEP.—Yes ; and if their minds be not changed by death they would scarcely be able to do as much.

SP.—When once you admit that a spirit wears clothing, it follows necessarily that the clothing is *produced* in some way. We will assume that there is *no miracle*, then—for all enlightened persons admit that for every effect there must be a natural and sufficient cause. As the laws of God operate throughout the universe, we can not suppose any state or condition beyond their reach. To produce a garment implies a *fabric* out of which it is to be made. I will not suppose that refined and cultivated spirits wear garments made from the skins of beasts, nor made of fig-leaves, nor of any such primitive material. Their garments are of woven stuff—and if they are not fine and beautiful when desired, the spirit-world does not equal this. This stuff, then, required to be woven, and a loom was necessary to effect that purpose. Probably the stuff required fulling, dressing, dyeing, etc., after it was woven. At all events it must have had the warp and filling, which would have had to be spun, and this presupposes a spinning-machine. When you have got the stuff for the garment you have required the preliminary use of many of the mechanical trades. The factory in which the warp and filling are spun must have required much mechanical skill to construct and arrange it. The factory in which the stuff was woven must have required an equal amount of labor and skill ; and before the stuff would be ready to be cut, it would have to be dressed in another factory, with still different machinery. Before the yarns could be spun, there must be the wool or the fiber, and this pre-supposes the raising sheep or planting cotton ; to do either of which involves labor, skill, and capital. The stuff being produced, it is ready to be formed into a garment—a “shining garment,” if you please—or a robe of light ; but whatever you call it, it must be a garment fitted for the one who is to wear it. If the stuff is cut, a pair of shears is necessary, and this will have required the skill of a cutler. More than one kind of stuff will be required in a garment, and buttons will be wanted, and many other things. It will have to be sewed, and that will require needles and thread or sewing silk. The seams will have to be pressed, and that will require a goose—thus a foundery is necessary to cast the iron. When the garment is complete, it will be able to supply one out of many wants. Suppose it is a coat which has thus been produced. Are there not many other things wanted for a man’s outfit ? Under-clothes are wanted, hat and boots, gloves, etc., and when all this is done, the man must be sheltered and lodged.

SKEP.—I have endeavored to listen with patience while you have

transformed the glorious heaven that the Bible has promised us, into a Sheffield or a Manchester—into a shop full of weavers, cutters, tailors, hatters, and shoemakers. I suppose all these factories must be worked by some power. What motor do they use?

SP.—I know not, but probably steam power, or water. I can not assume that world to be behind ours in the great labor-saving machines which have been produced by the cultivated intellects of modern times. Doubtless they have all our improvements, and many more, for they stand, as it were, upon our shoulders.

SKEP.—I feel that all this is absurd. Are we to have all the vulgar drudgery of this life over again? Have we got to delve and dig, plant and hoe, to draw from an ungrateful soil a scanty subsistence, for I suppose we shall have to be fed as well as clothed.

SP.—We certainly shall, or else we shall starve. You complain of the way God has made the world and seem to think you could have done it better. You speak of labor as a curse, instead of the blessing it is.

SKEP.—God cursed the earth, and inflicted labor on man as a punishment for Adam's disobedience.

SP.—I think differently. Labor seems to me to be the great means of progress, without which progress could not be either here or in the world of spirits. Show me a man who ever improved any of his faculties, who ever rose in the scale of being, while *inactive*. He who does not work stagnates. All men work a little. Even the idler sometimes takes the trouble to think and to talk. Positive exertion of the mind is the labor of a very small proportion of the human race, but these men are rewarded with power and fame. Labor is the key which unlocks all treasures and gives a man whatever he desires. The number of those who labor with their muscles is far greater than that of those who think. Physical labor is easy in comparison. As labor is necessary for a man's advancement, it is certainly a blessing. I can easily see that certain kinds of labor must be irksome. Almost every man can think of some employment which would suit his tastes better than the work he is doing. But how would the business of life be carried on if no one would do the menial services or perform the distasteful labor? As all must work, and as it is not possible for each one to take his pick of the work he will do, some must be employed in matters uncongenial to their tastes; but it is better to be thus employed than to be idle.

SKEP.—All this seems wrong. I can not understand it. What sort of a heaven can that be where we have got to work?

SP.—Let me ask you what sort of a set of beings would there be in heaven if nobody had any thing to do?

SKEP.—Why, they would be singing the praises of God, of course.

SP.—They would get tired of that if it was perpetual and unremitting. Try it awhile. Sing the praises of God, with all the devotion you can get up, for twenty-four hours continually, and let me see how you will feel at the end of that time. If you live through that, try it another day. It would not be long before you would pray for death to relieve you of your misery.

SKEP.—Could an angel ever weary of praising God?

SP.—The praise which a pure and elevated spirit gives to God is the thankfulness of a happy heart. That is his song of praise, and it is grateful to the Almighty. But this song of thanksgiving is always flowing from his heart spontaneously and does not constitute his *employment*. He is occupied in useful pursuits, trying to benefit himself and his neighbor, for to serve God is to serve man. The two acts can not be separated. While a thankful and happy heart is the proper praise to God, active benevolence toward mankind is the proper service and the acceptable worship.

SKEP.—I can not get over this vulgarity of the occupation of spirits. It seems undignified. They should have higher and holier employments.

SP.—What labor could be holier than the conferring happiness on God's children? It is no matter what this labor is. If it is to plow and to plant, to build a cottage and furnish it, to feed or to clothe, all seems to me holy and dignified. I am well aware that mankind have acquired a habit of thinking (though without any possible authority) that there is nothing to do in the next life. Almost every body gets tired of work here, and thinks, through his desires, that there will be a cessation of labor as soon as he gets out of this world. No well-developed man would have such a feeling. To be good is to be willing to work. There is scarcely a greater sin than to neglect the culture of the priceless gift of intellect. It is also a very great sin to live upon the labor of others. It is no matter how one may be situated, rich or poor, his manifest duty to God is to labor for his own good and for that of his fellows.

SKEP.—I agree with you that it is the duty of all to work, if only for their health. I know it keeps the ignorant and the vicious out of mischief. It qualifies a man to be useful to himself and to his fellows; assuredly there is nothing so important to a man, in a temporal view, as steady industry.

SP.—It is very true. Labor is the great necessity of our nature.

Only by means of steady and enduring labor can the intellect be strengthened or the affections unfolded. "Labor is worship," as is beautifully said by the poet. There is no worship so acceptable to God. All the prayers and praises ever uttered by priest at his congregation are less in the eyes of God than one hour's labor of love to relieve the sufferings of the poor.

SKEP.—I think with you, that labor is the great engine of reform in every human being, and if exerted with a single eye to the glory of God, it can not be over-estimated.

SP.—All labor that has a true object is for the glory of God. If it be plowing the soil and aiding God in making the earth productive; if it be building the hovel which shall shelter God's children; if it be writing the matter that shall be food for thought or give the soul pleasure, or drawing from the sea or the land the food necessary to human sustenance; whether building the ship that shall, by means of commerce, promote intercommunication, or building the railroad that shall transport passengers; whether stretching the wires of the telegraph, or searching into the nebulae for new facts in astronomy, all is for the glory of God, for it aids to elevate and develop his children.

Let us take an example. Suppose two children, equal at their birth, start life together. One of them, under judicious guidance, acquires habits of industry; the other, beginning with a few days' playing truant, acquires habits of idleness. The one grows ambitious of distinction, and is spurred on to labor. His intellect expands and his affections are regulated; the other, unstimulated by any such ambition, but seeking the stimulus of excitement, indulges his sensual or animal propensities. He grows less and less inclined to labor, and less and less able to govern his passions. The one, gathering treasures of learning at every step, feeling his own worth and learning to respect himself, rises to a dignified position in society and is universally respected; the other, becoming familiar with vice, and learning to hate those who, on the more elevated plane of learning and industry, must look down upon him, sinks gradually in public estimation, until the general sentiment felt for him is pity. The one is elevated to places of trust and honor, acquires fame, fortune, and a high development of his own organization, and is buried with deep mourning beneath the massive cenotaph that will tell to posterity his deeds and his name. The other sinks in poverty and distress; he learns to disregard human laws, he robs and murders, and dies upon a scaffold; the doctors dissect his body, and then it is buried in Potter's Field, and his memory is at an end.

SKEP.—You have drawn a violent contrast, but it has its prototypes in millions. There is not a vicious or criminal man upon earth who could not have been a good or great man if the right means had been taken to train him when young.

SP.—These two brothers will arrive together in the spirit-world, and their relations will not be changed: they will be brothers. I will assume that, under angel-influence, this poor, misguided son of God will seek to reform. Having the opportunity to live his life over again, and seeing the difference between him and his former equal, he will commence the discipline of his mind and try to work. It will be a painful task to him. The habit of a lifetime can not be changed in a day. His courage will often fail him, and he will backslide. The irksomeness of labor he will not always endure; his progress will be slow, and it will be discouraging, for he will make little advance; he has every thing to unlearn, every thing to undo; before he can receive good into his mind he must cleanse it of the evil.

His cultivated brother is differently situated. At his advent to the upper realms great and glorious spirits, who know him by fame, meet him with a cordial reception. His place is ready for him. He has been expected, and thousands are ready to be his friends. He starts afresh upon his new life with newer powers of mind, with higher and better means, with one great reward attained and courage for the future, and his advance is rapid and his flight bold and daring. He aims at the loftiest points of honor, and he will not miss his aim. He will lend his hearty aid to his humble brother toiling far behind him, but with all his will and his power he can not raise that brother to his level. The two who started life together equal in every respect have parted asunder; one took the path of labor, and the other the way of idleness, and they can never again be upon the same plane. One will always be far in advance of the other.

SKEP.—This would seem very reasonable if we had another *earth* to go to after we die—a world no better than this and with a similar life to lead.

SP.—The world in which we live in our next stage of existence is only *one* step forward on the march of progression. It is a better world than this, undoubtedly, but it has its prototype in kind in this earth. Like this, that life is one of uses, where men must work, and where there is far more need of work (if possible) than here, always excepting the period of childhood and youth, when the human being takes his direction, and when a deep and awful responsibility rests upon parents or guardians.

SKEP.—All this, as I said, seems reasonable if it be true that the next life be like this in its uses. But I have thought differently. I have never looked upon that state of existence as a life of daily drudgery for daily food like this, and can not bring myself to believe it.

SP.—Whatever God has done is done well. I have learned to think that even this world is well got up. There are inferior natures to fill the inferior offices of life. There are infinite degrees of goodness and infinite kinds of organizations; no two persons can be compared with each other, except in some special quality.

SKEP.—It is difficult for me to understand how you can be so well satisfied with the world as it is. It seems nothing to you that the world is full of vice and ignorance.

SP.—I, in common with all Spiritualists, lament the vice and ignorance of mankind, and we are using our best exertions to bring about a reform. But while we see the vice, or, more properly speaking, the want of *equal development* of the mind, we know it is a normal condition of things, and that to cultivate these beings is placed before us as a duty. To complain of this and arraign the wisdom of the Almighty is foolish. Shall we believe the old dogma, that God *cursed* the earth after he had made it? Shall we consider the native soil worthless because it is not as fine and rich as a garden? God gave us the materials to work with, and commanded us to join with him in the labor of development. There is not a man so foolish that he does not know that all excellence and all success are within his reach if he will labor with a hearty will. Every man knows this; but every man wishes to reap where he has not sowed; he would find every thing done to his hand, so that he should have nothing to do but to enjoy the fruits of another's labor.

SKEP.—I believe it is a good deal so. People are always asking for more than they earn, and that is undoubtedly a great sin, since all any one is entitled to on earth is that which he has earned by his labor, always excepting the cases of misfortune or helplessness, where charitable aid is necessary. But even here the law, in a certain degree holds good. The labor of the affections is as much a worship as the labor of the intellect or of the muscles. He who *loves* fulfills his part as well as he who *thinks*.

SP.—This is radical doctrine, but I fully agree with it. It is founded upon the great dogma, that *Labor is the first duty of man*, and one from which no circumstances of fortune can release him. *Man* has not authority to release him, for the labor is due to God, and he who always works does not consent that his children shall be idle.

W.

THE HOUSE OF STONE.

BY A. HOYT, MEDIUM.

I DWELL alone,
Alone, alone—
In a house of stone
I dwell alone.

There are but two lights
Through which I can see,
Though behind my wall
Encamp'd may be
An army of those I long to see,
And sadly it doth appear to me.
There cometh strange sound of revelry,
The song of delight, of mirth, of glee
That rings from a near-by company.

But my house of stone
Remains alone.
Though oft when the fitful storm is high,
And night-clouds sweep across the sky,
Then, then, by my window seems fitting by
Some spirit unknown,
Alone, alone.

Hark! there's a tinkling sound e'en now on my ear,
"Not alone," it sayeth, "for we are here;
The friends you shrouded on death's cold bier—
We are here, we are here."
So the house of stone,
Though it standeth alone,
Hath a chink in its wall,
Where one by one
The company cometh, soft, gentle, unknown.
The swallow returns from whence it had flown,
And a star through the gloom of the darkness hath shone.
And the house of stone
Is no longer alone.

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

NUMBER TWO.

STEAMBOAT JEFFERSON, *Tuesday Morning, August 23, 1836.*

MY DEAR S.—I am still on Lake Erie. We have just left Cleveland, and will probably arrive at Detroit during the night.

We stopped at Erie about two hours, and during that time I rambled about the town. It is apparently an old settlement; some of the houses are very old-fashioned, and here, for the first time, I discovered evidence of the Dutch character of some of the inhabitants of Pennsylvania. Some of the signs, for the post-office and for the stores, were painted both in the German text and in English. The place is very well laid out, having in its center a large, uninclosed square, which is surrounded by the public buildings, by taverns and stores. Streets run from it in various directions. The soil seems to be a dry sand, and I was informed that the country around is not very good. Yet the town has some advantages which ought to make it a conspicuous place. It is the principal, if not the only port which Pennsylvania has on Lake Erie, and, of course, her only communication with our inland seas. A canal to connect the lake with the Ohio River at Pittsburg is nearly completed. Yet the place does not exhibit the enterprise and activity which these advantages would promise. They may be there notwithstanding, and my visit was so short that I might not have been able to discover them. At all events, they were not visible upon a cursory view. There was some bustle and stir in the town, but they seemed to have been produced principally by two rival circuses, whose gayly-caparisoned horses, fantastic cavaliers, and bands of music had put the good people all on the *qui vive* of expectation and delight.

Erie was last year the scene of one of those speculations which raged with such fury. Lands suddenly rose to an enormous price, and almost as suddenly fell again; of course enriching him who was fortunate or wise enough to sell, and impoverishing him who was unfortunate enough to hold on. I fear that very many such scenes will be exhibited before the end of the chapter of speculation.

You who are familiar with the history of the late war will remember that it was at Erie the gallant Com. Perry fitted out his victorious fleet. The harbor was good, but there was a bar across its mouth, which would not permit his ships to pass out when loaded and completely fitted for action. He had to get his vessels over the bar before he could put in his guns and stores. While in this situation the British fleet blockaded him. He was obliged to remain inactive or put out to sea unprepared to meet his enemy. You can imagine how annoying was such a position to a man of his daring and enterprise. The destruction of our fleet would have been a serious blow to our country, and he was bound by every consideration of prudence and patriotism not to incur an unnecessary hazard. He, however, got every thing in readiness, anticipating that the British would be obliged to abandon the blockade and go for supplies. His anticipations were realized. The blockade was abandoned for a season. He immediately availed himself of the advantage, pushed across the bar, fitted his vessels, and set sail in pursuit of the enemy. He took up a position with his fleet in a bay in Put-in Bay Island, near the upper end of the lake, where he had a good harbor, where he was hidden from the enemy, but where he could discover them when they should attempt to descend.

He had not remained there long before his look-outs discovered the enemy's fleet. He put out to sea; met the British a few miles west of the island, and achieved one of the most splendid naval victories known in our annals. His name is identified with the fame of his country, and I am not alone in regretting that he did not live to enjoy the gratitude of his countrymen. His brief, but expressive, announcement of his victory to Gen. Harrison has become proverbial among us, and "We have met the enemy, and they are ours," has become the common expression of the victorious on almost every occasion.

I know you will not blame me for recounting one of the most interesting events of our late war. Recollect that I am visiting for the first time the scenes of these exploits; and in looking upon the spot which once knew his gallantry, I can not repress the conviction that I am surrounded by the scenes which are associated with the memory of his achievements. I shall soon be passing over the spot where the battle was fought. I can not look upon it merely as a fine sheet of water; my imagination will picture to me the battle with all its terror and magnificence, its thrilling incidents and its glorious result. And surely I can

The conquered and the victorious vessels, at the close of the war, were sunk at Erie, and have only lately been raised. Pieces of the Lawrence—Perry's flagship—were sought for with avidity, and I have been fortunate enough to obtain a cane made from its wood. It bears the appropriate motto, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." The Queen Charlotte—the enemy's flagship—is now on the lakes as an American coasting vessel. Her first visit to Detroit drew from the residents of the Canada shore some pretty palpable demonstration of their feelings. They showed that they had not forgotten the battle and its disastrous results to them. Shall we forget the glory it conferred upon us?

Our next stopping-place was Fairport, in Ohio, which you will find on Mitchell's map as New Market. The place is one of those which has sprung into existence, as a village of any magnitude, in a short time and during the rage for speculation. There was nothing particular to attract the attention, except that it reminded me, and I can scarcely tell why, of the scene described in Wilson's novel of "The Cruise of the Midge," where the English vessel was attacked by a slaver and a fleet of negro canoes.

Cleveland shows more activity and business than either of the other places I have named. The shores of the lake are somewhat elevated in the vicinity, but at this point a large creek empties into the lake and forms a valley, on one side of which is Cleveland, and on the other side Ohio City. The latter place has grown up entirely within a short time. Eight years ago there was only one building on that side of the stream; now it is quite a large place, showing its lofty storehouses and mammoth hotel. The two places ought to be one. Separated by a stream not over 150 feet wide, and having rival interests, the citizens of both will always be subject to jealousies and heart-burnings, which will convert neighbors into bitter enemies.

The Ohio Canal, which runs from Portsmouth, on the Ohio River, a distance of 306 miles, enters the lake at this point, and vast quantities of produce and merchandise pass along this channel, between the city of New York on one side, and the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kentucky, and even Alabama, on the other. You will readily perceive what vast trade pays tribute to our State, and this will be increased as the facilities for transportation are multiplied. The completion of railroads between Utica and Buffalo—an event that will soon be consummated—will enable the traveler to perform in one day a journey which now occupies three, and more frequently four, days. One or two similar works are in

contemplation between the two extremities of Lake Erie—one on the American shore, through the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio, to terminate at Perrysburg, or its vicinity, on the Maumee River; the other on the Canada side, to terminate opposite Detroit, and to open a direct communication with that place and Buffalo. The latter is the nearest by 100 miles, but being through the British dominions, where there is a great lack of that enterprise which distinguishes our citizens, and great jealousy of American interference, it is most probable that the southern route will yet obtain the preference. It is most important both for Buffalo and Detroit that this should not be so. If it depended upon the citizens of those places, their well-known enterprise would leave no doubt as to the result. But I am afraid that even their activity will find it difficult to overcome the *vis inertia* of the British provinces. Something of the kind, however, will ere long be done; for the navigation of the lakes is uncertain and dangerous—between river and ocean navigation—too wide for the safety of the one, and too narrow for that of the other. There are not harbors enough for vessels to flee to in case of a storm, nor is the lake wide enough to give them sea-room and permit them to ride out on the water in safety. A lee shore, under the prevailing winds, is found too soon.

Nothing, however, can be more delightful than our present passage. The storm which we experienced when at Buffalo has been succeeded by very calm and pleasant weather. The sun shines out cheerfully. There is not

“A breath the blue waves to curl.”

We have a pleasant party and a fine boat, and one must be dead to all the beauties of nature not to enjoy the scene.

I found, in looking at the compass just now, and very much to my surprise, I must confess, that we were sailing only one or two points west of a south course. Without much reflection, I had obtained the idea that the lakes were very far north of Albany, and that our whole course would be northerly. Judge of my surprise when I found, on examination, that Cleveland is one degree, or sixty miles, south of Albany, and that even Detroit is south of our capital. It is true I ought not to have been ignorant of this, but I had never looked at their relative positions; and when I recollect conversations with my neighbors, I can easily point out several who labor under the same mistake. If the land in the southern part of Michigan is as good as it is represented, I really can not discover why a location there is not more eligible for a farmer than it is with us. But we shall see.

But I must draw my long letter to a close. You will perceive that I am writing on board the steamboat, and you can judge how much steadier is their motion than that of those we are accustomed to at the East. They are slower also. They must be built strong and heavy to endure the heavy seas to which they are subject. One of our light and swift boats would not bear up at all against the storms which are sometimes experienced on these lakes.

Fare you well. It will be some days before I can write you again; but I beg you to remember that I am far from home, and that every letter which I shall receive will be a diamond in the desert to

Yours, ever, etc.



THE DESTINY OF OUR FAITH.

CLOUDS rest above us and the morn delays—
Through the dark pall come not the cheering rays;
Nature yet rests in silence unawaking,
Till o'er the hills come morn in beauty breaking.

On the lone heights the watchmen wait the hour
When the bright sun shall rise in pride and power;
And as the light still lingers, sad and worn,
Kneel they in humble trust and pray for morn.

Soon will the sun of heavenly truth arise,
Scattering the clouds of doubt from human eyes;
And with its flood of splendor it shall fright
All who have loved the darkness more than light.

Oft around the earth the spirit-sun has rolled,
Tinging even error's clouds with rays of gold;
Still shining on, though o'er the face of heaven
Dark superstition like a pall was driven.

Now it is rising, and 'twill set no more—
The dreary night of sin is past and o'er.
Fresh on the waking world its beams will fall,
Filling its homes with light, and cheering all.

High in the heavens the Lord of Light will beam,
Warming the hearts of men with joy supreme,
Till at his zenith all the souls of earth
Wake to the glory of the second birth.

THE CALIFORNIA MANIFESTATIONS.

I FIND that a more important lesson than I dreamed of is to be learned from that which was intended as a fiction and was exulted over as a successful imposition on my credulity.

It will be recollected by our readers, that when I obtained the number of the San Francisco magazine which contained the first of the articles I received through a medium, in whom I had great confidence, a communication from what purported to be the spirit of the man whose death was there recorded, and that afterward I received another communication purporting to be from the same source, and which came to me through the same medium. These I knew to be as veritable spirit-communions as any I had ever received, and when, afterward, the editor of that magazine announced his whole narrative to be a sheer fabrication of his own, I was much less disturbed by the exposure of my credulousness and his abuse of confidence in the use he made of a private letter than I was by the apparent falsity of the spirit-communication. To have my confidence so shaken in spirit-communing worried me not a little. And though I had had occasion to witness instances of false communications, I had often warned myself and others of the dangers from this source. I had never experienced so marked an instance of this danger, nor one so unaccountable. The only solution I could imagine was, that some unprogressed spirit, designing to expose and mortify me, and perhaps impair my usefulness in this new field of labor, had assumed a character or identity which did not belong to him. And it worried me because I saw how many timid minds, just entering upon investigation, might be driven back by so glaring an instance of the unreliability of the intercourse. Yet that I could not help, and I had no right to complain that, even at my expense, so important a lesson as that of due caution should be taught to myself and others, and I submitted therefore with as good a grace as I could to the mortification, hoping that good would grow out of it.

The point was this, that the articles in the California magazine purported to be an account of the death, and manifestation afterward, from a man by the name of "John F. Lane." The communications which I received here purported to be from the same "John F. Lane;" and now

the letter of exposure from the editor of that magazine avowed that there was no such man as "John F. Lane," but he was a fiction merely, an imaginary character existing only in the fancy of that writer. He says: "I gave the name of John F. Lane to my leading fictitious character"—"the surprise was as nothing to my astonishment on being made acquainted by him with the fact that he had several spiritual interviews with my defunct fictitious character, John F. Lane."

That I had had "several spiritual interviews" with a person professing to be his "John F. Lane" I knew, for I could not be mistaken in respect to the circumstances attending them, and I knew that they could in no respect be fabrications of the medium; but if "John F. Lane" was merely a "fictitious" character, a figment of that writer's brain, then his articles were in no respect spiritual, and I had had no communication with any spirit having any connection with them.

From his avowal of his fiction I supposed that such was the fact, until I received the letter from Mr. Gamble, a medium in Philadelphia, which I published in our number for April, 1855. That letter conveyed to me, for the first time, the idea that after all the fictions with which that editor had ornamented his story, it was in fact, in its material parts, a spirit-communication, and that the same spirit which had influenced him to write it, had in very deed spoken to me. I was surprised that the idea had not occurred to me, because that writer says, "With regard to my being a writing medium, I had never had any hesitancy in saying that my hand was at times moved in a very singular manner, without any direct volition on my part to my knowledge."

Still I supposed that "John F. Lane" was indeed a fictitious personage who might as well have been called Doesticks or Smith. Our readers will then judge of my surprise when, a few days since, a gentleman accosted me in the street and asked me if I had ever known or heard of Colonel Lane of the army? This gentleman took no interest in Spiritualism, but he had seen Mr. Ewer's letter in the *Herald*, and having himself known Col. Lane, he would show me who he was. In the course of two or three days he brought to my office a pamphlet, published in this city in 1849, called "Reports on India Rubber Air Pontoons and Bridges, from the United States Quartermasters' and Ordnance Departments."

From that pamphlet it appears that "John F. Lane" was a captain and brevet lieutenant-colonel in the 2d Regiment U. S. Dragoons, and was engaged under General Jessup in the Florida war. He had invented an improvement in pontoons and bridges for the use of the army, which in August, 1836, was submitted to a Board of Examination ordered by Gen.

Jessup, and subsequently to another Board ordered by Col. Brooks, the reports of both of which Boards are contained in the pamphlet and speak favorably of Capt. Lane's invention. Then follow these extracts:

FROM THE "ARMY AND NAVY CHRONICLE," WASHINGTON CITY.

Pontoon Equipage.—In our last paper we gave the reports of two Boards of officers, upon experiments made with the Pontoon bridge, invented by Col. J. F. Lane, of the United States Army; and in the present number we have copied an article from the *United Service Journal* for August, giving an account of the exhibition of two different descriptions of pontoons on the river Medway.

The decided superiority of the invention of Col. Lane over the English improvements may be seen at a glance.

The pontoons and cordage for the entire bridge of Col. Lane, sufficient to cross a deep and rapid river of 350 feet width, were easily conveyed to the place in a single wagon; the English account boasts that a portion only of the apparatus, sufficient for forming twenty-one feet of bridge was packed up in a wagon drawn by four horses. To transport, therefore, the apparatus of the English plan, to construct a bridge of 350 feet, would require seventeen four-horse wagons, while the whole of Col. Lane's was conveyed in a single wagon.

Again, to form a bridge of 350 feet on the English plan required sixteen canoes of twenty-two feet each, and seven men are employed to manage two canoes, thus calling for fifty-six men, although it is said that thirty will be sufficient. Col. Lane's bridge is simple, and the entire equipment is capable of the utmost facility and rapidity of use, and may be maneuvered and secured by a few men.

American ingenuity has achieved another triumph, and alaid the military community under additional obligations.

As Col. Lane's bridge is formed of India-rubber pontoons, we have extracted from some English publication, as germane to the subject, an account of various plants which produce caoutchouc.

It is to be lamented that the early and distressing death of Col. Lane should have occurred before he had seen his invention generally used, as well in this country as in England.

WASHINGTON CITY, November 3, 1836.

By officers in the army, just arrived in this city from Florida, we learn that a very tragical affair occurred at the encampment near the old site of Fort Drane, on the 18th ult.

Col. John F. Lane, of the 2d Regiment of Dragoons, had arrived that day with his command, consisting of six hundred and ninety friendly Creek Indians and ninety regular troops; he had complained several times on the march of oppressive pain in the forehead, and it was thought that he exhibited some symptoms of insanity.

On the day of his arrival, however, he appeared to be in good spirits and conversed freely with the officers. While in Capt. Galt's tent he again complained of the severe pain in his forehead. He soon after retired to his own tent, and when some persons entered, they found him reclining on his knee with his sword pierced through his right eye, so as to penetrate the brain; he lingered about half an hour.

No cause can be assigned for the act other than a supposition that the responsibilities and the fatigues of the march had produced an inflammation of the brain.

Col. Lane was much respected by his brother officers, and possessed the entire confidence of Gen. Jessup, who conferred upon him the important and responsible command of the friendly Creeks.

I confess that this whole matter is as surprising to me as it can be to any one, and it shows how accurate is the information conveyed through Mr. Gamble, and how satisfactory a solution is thus given of what appeared so strange in this matter.

Any one who will carefully read the communications from Col. Lane, given through that Western editor—a medium as he confesses himself to be, will observe two intellectual features which characterized Col. L.—one his mechanical genius, and the other his mental aberration; and the believers in the spiritual philosophy will see, in this instance, strong corroboration of their belief, that man enters the next world just what he is here—that that life is but a continuation of this, and until he begins his progression, his existence there is just what his interior existence was here.

That Western editor was evidently used as a medium without his knowing it, thus exemplifying another great truth, that we are ever more frequently and more intimately connected with and influenced by the spirit-world for good or evil than the ignorant and unreflecting have any idea of. Supposing himself to be uttering his own thoughts, and so little acquainted with the operations of his own mind, that he says he could not discover any evidence of the interposition of disembodied spirits, he was yet used as the unconscious instrument of giving utterance to the incoherent ravings of a mind not yet recovered from the disease which accompanied its exit from this life. Had he possessed more knowledge of the subject on which he has ventured to betray his own ignorance—had he indeed been as well instructed only as the merest novice among the candid investigators of this great matter, he would not only have known when he was used as a medium, but he would not have been so superfluous as to expect from all spirit-communications entire accuracy, or to wonder that we should receive as spiritual intercourse teachings that conflicted with the generally received doctrines of Spiritualism.

But there are more valuable lessons taught us by this incident than the mere exposure of the absurdities into which ignorance may betray us, and we ought not to be unmindful of them.

Col. Lane passed into the spirit-world a lunatic, and I have recent, and to me satisfactory, reason to know that he is only now, after a lapse of nearly twenty years, beginning to awaken from the condition of mental derangement which marked the close of his earthly life; and this inci-

dent, with which he has had much to do both in California and in New York, has been a main instrument in arousing him and starting him in that progression—which is his destiny.

Nor is this the only instance in which the effect of insanity upon the spirit-life has been revealed to me. I will mention a few others, because they tend to illustrate one of the great truths which spirit-intercourse is unfolding to us, namely, how much of this life, its perversions as well as its progression, we bear with us in our passage through the valley of death.

It is not long since that a gentleman called at my house who had for several years been connected as physician with some of our most important lunatic asylums. Through one of the mediums then present he got into communication with the spirits, and among them was a young girl, who had been one of his patients, who had been a raving maniac and had died in the asylum within two or three years. She had not yet entirely recovered the soundness of her mind. She was sufficiently restored to be conscious of her situation, and that her mind would yet at times wander in spite of herself, realizing, even in the spirit-world, the beautiful description of Erskine—not that Reason was entirely overthrown, but that Distraction sat down beside it and held her mind trembling in its place.

Once I had come to me a female who, in her insanity, had committed suicide. When she awoke in the spirit-world her mind was still distracted, but her mental aberration having been produced by physical causes only, it soon passed away after the cause had been removed, and she became sane and conscious.

I have had many interviews with the spirit of a woman who died in Vermont at the age of thirty-six. Her name, she says, was Sally Crocker. At the early age of two or three years, when a promising child, she had a brain-fever, from which she arose a confirmed idiot, and so continued until her death. And it has been one of the most interesting manifestations I have ever had, to witness the progress of her mind, even in her spirit-life, in arising out of the darkness of its idiocy. At first her conversations were those of helpless inanity, with only one here and there glimpses of thought and intellect. But as she continued to commune with us, her mind rapidly progressed, her child-like simplicity continued, her gentle temper and kindly affections were displayed, but she was day by day becoming more capable of thinking and reasoning and realizing her condition. And she thus came to earth—in this manner exemplifying to me another great truth of our nature—she thus

came in order, by her intercourse with earth, to learn the lessons which it is the end and aim of our earthly existence to teach to us all, but which, in her case, her existence here had failed to teach.

There is still another instance now in my recollection. It was that of an elderly person whom I had known in life. She died a maniac, and had been frightfully so for months before her exit. I was permitted to behold her spirit-life after her entrance there. It was indeed melancholy. Her mania continued, nay, it increased until she sunk into a state of driveling idiocy. But that did not continue. Her regeneration at length begun, and she is now progressing, but slowly, very slowly; for in her case there was at the foundation of her nature an obtuse selfishness, which ever, in man's existence, here or in the spirit-world, produces its depressing effects; while in the idiot girl there was a self-sacrificing, affectionate nature, which was faithfully performing its task of spiritual elevation.

What was the condition of Col. Lane in these respects I know not, nor what there was in his earthly propensities or life to retard or hasten his regeneration. These things are certain, that there was such a man in reality as "John F. Lane;" that he died a lunatic; that he has influenced that Western editor and spoken through him; that he has communed with me through a medium here, and directly through myself, and that his communications to me and through that editor have all displayed the characteristics which marked his earthly life.

And from this incident, as from many, many others, we gather the warning, that the life here be well-directed, for its perversions will follow it hereafter.

J. W. E.

P. S.—Since writing the foregoing, I have received the following letter from my friend Dr. Gardner, with its accompanying communication. They speak for themselves, and show that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in Mr. Ewer's philosophy.

Boston, May 7th, 1855.

DEAR JUDGE—Inclosed I send you a document as I received it from the hands of the medium through whose hand it came. I have, ever since the Ewer letter was published, thought that perhaps, after all, Mr. Ewer might have written that account under spirit-impression, unconsciously to himself, and if that should prove to be the

Many, to ridicule a subject (which the Bible was written to prove, the power of inspiration, or *direct* spiritual instruction to man), will make every effort to become acquainted with many leading particulars, and sometimes will investigate much of what they think the minutia for greater power to ridicule a subject they dislike. This —this is the reason why we have left things as they have been; but not only the Judge, but his friends, will rejoice with exceeding great joy when they, in the future, will see that out of a little confusion and some uneasiness has arisen much good to many.

JOHN F. LANE.

Written by the hand of a medium in Dedham, Mass.

ELIZA H. TAFT.

DIVINING.—Dr. Ennemoser, in treating of second-sight—which, by the way, is quite as well known in Germany, and especially in Denmark, as in the Highlands of Scotland—says, that as in natural somnambulism there is a partial internal vigilance, so does the seer fall, while awake, into a dream-state. He suddenly becomes motionless and stiff; his eyes are open, and his senses are, while the vision lasts, unperceptive of all external objects; the vision may be communicated by the touch, and sometimes persons at a distance from each other, but connected by blood or sympathy, have the vision simultaneously. He remarks, also, that, as we have seen in the above case of Mr. C——, any attempt to frustrate the fulfillment of the vision never succeeds; inasmuch as the attempt appears to be taken into the account.

The seeing in glass and in crystals is equally inexplicable, as is the magical seeing of the Egyptians. Every now and then we hear it said that this last is discovered to be an imposition, because some traveler has either actually fallen into the hands of an impostor—and there are impostors in all trades—or because the phenomenon was imperfectly exhibited; a circumstance which, as in the exhibitions of clairvoyants and somnambulists, where all the conditions are not under command, or even recognized, must necessarily happen.

We see by the forty-fourth chapter of Genesis that it was by his cup that Joseph prophesied: "Is not this it in which my lord drinketh, and whereby indeed he divineth?" But, as Dr. Passavant observes, and we shall presently see, in the anecdote of the boy and the gipsy, the virtue does not lie in the glass nor in the water, but in the seer himself, who may possess a more or less developed faculty. The external objects and ceremonies being only the means of concentrating the attention and intensifying the power.—MRS. CROWE.

WATCHING ANGELS.

WRAPPED in the silence of the brooding night,
The mortal, on his pillow calmly sleeping,
Sees not the band of angels, clad in light,
Around his couch their tireless vigil keeping.
Perchance his thought flies wildly high and far,
A thousand shadowy forms his sense deceiving,
But in the woof of all his fancy there
A golden thread that angel-band are weaving.

Perchance the slumberer feels intrusive care—
Deep in his heart some longing wish is waking;
Perchance his soul is drooping in despair,
His o'ertasked heart beneath its burden breaking.
But there the angels shed the light of love,
The dark cloud now no more is mantled o'er him;
He sees the ladder reached him from above,
And sees the angels who to heaven restore him.

Haply the slumberer in a fever dream
Suffers unconscious, ever restless turning,
While through his veins the life-supporting stream
Courses in liquid fire its channels burning.
Then are the viewless hands laid on its brow,
The pure life-essence in his frame distilling,
Coursing its every fevered part—and now
The temple of the soul with pleasure filling.

But most the watching angels guide the *thought*—
If in the mortal's heart be wrong or error,
Soon by the pure and viewless influence taught,
He sees his wrong as in a magic mirror.
He sees the end where leads his tortuous path,
Its darkness and its danger, and awaking,
He finds within his soul a holier faith,
And turns with willing heart, his sin forsaking.

Thus does God guard his children, whether laid
In all unconscious sleep upon the pillow,
Or wandering wildly far from mortal aid
Upon the waste, the mountain, or the billow.
No one is left unguarded on his way,
Though oft by passion's gale all wildly driven,
Aye, at the helm is He whom waves obey,
Who guides life's barque and moors it in the haven.—W.

JOAN OF ARC.

NEW YORK, Nov. 1st, 1852.

LAST evening the Circle of Hope met, and the following communication was received from the spirit of Joan of Arc. Some of the Circle not being familiar with her history, it was mentioned that she had, by the sacrifice of herself, redeemed her country, France. She said:

Yes, and France has to be redeemed again. I am not the first of the martyrs who lost their lives in the cause of truth and freedom, nor shall I be the last, even at this late day of the world's enlightenment.

But, friends, it is not to bring this gloomy picture before your eyes that I have come to-night. Oh, no! it is with a far different object. The light and glory which have been cast around me in my spirit-home give me a holy and beautiful theme to dwell upon. Not for me alone to dwell upon, nor for spirits alone, nor angels alone to dwell upon, but for mortals too. Yes, for mortals!

In the darkness and superstition of the past, which are passing away with all their gloomy forms of fancy-fraught terrors, comes the light of revealed love and wisdom as the harbinger of peace and joy, and hope and redemption, to be wrought on earth. Martyrs who have suffered for the glorious cause of Truth! lift up your heads with joy ineffable! gaze down on earth again, and rejoice to see the fruits your labors are accomplishing! Behold now the seeds which have moldered for a season! Lo! they are springing forth and gaining might.

The dark past is passing away; and the bright future! how it gleams before me! The strength which cometh with the white-winged messenger is being felt. Its power is spreading—its love is directing—its might is finding the mighty as well as the lowly of earth. Oh! the deep springs which have been opened in many hearts, from king to peasant, are becoming breathed upon by the spirit of onward, upward, life-beaming light. Who shall withstand the power of that light, which comes as a stream in whose placid waters they may bathe?

And lo! it cometh. Lo! it groweth. The meek and lowly of earth receive it with heartfelt joy as the dove bearing the olive-branch of peace, the green, the beautiful olive-branch of hope for their souls—the resting-

place for all ; for each soul is becoming unfolded, and each and all may feel that the rock of ages is as firm for them as for the mighty, soaring, aspiring, and high-souled monarchs of earth may aspire to reach in their uplifted majesty. And the light will level the world as with the hand of the angel of death when he cometh and lays low all alike. I say the light shall level the people of the world ; the monarch will be but the man, and the man will be a man more than ever before ; and woman shall become a strong and mighty instrument in this glorious work.

Some remark was here made by one of the Circle, implying that in her efforts for her country she must have been inspired, and the spirit said :

It was inspiration. It was a spirit that loved my country that inspired me, and I did not repel it. My soul saw the heaven prepared for the lover of truth and justice, and has felt the heaven—which acting, taking our lives in our hands and going forth to do our Father's work—has raised me too also ; has filled my soul with holy joy, and has shown me the hosts who aided me while carrying out the design which progressed my country one step in her eternal destiny.

The earthly tabernacles erected for the worship of the Most High God shall be deserted or looked upon as places of the terror and darkness which have for centuries ruled the mind of humanity, through the force of dry and unsatisfactory laws given forth as the mandates of the glorious Being whose only law is Love, whose only mandate is Peace. And each heart shall erect within itself a tabernacle, an altar whose incense shall reach the pure throne of light, and return with an odor more sweet than the breath of flowers in their first dawn of beauty. When the structures erected by the hands of man are less sought, and the inward temple of the soul shall rise up and shine forth in the splendor of its natural beauty, then dark and gloomy indeed will seem the past, and glorious will all feel the present, unfolding to every heart new wells of light and life everlasting.

Oh ! the time is approaching when the men of earth shall all feel how closely their interests, their immortal interests, are interwoven with the chain which reaches between the earth and the skies. And the links shall be so commingled as to draw down the spirits of the great in good, the great in wisdom, and the mighty in truth, who have long since passed away, ripened in knowledge, purified in love, elevated in their progression in the eternal spheres of light, and are now descending to fulfill their mission on earth.

'Think not the germ has ceased to act on its native ground, its home

of clay. That love of home, of earth, of country which attracts it, shall and will draw, and is drawing back, those purely unfolded spirits who are now coming with a power whose resistless course shall be lighted with the beautiful images of the present dawn, and will show the gloom and darkness of the past in all its huge and ungainly deformity.

Will not the mind revolt from that which is so dark and repelling, and men turn away from it and open wide their hearts to enjoy the beautiful future spread out before them, not as a dream, but as a glorious angel of peace and love, who shall enter every heart and gladden every homestead, and shall so act, so cast its golden fetters around, as to bring the vast family of mankind within its gladsome embrace?

Is the picture too fair? Does it seem exaggerated to your view? Not so does it appear to the spirits. But the colors are golden, the tints are azure. Oh! how they are blended and shooting forth in all directions in the bright firmament of joy, which speaks in more than mortal volumes of the infinite love and majesty of the most High God!



WE are part spirit and part matter: by the former we are allied to the spiritual world and to the absolute spirit; and as nobody doubts that the latter can work magically, that is, by the mere act of will—for by the mere act of will all things were created, and by its constant exertion all things are sustained—why should we be astonished that we, who partake of the Divine nature and were created after God's own image, should also, within certain limits, partake of this magical power? That this power has been frequently abused, is the fault of those who, being capable, refuse to investigate, and deny the existence of these and similar phenomena; and, by thus casting them out of the region of legitimate science, leave them to become the prey of the ignorant and designing.—MRS. CROWE.

PLUTARCH, in his dialogue between Lamprius and Ammonius, observes, that if the demons or protecting spirits that watch over mankind are disembodied souls, we ought not to doubt that those spirits, even when in the flesh, possessed the faculties they now enjoy, since we have no reason to suppose that any new ones are conferred at the period of dissolution; for these faculties must be inherent, although temporarily obscured, and weak and ineffective in their manifestations. As it is not when the sun breaks from behind the clouds that he first begins to shine, so it is not when the soul issues from the body, as from a cloud that envelops it, that it first attains the power of looking into the future.—*Ibid.*

THE PRACTICAL NATURE OF THE SPIRIT-LIFE.

GIVEN December 6th, 1854, through Mrs. Sweet; present, Messrs. Warren and Sweet.

The wants of the human soul are now more numerous than the means which are yet developed to supply such wants. It is indeed a great and unmistakable truth, that the spirit-life is a highly practical one; more so, indeed, in its higher development, than this sphere. The arts and sciences which are here but partly understood, are there working harmoniously in all the symmetry and perfection of their perfections. The profound mysteries of philosophy, here but dimly understood, are there unfolded clearly and practically to every inquiring mind. The soul springs into this state of being with those faculties more or less highly receptive to the light, which may be given in this sphere; and after passing weary hours of labor and perplexity, it grasps, perhaps, an atom of the truth as it is. It is given forth to the world, perhaps clearly, mayhap dimly. It stands forth upon the record of time until another more developed soul sees plainer, and adds another, but not a newer, atom to the one already given. And thus they go on one after another, helping to develop in a practical manner the race in which their existence has been thrown. But when they have thrown off the mantle of clay, then the soul knows well that those intense longings for knowledge, and light, and wisdom, which seem novel to many, were not made a part of its spiritual organization without a wise and holy purpose—without a practical good to accrue from the further development of those dimly conceived ideas, from their crude and inharmonious state, into a more evenly balanced sphere of action. And now the great practical beauty of the spirit-world, in all its vast and complicated machinery of action and united harmony, bursts upon the wondering and delighted spirit. Ten thousand beauties meet his eye. There he beholds dimly conceived ideas brought into perfection. There are great and opposite principles (which he had thought could never mingle) working harmoniously together, and producing results whose power and usefulness combined astonish him. Here, indeed, no laggard need hope to find a heaven. They who desire music, and song, and flowers, and floating landscapes of loveliness, do not find them here; it is a part of the great universe of thought and wisdom and higher

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life which goes to make up the great yet beautifully harmonious home for all. Although many are not attracted to this field of utility and practical knowledge, yet the mind whose spiritual organization has been molded out of such materials, without its labor, without its highly conceived laws of grandeur and design of thought and never-ending labor, ever developing new and startling wisdom, there could be no heaven in which that soul could find enjoyment. He would pine and droop amid the employments which others take so much delight in. And do you not conceive that this labor is necessary? that all happiness and all things which contribute to our well-being in our spirit-life are not produced without a cause, without a means?

As we are here dependent upon each other, in a great measure, for our happiness and necessities, so are we there. Castles are not built out of thin air, created at the wish or desire of those who may want them. All things do not form of themselves, spontaneous; but science and philosophy must lend their aid. Labor assumes a dignity and beauty, and none enjoy luxury nor ease until it is earned by the labor of their own energies; none may stand idle by and say to another, "Go and do this thing," but they must stretch forth their own hand and do for themselves. The man who is lacking in practical knowledge, when he arrives in the spirit-world, is as helpless as the person who, entering a strange country, can not understand the language of the people among whom he has entered; although he may have read and heard of all their manners and customs, still he is unable to mingle with them or be useful to them until he has acquired the art of making himself understood and of understanding them. Thus many conceive that the general principles given of the state of the soul hereafter, in its various degrees of development, is but a kind of school where the lessons are easily conned and the happiness of the state is all that is necessary to know; but they must learn that it is also a severely practical school, and each and every one must thoroughly understand their part sufficiently to instruct others as well as benefit themselves, before they can pass lightly through, for with the knowledge always comes the application. And man indeed feels that when he has entered the world of spirits, it is in many respects more natural, because more real and highly developed in its mechanical and philosophical laws than the one which they left. Here the true grandeur and sublimity of the mechanical universe breaks upon them in all its majesty and constructive beauty; and here, too, is the immortal spirit made more than man, for he becomes a God in the deep and mysterious knowledge of the universe surrounding him. He becomes endowed with such mighty power, that

he can shake the great world of elements surrounding him with commotion; he can roll the forces of his vast reservoir of power, so that it may be felt in spheres beyond him; he may carry within his hand the lightnings, making them obedient messengers to bring him bright sparks of knowledge from those worlds where others can not approach, which roll beyond him illuminating the horizon by their brightness and filling the beholder with wonder and unsatisfied inquiry. The man who so thus pants and longs for his natural food is not content with other; is not to be filled, is not to find rest until he finds himself a part, filling a niche left vacant for him in this great universe, which is constantly changing—delighting—unfolding by the scintillations of its light the enrapt and eager soul.

Oh, profound thinker! think on; thy thought had its birth before thy body, yea, coeval with thy soul; it leaves its bright impress still upon thy weary and thoughtful brow. Thou art destined for greater things, for sublimer knowledge than the pining, puny soul whose flight grasps not the substantial, but only the flickering, fleeting beauty, as the bee sips the honey when roaming from flower to flower, looking upon its sunlight beauty, taking a sip of its sweetness; and then when the tempest comes, when the sky is dark and the sun is hid from its view, all is dark, and dreary, and cheerless beneath the gaudy flower. Stretch forth thy pinions, soul. Soar away into the regions of light and harmony and creative power, and ask thyself then, "Where is the mind, and what is the power who created and keeps in equilibrium all this vast univercœlum?" And behold what construction, what comprehension, what sublimity and grandeur are there displayed wherever thy feeble eye can reach! Oh, the mind which called all these things into life, and power, and existence was a constructive, mechanical, practical mind, and all things in your universe are constantly displaying in their changing forms practical and beautiful results. And thus you will see that every faculty, every legitimate labor beneath the sun, has a corresponding and practical bearing in regard to the hereafter of its being. It is a deep and searching study; it is divine in its origin; it is a part of the Divine Mind itself (the mechanical development displayed by the present race), and it will so continue developing until the hidden secrets of nature are all revealed; until man becomes in his higher unfolding what the Deity intended he should be: breathing and partaking of harmony, and light, and beauty, and knowledge, from all things in nature, each forming a part of his being and making him within himself a universe of harmony, proximating to the Deity in the purity and development and number of his attributes.

THE PROGRESSIVE REFINEMENT OF MATTER.

It is well known that analysis has proved, beyond dispute, that all substances in nature are composed of sixty-four simples, which may be considered as having existed in the chaotic period in a divided or aeriform shape, and we first find all these substances in rocks. By the debris of these rocks soils were formed, and hence all these substances are found in soils, and the admixture of these soils, and the movement of the rocks from place to place has occurred by convulsions of the earth's surface, changes of position of large masses of water, etc.

We next notice these simple substances occupying their places in vegetable and animal matter ; but still find large quantities contained in rocks in their primitive form. We also know that any of these substances separated from the rocks may, by chemical means, be produced in what is usually termed a pure form ; thus, if a magnesian rock be dissolved in sulphuric acid, and the clear, supernatant fluid be evaporated, crystallization will take place, and these crystals will be the sulphate of magnesia (Epsom salts). So, also, if we take that mineral known as chlor apatite, which is composed of phosphoric acid and lime, and known as phosphate of lime, that we then have a mineral identical in composition with a calcined bone, which is also phosphate of lime.

Should the sulphate of magnesia after having been obtained in the crystalline form be frequently re-melted and re-crystallized, it will arrive at a condition having different properties from those belonging to the original crystals, although by analysis they will seem to be of the same composition ; the one used as a medicine will cause great pain, while the other will produce the same medicinal effects without pain ; and, indeed, all the inorganic constituents as taken from rocks may, under certain combinations, form crystallizable substances, which, by repeating the process of crystallization, are rendered more fit for appropriation in organized nature. But when these substances are incorporated, as in a plant or in an animal, they seem to form a homogeneous mass, having none of the character known as crystalline, not even when examined by the microscope ; still, from some microscopic examinations, it is fair to infer that

peculiarities of configuration consequent upon composition do exist. Thus much as a platform for thought.

The Chemist tells us by analysis that blood is composed of certain materials and water. All these materials exist in rocks, and may be separated from them.

Now let us suppose ten square yards of soil to be fertilized by ten lbs. of bullock's blood, and another ten square yards of soil to be fertilized by the constituents which analysis shows to exist in ten lbs. of blood, and that these constituents shall not only undergo the greatest degree of mechanical division by grinding, but they shall absolutely be placed in solution and applied to the soil, still, notwithstanding this great mechanical sub-division, the ten yards fertilized by the blood will yield double the amount of crop of that fertilized by the same constituents taken from the rocks.

As another instance. Should we fertilize one piece of land with the bones of an animal previously heated to redness, so as to drive off the gelatine, fatty matter, etc., and leave phosphate of lime only, dissolving it before its application in sulphuric acid, and should fertilize another similar piece of land with the same amount of phosphate of lime taken from the rock as at the location at Dover, N. J., or Crown Point, Lake Champlain, and dissolve this also in sulphuric acid, we should find that the portion fertilized by the dissolved bones would yield a crop much larger than that arising from the use of dissolved phosphate from the rock.

This gives rise to the question, Does matter by its entering into animal and vegetable organisms undergo any changes which are important for after progression, but which changes are not discoverable by chemical test or microscopic investigations? All experiments seem to prove that isomeric compounds, although chemically alike, so far as analysis is capable of discovering conditions, really do differ in their adaptability for appropriation in organic life, and thus the ingredients found in the blood or bone of an animal, between the time of its leaving the original rock and becoming blood or bone, may have occupied place in vegetable or animal life a thousand times, at each of which assimilation, growth, and decay it may have been more fully suited for its present advanced purposes, and thus the phosphate of lime and other constituents of blood may differ in their applicability for re-appropriation from the same materials in a less advanced state. We all know that when a plant or animal decays, or is consumed in any way, that its ultimates pass back either to the soil or the atmosphere, and are re-united in some new organic form; no one particle is ever put out of existence—and may not this be the cause why

many manures are to be found so much more effective than others of similar composition ?

All know that the ultimates contained in a green crop, when applied to the soil from original sources, will produce no such result as is consequent upon the plowing under of a green crop.

We all know that night-soil, urine of animals, stable manure, etc., produce effects in vegetable growth not to be arrived at by the use of the same constituents direct from the rocks ; and is it not possible that our present improved plants, improved fruits and animals, may be the result of this system of progression in the quality of ultimates and their adaptability for easy assimilation ? We can trace back all our fruits to inferior sources, and our various garden vegetables are of comparatively modern production. The same rule applies with equal force to the animal creation, and possibly from the same causes.

If we refer to the records of animals as portrayed in Grecian art, we shall discover the probable proof of this assertion. The horses shown in the Elgin Marbles, although replete with beauty from the graceful curved lines in their forms, may be approved of by the artist ; but the horse-jockey will inform us that they are far inferior, both for fleetness and strength, to the horses of the present day ; and the very horse that carried Romulus into Rome might have failed if Remus had mounted him at the same time.

The cattle represented in these marbles, and those represented in Egyptian art, are far inferior in figure and size to the Devons, Durhams, etc., of the present day.

This is not only true of animals, but also of man ; for while we have such exceptions as Goliath of Gath, in ancient history, O'Brien the Irish giant, the Belgian giant, etc., in modern history, we still know that the human race have improved in figure, size, and probably in mental energy. The Eglintoun tournament, which occurred in England twelve years since, gave proof of this fact ; for the noble youths who wished to emulate their great forefathers on that occasion found it impossible to wear the suits of armor which had so long ornamented their baronial halls, and blacksmiths were in active requisition for the enlargement of these mail protectors.

While the useful animals have been continually increasing in size, those which are not required by man, but which were probably required as machines for the progression of ultimates, have either entirely passed out of existence or materially lessened in size ; thus, the mastodon, which once, as proved by fossil geology, roamed at large over the earth's

surface, no longer exists. This animal was capable of consuming immense amounts of vegetable food, and thus presenting it for reappropriation for new forms in a refined condition. The same may be said of the ancient hyena, whose bones occupy the hyena-caves of England, but which does not now exist, the animal of the same name being many times less in size. We find the same true of many of the Saurians, and while the tooth of the largest shark of this time is but an inch high, we find the teeth of antique sharks in the Monmouth marls larger than a human hand. May it not be that, as the vegetable kingdom progressed, it ceased to present food sufficiently gross for the use of these animals, while those of finer ultimate structure, composed of more progressed particles, were able to assimilate more progressed food, and thus the useful animals—man included—have all improved.

In the fruits, vegetables, etc., we know this to be true; for we have hundreds of varieties of pears alone which were unknown to our forefathers, and in a greater or less degree we find similar advancement throughout the vegetable world.

The farmer might also learn that both his soil and the fertilizers used have certain power consequent upon their advanced state, and when used for raising the most progressed species of plants, it may be necessary to select the most progressed kinds of fertilizers, or those containing ultimates which have for the longest time, and during the greatest number of changes, occupied organic nature. May it not be possible that the raising of seeds, when to be used as such, should always occur in the oldest and most highly balanced soils, and that all fertilizers used upon them should be from the most highly organized sources? We know that seeds contain a large amount of nitrogen, and we know, also, that the blood and feces of man, and of the more progressed animals, also contain very large amounts of nitrogen as compared with their inorganic constituents; and as the food is selected from the highest of organized nature, it is fair to infer that for this reason in part the inorganic matter is required from such sources for perfect seed raising.

Indeed, if this hypothesis can be sustained, it will act as a guide, not only for present investigation, but for the examination of natural laws, which now seem to be beyond the comprehension of man.

JAMES J. MAPES.

THE SPIRITUAL BODY.

WE extract from a work "*On the Phenomena of Modern Spiritualism*, by Rev. Wm. B. Hayden, Boston: Otis Clapp," a part of the first chapter or Lecture, as we find that it gives a very lucid idea of the spiritual body. Mr. Hayden is a Swedenborgian, and has his peculiar notions of the recent manifestations of spirits, not according to them the importance which we give them. We therefore differ with him on some points on which he has lectured, but commend the work to the public as a fair exposition of the Swedenborgian side of the question.

In the portion we quote we find no room for a difference of opinion, and our readers will find the extracts well worth reading.

"And I John saw these things, and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which showed me these things. Then saith he unto me, See thou do it not; for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book: worship God."—*Rev.* xxii. 8, 9.

"For I am fearfully and wonderfully made."—*Psalms* cxxxix. 14.

If the osseous or bony structure of the human frame be separated from the other parts of the body and held out before the view by itself alone, it will present to the eye the rude image of a man. It is in the human form, not, indeed, complete and full, but correct as far as it goes. It forms a skeleton which is *distinctly human*; no single bone of it is exactly such as would enter into the structure of any other created being. The first and obvious idea which the sight of it suggests to the mind is that of a MAN.

If, now, we take the system of tissues which is next above that, namely, the muscular system, which immediately clothes that of the bony frame, and separate *that* in like manner from the rest of the body, holding it up to view, we shall then have presented to us a form yet more fully human than the other, and one which more nearly resembles the perfect body of a man. Still it will be exceedingly defective, and wholly wanting in that rounded fullness of contour which characterizes the living human shape.

If, again, we take either one of the two parts of the great *vascular system* of the body, that is, the arterial or the venous system, and treat it in a similar manner, a similar result will follow, and a human form will be exhibited which, though still defective, will approach nearer to completeness.

But if instead of any of the others we select the cerebro-spinal axis, as it is called—that is, the brain and nervous system—as the subject of

our experiment, a somewhat different effect will be produced. The form thus presented will be found to be far more perfect than either of the others. And if every ramification, and reticulation, and fiber of the nerves be faithfully preserved, the image will be complete; the eye on beholding it would be deceived; and so perfect would be the representation of all the parts that, until further examination were made, we should suppose that an entire man stood before us.

Thus we find that our bodily system consists of a series of *human forms*, woven together and interlaced through each other—one form clothing another, and one form supporting another. If we stop to contemplate the combination of these different forms in another aspect, we shall discover that there is a certain successive order in the mode of their arrangement, and in the degree in which they are capable of manifesting the human form. The most gross, solid, or earthly parts are capable of manifesting it least; while as we ascend into the more refined, the softer, and fleshy parts, we perceive that they gradually approach it more nearly; and when we come to the most complex, the most highly organized, and the most thoroughly vitalized of all the parts, we find that they are the most completely of all in the human form.

The mind acts the most directly or immediately upon the brain and its appendages—that is, upon the nervous system. Through this it acts upon the vascular and muscular systems, and through these, again, upon the osseous system or bony skeleton.

Thus the order of influx by which the soul operates upon and moves the body is from above downward—from things more pure to things less pure; from tissues which are more highly organized to those which are less highly organized; from parts which are less gross to those which are more gross; from structures that are less solid to those which are more solid; and from systems which are more perfectly in the human form continuously downward into systems that are less perfectly so.

In examining the body, therefore, the farther we recede from the soul, the farther do we recede from the *human form*; while the higher we ascend toward the soul, the more nearly do we approach to a perfect human form.

The cause or reason of this must, we conceive, to the reflecting mind, appear sufficiently obvious. It is because the soul itself, or inmost principle of man, is in the human form.

Nor does the ascending analogy stop with the merely outward constitution. The body of the spirit, which is that next above the brain and nervous system, is still more perfectly human in all its forms and func-

tions than the whole material body, with all its combinations and parts. As the nervous system itself, with all the grosser parts of the body taken out from it, still presents the human form entire, so the spirit, with all the gross things of the material body taken out from it, still presents the same form entire.

It is this indwelling spiritual body that imparts the form and gives consistency to the external one; and as each successive system of parts in the natural body requires one next below it, most like itself in organization and form, into which to flow and to operate, so the more exquisite and invisible *spiritual* body requires something next below it, most nearly resembling itself in fineness of texture and fullness of form, into which it can flow, so as to operate upon what is beneath it. And it is because this indwelling body is so perfectly in the human form that it requires so perfectly organized a nervous system as its first receptacle in the physical body, for to insert itself into, to act upon, and to operate through.

During our life in this world the soul weaves for itself a spiritual body, which pervades and fills with life every portion of the material body; and when the material body is laid aside, this spiritual body serves as the perpetual investment of the spirit in the other life.

Thus the soul is not a simple substance—a mere abstract thinking principle—as is so frequently argued, but a complicated organization. Like the body, it has its multitude of parts, its variety of organs, its change and flux of constituent elements. Every mental affection we experience is the indication of a change taking place in the substances which compose the spirit. Every thought we think, every emotion we feel, every act of the will, and each secret intent of the heart, is instantly and indelibly daguerreotyped upon the receptive components of the spirit, and is faithfully recorded upon its immortal tissues, remaining ever after an integrant part of its own being, to go whithersoever it goes and to live where it lives.

The apostle Paul says, in the fifteenth chapter of the First of Corinthians, "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body." He does not say there is *now* a natural body, and there *will be* a spiritual body at the resurrection. He speaks of them both in the present tense; of both as then existing together; of the latter as being as much a present reality at that time as the former.

Again he says, "There are bodies *celestial*, and bodies *terrestrial*; but the glory of the terrestrial is one, and the glory of the celestial is another." Now this is contrary to the common idea, which supposes that the departed spirits of men have *no* bodies, and that they will get no celestial

Even so it is with the future life of man. His natural body is the very seed, shell, or outward covering in which his spiritual body is contained, and out of which it rises into the light and life of the spiritual world whenever his natural body is laid in the ground ; and as the grain never again resumes its old, cast-off body, so neither does the departed or risen spirit of man ever return to his.

Thus it is that through a natural process which involves the apparent death of the seed, we arrive at the full and genuine development of the life of the grain. And in like manner, also, a man, by laying aside the natural body, by that very means assumes at once and forever the *spiritual* body ; on leaving the natural world, enters at once into the world of departed spirits ; and by a process which we call *death*, leaves what is mortal forever behind him and is raised up into eternal life. The man then finds that he has a body, head, limbs, hands, feet, a mouth, and eyes, and ears, as before. He has organs of respiration, and all the internal viscera of the body are the same ; only *now* they are composed of spiritual substances alone, and have not that crass, material covering, or investment, which were adjoined to them in *this* world. In short, the man discovers that he has lost nothing of himself whatsoever—that he has left nothing behind him, save only those few particles of the four chemical elements in which his organs had been hitherto incased. His entire organization remains still the same, and he is a man in complete form as before. His external aspect is unchanged, so that those who had known him in the life of the natural body would, if their eyes could perceive him, be still able to recognize him as readily as of old.

It may be difficult for some, accustomed to the current modes of metaphysical thinking, to conceive of a spirit as having a form, or to conceive of any form independent of crude, palpable matter ; when the truth is, that matter, of itself, has no definite or determinate form, and is incapable of assuming any, except as it is acted upon and moved by some force superior to and beyond itself. The outward body is held in the particular form which it takes and exhibits by the vital forces of the spirit. And it is because the forms of the organs all exist in the spiritual body within, that the various particles which are derived into the material body from our food arrange themselves into these several shapes. It is plain that the body is in the form of the vital forces which animate it, and these vital forces *are* spiritual, constituting the body of the spirit ; and these vital forces remain the same, and continue their action, whether particles of matter are given them to act upon or not.

For instance : a whirlwind is a particular form of motion in the air ;

but a *pure* whirlwind is totally invisible to us; that is, when there is nothing *but* air in motion we do not see it; but when it has picked up from the earth a parcel of leaves, dust, or papers, and arranged them into its own shape, bearing them along in its progress—thus taking on as it were a material body—it becomes visible to our eyes and we call it a whirlwind. When the same form of aerial motion descends upon the ocean, and hurriedly and majestically wraps itself in a body composed of water-drops from the sea, we call it a waterspout. But it soon drops this water body, and hies away, perchance, to the desert, where it as hastily takes up the particles of sand, swiftly arranges them into the gigantic proportions of its own form, and stalks off majestically over the burning plains enrobed in a complete material body. But as soon as it drops out from its folds the particles of water or the particles of sand, it straightway becomes invisible again, and we can not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

So it is with every one who has dropped out the material particles of his physical body from the folds of his spirit—the man is still there, but he is invisible to *us*.

As the spiritual body possesses all the organs and parts which the natural body possesses, so it performs functions corresponding to those which the natural body performs. Our outward bodies are fitted to act in, and to be acted upon by, the substances of the natural world, while our interior bodies are correspondingly fitted to act in, and to be acted upon by, the substances of the spiritual world.

It is the spiritual body here which really performs every function. For behind the material apparatus of the eye there is a spiritual eye, that does all the seeing—looking out through its nice arrangement of humors and lenses as a man looks out through a window or telescope. And behind the material apparatus which constitutes the outward ear there is a spiritual ear, which does all the hearing. The same is true of the other human senses and functions. As long as they are covered with the material organs they are capable of perceiving material things, of acting upon them and of being acted upon by them. When the material organs are removed, these interior senses then become capable of perceiving and acting upon things which are uncovered like themselves—that is, spiritual things, the objective existences of the spiritual world.

It will probably strike the minds of many who have not given the subject much consideration very singularly, that it should be asserted that there are in the invisible world a great variety of outward objects for the eye to rest upon, as there are in this world. The idea that there are in

heaven, and in other parts of the spiritual world, trees, gardens, fields, vineyards, houses, palaces, cities, uses, employments, books, utensils, and implements and instruments of all kinds, and that the outward aspect of men and things which meets the eye there is highly similar, in many important respects to that which meets the eye here, will no doubt appear exceedingly fanciful—a poetical conceit of the imagination, not to be indulged in or believed by sober-minded or sensible men. But a little patient thinking in regard to the matter will, we feel assured, serve to do away with this first hasty conclusion.

In the first place, let each one fairly settle in his own mind whether he does really believe, firmly and surely, that the spirit exists at all after it leaves the body. We affirm that it does, and on that assumption base our subsequent conclusions. In the next place, let each one decide for himself whether the immortal spirit comes into the future state of its existence deaf, dumb, blind, and insensible to touch—without sensational feeling; and if that is the kind of immortality to which we are all hastening—an eternity of imprisonment within the single bounds of our own consciousness, forever dark and lone, shut up from all outward objects, and from all intercourse with our fellows. Would any care to seek or live for such an immortality as that? If such a view be not the true one—and we affirm that it is not, and the common sentiment of Christendom responds to the same—then the spirit in that state must be endowed with the various faculties pertaining to men; he must be able to see, hear, speak; to feel, touch, and handle. And if a spirit can see, he must have an organ of vision—something to see with—which is an eye; if he can hear, he must have something to hear with, which is an ear; if he is not dumb, but can speak, he must have an organ for the utterance of speech; we all know what that is; if he can touch, feel, and handle, he must have cuticular sensation, and hands to touch and handle with; if the departed saint can go at once to walk the streets of the heavenly city, he must be provided with feet, or he will be unable to walk in that other life.



Use the best knowledge you have, when you go to others for information.

Some minds are happy in being employed for the good of others.

There are other minds that can not act beyond their own immediate sphere.

Go your way. Be sure you have something to say before you speak.

Inopportune speaking deranges the spheres.

CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

THIS evening a spirit came and influenced Mrs. Sweet. From the movements and actions it seemed to be an old and feeble man, one who was much debilitated, either by disease or age, or the two combined. After some effort he spoke as follows:

A man would be worse than foolish to come back again to earth, unless he had some grand object in view; for I protest to you that I feel, in thus coming back to earth, all the infirmities and pains, all the old ailments, which racked my body while I dwelt among you. There is nothing which your earth could offer that would tempt me (if it were possible) to again re-enter this clumsy, unwieldy, cumbersome body, which so long held my spirit a prisoner within its walls of clay. I candidly believe, my friends, that you do not know me. I am not surprised at this; but I mean to make you know me before I quit your company.

Question by Mr. W.—Do we know you? Are we acquainted with your name or history?

Yes; my name was somewhat famous in times gone by; and I would to God it were possible to speak my name in full; but 'tis impossible to do it, and I labor under this disadvantage. I dare be sworn, my friends, that you will ere long know me.

Mr. W. here remarked that whoever he was he was welcome, if he came to give us truth, as that was what we were seeking for.

Truth! truth! They tell me it is a priceless gem on earth now-a-days, hard to find, and harder to retain after it is found.

I here remarked, that "Perhaps in his day it was to be found less mixed with error than at present," to which he answered:

I can assure you, most solemnly, that it was buried far deeper beneath the surface than it is in yours. The difference is: there are more channels through which it bubbles up than there were then. I lived amid vice and false glitter. I wore an ermine robe——

Mr. W. here asked if it was Cardinal Woolsey? Shaking his head, he said:

Indeed, my young friends, you will have to be very patient with me. I was attached to a court, in a religious office. I wore upon my brow the insignia of power.

I here asked if it was Richelieu?

Ah! yes, that sounds familiar. It warms me up again! Yes, that's the name! Well, truly, it is wonderful! wonderful! My brow even now feels hot and uneasy beneath the tiara which I once wore. I led a stormy, ambitious, striving life. But my spirit *was* destined to wield power, and it would not slumber: it would not lie quiescent beneath the power of a crowned head. Power was what I wanted; power I acquired, but at what a cost? My good friends, had my spirit but been directed by the all-pervading strength of love and wisdom, which now directs you, I had become a great, a useful man; I had left a name behind me which would have been uttered with a sigh, and with tears of thanksgiving. But, alas! how perverted were my ways! how ambitious! How strenuously I strove to break down and bend every mind around me to my own desires!

Here Mr. Warren said—"Yes, and you succeeded."

Succeeded! Yes, far more than history speaks of. *I ruled*, not the king, but Richelieu. *I was* powerful: *I was* great. There is one dark, sorrowful spot in my life which I would forego years of heavenly life to forget: I trampled on innocence. My malicious tongue did much harm, for it turned aside the heart of the husband from the caress of the wife. Well, well, sad and bitter memories have been my portion. Retribution came not too late, but all at once. Oh! it took away from me the bright hopes which my childhood's wishes, my boyish dreams, had wandered among when a but a striving lad. Prophetic voices sounded in my ears and told me of future power. My heart swelled, and seemed as though it would burst, as though the breast could not contain it, so big were its towering ambitions. And I labored hard: early at morn, at noon, at midnight, I labored without ceasing. Mine was a hard-earned greatness, and its bitterest hours were those in which I felt that naught remained for me to do, that I could not climb upon the throne, and wield the kingly scepter with such power as to bring all the nations of the earth to my feet. I desired to see them bending low at my footstool in abject weakness—I the power, and I the only dictator. And when the world thought me engaged in prayer, in fasting, in performing the rites which my holy office enjoined upon me, O could they have seen the wicked strife within! Prayers! but not to God. Aspirations! but not of heaven. Repentance! but not of wickedness, but for the great successes which had passed from within my grasp, because I was in holy office, and could not, consistently with my calling, be that which I would be. My breast was a burning volcano.

G. S.

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

NUMBER THREE.

ISLAND OF MICHILI MACKINAC, *August 28, 1836.*

MY DEAR S. — On my passage up Lake Erie, I wrote you two or three times, and deposited my letters in the offices as we stopped, so that you have heard from me nearly up to the time of my arrival at Detroit. While at that place, I was too much occupied to be able to devote a moment to writing to you as I desired. I remained there only one day, and left on Wednesday night for this port, where we arrived after a passage of about forty-eight hours. Immediately on my arrival, I was obliged to enter on the delightful task of cleaning off some of the abominations of my trip. I believe I spoke rather pleasantly of my passage up Lake Erie, and of the accommodations and comfort of the "Jefferson." That was a paradise, and she a garden of Eden, in comparison with the utter abominations of my passage on Lake Huron. Perhaps I can give you a faint idea of them.

The boat in which I was to embark, arrived from Buffalo about 4 P. M., loaded to overflowing with emigrants, cabin passengers and freight. It was announced that she would leave Detroit for the upper lakes at midnight. The captain and his crew were occupied a few hours in unloading the surplus freight, but not a moment in attempting to cleanse the boat from the consequences of such a crowd on board for two days. About midnight the passengers began to come on board. I looked for the berth which I had obtained at the expense of a special consideration; but heaven defend me! such a hole to crawl into, and such sheets! The muddy streets of Detroit after a long rain could scarcely surpass them in variety or brilliancy of coloring. I looked for the captain, steward, or cook-boy, to work me a change, but no such person was visible. I found no such appendage to the boat, and I had nothing else for it but to take my book and by the solitary candle while away the time, until some one having authority should come on board. It was not long before they came — not like angel visits, "few and far between," but a legion of them, and all in a heap. It seemed that

they had been to the theater, and the captain and all hands were most gloriously fuddled. They all rushed into the cabin, smoking, swearing, disputing and laughing. I don't believe the idea ever entered one of their heads, that the cabin belonged to the passengers, or that their noise would awaken every soul of the many on board. At all events, when some of the passengers remonstrated against this strange disturbance of their slumbers, they were very politely told to go to —, a place which shall be nameless. Before I had fairly recovered from my astonishment, I saw one of the crew, who seemed to be more gloriously drunk than the rest, fumbling his way into my berth. Before I could get to him he was fairly in for it. "I say, my friend, hav'nt you made a mistake?" "What mistake?" "Why, I think that is my berth." "D—n you and your berth, too. Aint you a stranger?" "Yes, I was never here before." "Well, I swow, I thought so; and you don't know that the strongest man gets the biggest mouthful in this country. Now, I am a real corn-cracker, and if you are a leetle bit smarter than I am, you can have this 'ere berth. Do you understand, stranger?" I could not help acknowledging that I fully comprehended the purport of his remarks and the justice of his proposition, and as there was no finding a captain in the confusion, I was left to console myself with five and a half feet of the cabin floor and my cloak, and with the reflection that after all the poor fellow who was in my berth would have rather the worst of it.

By the time that I got myself snugly located under the table, I found that the boat was casting off from the shore. "What," I thought, "is it possible; do they mean to start with a crew in such a condition?" for the uproar still continued in our cabin, with now and then an echo from deck. So I hastened out of my hiding-place and went on deck. The noise of my pandemonium was not equal to that which I heard out of it. A dozen men were shouting at once, some giving orders one way and some another, some bawling to and blackguarding their friends on shore, and others singing at the top of their voices. No one silent but the pilot, who had been employed for the voyage, and who seemed to be a sober and very respectable man. A very few words with him convinced me that he could be depended upon. But then I discovered a new source of uneasiness. The engine was on the high pressure principle, and I knew that the boiler had burst once or twice and killed several persons. I abandoned the matter in despair. I fled to the cabin and crawled to my lair under the table, consoling myself that if I was neither parboiled nor blown up before morning, it would not be the fault of the captain or his crew. Much to my surprise, I found that utter despair was a capital soporific. I slept

bravely until one of the servants bumped my head soundly with the table-leg in drawing it out the next morning to prepare for breakfast.

I could not help drawing a comparison between my trip so far, on this boat, with that on Lake Erie, the last afternoon of our passage, as we were passing along over Perry's battle-ground. Our boat then had been capital and clean; the captain civil, and his crew obliging. The air was calm and cool, and the lake was still, and I stood upon the deck watching what was to me a novel sight—the sun setting in the water. It was a brilliant and magnificent sight, and my feelings were so exalted by it that I could not wonder at the Pagan who had worshiped that luminary as the author of light and life. My education had taught me, to be sure, to regard it as the creature, not the creator; and my contemplation was led from nature up to nature's God.

The whole of this scene—and why I cannot tell—arose fresh before me when I crawled out from under the table the morning after I left Detroit. Such a contrast! There was not a bit of romance in our high-pressure engine, our drunken crew or dirty boat, and so I had to descend to the earth, like a mere mortal, as I was, and—wash my face for breakfast.

I found our breakfast in perfect keeping with other matters in the boat. It seemed as if nothing had been provided at Detroit. How could that and the theater both be attended to? The butter was rancid—no milk for our coffee—cheese tough and real white-oak—the meat rather the worse for age, etc., etc. There is, however, comfort in all things. Here was no danger from a surfeit! But this was our fare for two days. Think of that, Master Brook!

After breakfast I looked around upon the country, upon the crew, and upon my fellow travelers. I will give you each in their order.

During the night we had passed out of Detroit River, through Lake St. Clair, and were now sailing up the St. Clair River, stemming a strong current. The country on the borders was very pleasant. It seemed to be the lowest on the American side, but I could not anywhere see those high hills and lofty mountains which give such variety and magnificence to our Hudson River scenery. Indeed I have not seen a respectable looking hill since I lost sight of the Highlands of my own State. Once in a while a village or a country-seat would be pointed out to me. But I never could realize the complaint of the old song:

"Could'nt see the town,
There were so many houses."

Now and then a house was visible, but the flourishing city or populous

village existed only in the imagination. Yet land was selling as high in these places as in many of our old-settled towns.

The entrance into Lake Huron was delightful. The weather continued very pleasant, and just at the outlet of the lake we passed Fort Gratiot, on the American shore. It is pleasantly situated and had a great appearance of neatness and order. We had music on board, and as we sailed along slowly, struggling against the strong current of the outlet, with all our streamers flying, we forgot for the moment all the abominations of our drunken crew and dirty boat. We were even deaf for a moment to the eternal puffing of our high-pressure. But flat reality was at hand. We were soon launched upon the broad waters of the lake; soon after that out of sight of land. And then came all the comforts of another night and another day on board the Commodore Perry. That night we had an additional comfort. Some of the crew practised, during the evening, on the clarionet and violin in the gentlemen's cabin! This was a novelty to me, but I was doomed to find a still greater. The crew, when requested by the passengers to desist, threatened to turn them out of the cabin. Practising, at any place, on a clarionet, is bad enough; but in a small cabin, mercy on us! And we must submit to the annoyance or kick up a row. The captain evinced no disposition to relieve us; and we doubted some whether he could have done so if he had been willing. At all events, he did not hazard his authority. He seemed to be on a perfect level with his crew, and he and they showed visible signs of their previous nights' occupation.

He and they alike prided themselves upon being wolverines, as they called themselves; upon being rough and coarse, and upon despising all those arts which add so much to one's comfort, especially when accustomed to the luxuries of steamboat navigation at the east. They are representatives of a class which is rapidly passing away. A few more years of extensive travel and they will be remembered with no other feeling than that of wonder how people could submit to their rudeness.

Among the passengers I was delighted to meet with an old acquaintance in an officer of our army, who, with his family and a body of recruits, were on their way to Fort Jessup. He has been about twenty years in the service, and is now only a Lieutenant. He has been educated for the army, and is an accomplished officer. Yet during the past year he has been doomed to see men, who never served a day, promoted over him to the command of companies. When he completes his present journey, he will have traveled about twelve thousand miles during the year, in the service of the nation, without any additional compensation. And all this time he

will have expended some of his best energies for the paltry pittance of less than \$800 a year, on which he must support himself and his family in a manner becoming a gentleman!

At length we approached this Island, where I was to attend a council of Indians, at which several thousand would be present. Here was an opportunity to gratify my curiosity, not to be slighted. I had never seen the natives in their wildness, and might never again have so good a chance. I therefore with joy hailed our approach to land, and notwithstanding a flag which floated from our mast-head with the patriotic injunction "Don't give up the ship," I fancy there was not one of us who was not glad to give up that ship with all its dirt and filth and rudeness.

We arrived here about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of a most delightful day. The approach to the Island was truly magnificent. I send you two or three sketches of the Island and the Fort. The village contains about eight hundred inhabitants; the houses are principally low, and many of them covered with cedar bark instead of clapboards or shingles. It was once the head-quarters of the American Fur Company, and was a thriving and flourishing place, but the state of the trade has driven those head-quarters further west, and Mackinac is beginning to show that "time has been" with her. But the beautiful pure air, the clear deep waters all around the white pebbly shore, the flat land which sweeps around the bay, affording the very spot for a village, and the high ground in the rear, on which stands the fort, and from which the view of lake and woods is both extensive and picturesque, render it altogether a most delightful summer residence. How far superior to the heat and noise and crowd, and thousand discomforts of "The Springs!"

Along the white beach the Indians have pitched their tents and drawn up their canoes. There are already about two thousand assembled, most of them in a starving condition, yet many of them very drunk. Their habitations, or huts, are miserable enough. They are formed by a parcel of poles running up to a point and spread out at the bottom. Around these poles they hang their matting, or pieces of birch bark, leaving a hole at the top for the smoke to escape, and another hole at the side for an entrance, over which the more wealthy savage hangs a blanket or some old cloth. In the middle of the wigwam a fire is built on the ground, and around it the whole family, males and females, young and old, lay and sleep, eat when they have anything to eat, and drink whiskey when they can get it.

I have endeavored to sketch one of these tents, which I send you. On one side you will see a fire and a tripod formed of their canoe paddles,

and their mortar, in which they pound their corn, and which is hollowed out of a solid tree. Their pestle is long and heavy and is used with both hands. It is used entirely by the women, and seems to be very severe labor.

Of the natives my view has as yet been only rapid and cursory. Their general appearance is that of great indolence and listlessness, of squalid wretchedness and unmitigated filth. The males deem it beneath them to labor. They will hunt, fish and fight, but their indolence and their education alike forbid all other manual labor—thus resembling the privileged classes in Europe. Strange the two extremes should so meet!

The women,—especially those who have large families—are pretty constantly engaged, pounding corn, cleaning fish and deer skins, mending nets, making clothes, cutting and carrying wood, and cooking. All this is done with their blankets around them. I scarcely ever see them without this eternal blanket, worn in the most inconvenient manner. If a squaw is over her pot boiling corn, she holds on to the blanket with one hand and works with the other; and whatever their occupation, I see them every once in a while, stop their work to hitch up the blanket.

Their dress is as much governed by fashion as ours is. It is picturesque and far from unbecoming, except the blanket, which is often very dirty and never worn so that it does not disfigure.

This afternoon I attended meeting, when an Indian sermon was preached to them. Very few men but quite a number of women were present. One was evidently quite a belle. She was decorated off in great style. She had a neckerchief of blue broadcloth, covered with silver rings of different sizes, arranged in scollops. Around her neck was a collar of silver broaches as they are called, each as large around as a teacup, and numberless strings of particolored beads. Her leggings of broadcloth, were fastened just below the knee with belts made of worsted and beads. Her moccasins were richly worked with beads, and she was, I suppose, the beau ideal of an Indian beauty. But her hair was long and matted, as if a comb had never entered it; her face dirty and greasy, as if water and it were on terms of mutual defiance. And her agreeable occupation during the sermon was scratching her head, picking her nose, gaping and walloping about.

This now is a faithful description of the best looking squaw that I have yet seen. Others are as much below her as poverty, dirt and age, can make them.

The same variety exists among the males, in point of dress and ornament. Some of them show more mind and intelligence than I have yet

an amorphous state it assumes form and beauty of proportion. But this must ever be the work of time. The germ of an idea cannot at once spring up to perfection and fruit, any more than an acorn planted in the morning could become a gigantic oak at evening. Even the idea that could in a brief time spring up in a few master minds, will require centuries to spread over the world.

We may illustrate this subject further by the progress of many of the arts. Take for instance the arts of drawing, shading and coloring. When the Hellenic race first attempted to depict an historical event by the representation of human forms and various accessory objects, the drawing was rude in the extreme. We should find it difficult now to tell what was meant by the pictures. Yet the organization of the cranium was the same then, and the capacity of the mind was as great. The difficulty was the want of *types* in the mind. They could not at once gain a new idea. The Egyptians began to delineate the human figure in their monumental records, probably some four or five thousand years ago. In all their millions of figures delineated, there is scarcely one in full face. All are in profile, with the eye represented as if seen in front, and some represent both eyes on one side of the face. Yet the delineations are eminently correct in outline, and may be depended on as truthful representations of the races with whom the Egyptians came in contact. After the Greeks and Romans traveled among them, some of the Egyptian artists learned how to draw the eye in a side face; yet the examples found among the sculptured records of such advancement in art are exceeding few. Thus it took fifty centuries for a tolerably enlightened race to learn how to draw correctly a side face.

In the late discoveries, as is well known by those who have read "The Types of Mankind," it is ascertained that the North American Indians, in the identical form and organization now found among them, lived on the banks of the Mississippi fifty-six thousand years ago; and conditions were found in the state of the soil and vegetable growth of the earth, dating back one hundred and fifty thousand years ago, which show that the same race might have lived at that time. Thus we may see that fifty thousand years certain, and *probably* hundreds of thousands of years, have given to

No race has ever become enlightened except through being subjugated, or by making conquests. In either case the stock of ideas belonging to another race has been acquired. The nation that has had the greatest number of wars, and with the greatest variety of people, will therefore be found to possess the largest scope of ideas and the greatest general civilization. The Greeks and Romans advanced to a high refinement, but the Chinese and Japanese remained in semi-barbarism. Within a few years a new element has been infused into these latter races, and there is a probability of their advancement in civilization, by the acquisition of new ideas.

All spiritualists of much experience have seen the difficulty of getting, through a speaking medium (new to the matter) any idea which he did not fully comprehend. So great has been the difficulty, that few spirits have attempted at once to convey pure truths through such a source. Allegories have been given, and symbols without number, which each one would interpret according to his preconceived ideas. This will account for the diversity of ideas on the nature of the spirit-life. Moreover, some mediums more cultivated or more receptive than others could receive and communicate ideas nearer to what the spirit desired to utter, than less developed mediums. Some spirits, residing in one of the spirit-worlds, would describe conditions and circumstances that would not apply to some other worlds which are the abodes of spirits; or spirits of the highest civilization and refinement would describe their mode of life, while other spirits of a less civilized race would tell a very different story. When all these things are taken into consideration, it will be seen that there is ample ground for a difference of opinion among spiritualists as to the nature of the spirit-life.

It happens fortunately for us that we are progressing. Ideas are now received which would have been incomprehensible three years ago; and that which is dark to-day will be clear to-morrow. Whatever *can* be done will be done, and we must remember that the number of spirits engaged in propagating this new philosophy is far greater than the number of mortals who are interested in it. They have the advantage of us in their powers of locomotion, and their superior intelligence. Their work is one of immense difficulty, and their efforts are correspondingly great. With organizations of their numbers probably much more perfect than ours — with more union and harmony among them — with more self-sacrifice and willingness to labor, and science and general knowledge far above ours, they will do vastly more for the spread of truth than we could or would do. As fast as ideas can be comprehended they give them to the world.

Wherever there is an unselfish heart, they seek to win it to their cause; wherever there is a willing worker, they make him a spiritualist, if such a thing be possible. "Time, faith, energy," may well be their motto. They know they will succeed, and they know it will require time and their heartiest labor.

We cannot comprehend the difficulties which must surround those invisibles who attempt to enlighten and reform the world. Their mediums of communication with mortals must necessarily be few and imperfect. They must try for years, often, to convey an idea before it will be accepted. They must use great exertions, often repeated, to produce comparatively insignificant results. Circle after circle is held, and the spirits are in attendance with their apparatus, giving up their ordinary pursuits, depriving themselves of their customary rest, standing by, waiting for the moment when the circumstances will admit of their communicating what they have to say, and yet knowing that it is generally a thankless task. Those for whose good it is done, are unconscious that anything is done for them. A year may be spent in the task of conveying to a mortal the real and tangible idea that his departed friend is often his companion here. The mortal may at last comprehend it, but he can never on earth appreciate the strength of that love which labored so assiduously to be recognized and known.

The conveying to a mortal the idea of a spirit's presence, is comparatively easy. The spirit's presence can sometimes be *felt*, and his form is sometimes *seen*. But the conveyance of a *new truth* is infinitely more difficult. The whole mind must be educated up to it, and slowly, grain by grain, the seed must be dropped into it, and then nursed and watered, and reared and supported.

The seed is sown. The angels of heaven are watching its upspringing, and stand ready to cultivate its growth. The soil is hard and barren. A few spots show signs of fertility, and promise reward for the labor bestowed; but the harvest is sure, and a bountiful crop will yet be reaped into the garner of the Lord. W.



A MAN of prudence is always modest in delivering his sentiments, even where he is absolutely certain that he is in the right, and that his opponent

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XII.

SPIRITUALIST.—We were discussing at our last interview the practical nature of the spirit-life, and with especial reference to the question of *labor*, as required in the next stage of our existence.

SKEPTIC.—Yes; and by your showing we are to have no *rest* after the labors and the troubles of this life. It is still work, work, work, though heaven knows we have enough of that here.

SP.—There is one of the points of our disagreement. I assert that *labor* is the greatest blessing which God has conferred on his children. That it is so on this earth, and will be so throughout existence. *That it is the condition of progress*, and that no advance can be made without it, whether on earth or in the spiritual spheres.

SKEP.—If that be the case few will wish to go to your heaven. They would better stay on earth. Indeed I cannot see the use in going to Heaven if we have got to work like slaves when we get there.

SP.—The question is, do human beings when in the spirit-state of existence find themselves required to labor with their hands and with their minds? If this be admitted, we may easily assume that the labor will be useful.

SKEP.—All this question seems predicated upon the fact that spirits require, by the necessities of their nature, to be fed and clothed, to be sheltered and lodged, to be educated and cared for, as mortals do on earth.

SP.—Yes, such is the case. If you do away with these necessities I shall not claim the importance of manual labor, and shall only insist on the mental culture.

SKEP.—It upsets all our ideas of an immortal being in Heaven, to imagine him holding a plow, or sitting at a loom or a sewing-machine.

SP.—Yes, this is not the view of the case which the world has generally taken. They have acquired a habit of supposing that there was nothing to do after this life. This has been deduced from a passage in the New Testament "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

into weeks of seven days, there is more activity of thought on that day than in any other of the week, and more real labor performed. With the larger proportion of those who observe the Sabbath of the Christians it is made a day of recreation, the day ending with balls, concerts, bull-baits or theatrical amusements. A small number, like our Puritan fathers, deemed the Sabbath intended for idleness and going to meeting. Only a small portion of the people of earth keep a Sabbath of this kind.

SKEP.—The Sabbath was ordained by God, and is to be kept holy.

SP.—I think it a wise institution, whether of man or of God, and think it should be given to the laborer for the especial cultivation of his mind, and for recreation. As for worship, I do not see why one day should be set apart for it, when it should be the feeling of every human heart every day, at all times and at all seasons. No truly pious man waits for Sunday to say his prayers.

SKEP.—If people had no day set apart for worship they would become worse than the heathen.

SP.—I should not think much of that man's piety that required a Sabbath for its manifestation. Let us recur to the necessity of labor. I suppose you will not deny the importance of it to men on earth, to promote health?

SKEP.—I think it all-important to retain the physical system in good condition. Besides, it is equally necessary for the health of the mind. Thus the man who works at hard manual labor half the day can study the other half, and learn more than if he had taken the whole day to study and had done no manual labor. Hence, all schools should unite labor of the body with the labor of the mind.

SP.—In all this we agree. Now the question arises, does the spiritual body require exercise and training to develop its muscular system and promote its health? I will waive the evidence of spirits on the subject, though they all assert that labor is as necessary there as here. We will look at the necessity of the case. The man after death has essentially the same body as while in this life. His body consists of the *sublimation* of his earthly form, but has all its original qualities. It appears the same even to a mole or a freckle. It is in fact the *same* which he used on earth. The difference is that, while here, his spiritual body was diffused through a mass of grosser material especially adapted to its condition as an inhabitant of earth, to enable it to grapple with the gross substances by which it is surrounded. The hand of the spirit is, as it were, put in a *glove*, whose coarse material serves as its protection. When the spirit can go to reside upon a

material by which it is here surrounded. Remember that in leaving the earthly body the man takes with him the *life* he had here, and it is the life of his spirit-body. *Thus he does not lose his life*, though it is lost to earth. Look at a man in the flush of life and health. In his face you see the *spiritual-man*—the man himself. Let disease overtake him and let him die, and then look again. You do not see the man you saw before. That spirit which shone through the face, out-sparkled at the eyes, and glowed in the lips, is not there. You only see the *place* where the man dwelt—but “it is empty and swept.” That which is left was never the man, nor even a part of the man. It is a garment which was made for him and fitted him—which he has worn out and abandoned—and it may well be buried out of sight. Thus *the man himself* is gone, with his life, his intellect, his affections, his will. He has the same form, the same appearance, the same loves and hates, hopes and fears, but by the decree of fate he is banished from the earthly life. As the man himself with all his individuality has left his clay tenement, he has of course taken his *physical organization* with him. He has his brain, his heart, his lungs, his nervous and his muscular system. His life could not be lost. That, being part of God, is immortal. It inhabits first an earthly body, then a spiritual body, then an angel body, etc., but it is the same *life*. The various bodies it wears are but its tools, or rather its means of manifestation; for without a body it could have no individualized existence. The soul of man had existence before its body as a part of God. It is separated from God and individualized when it takes on a body. If it lost its body it would return to the God who gave it. But *it retains its body*, as we know by a world of evidence; and this it is which distinguishes man from the brute. The inferior animal dies, and his soul goes back into the great fountain from which it sprang. It has no longer an individualized existence. The development of the animal was not sufficient to constitute immortality. But if man is immortal it is because his internal self is sufficiently perfect to continue itself. The plant of the animal creation has *flowered* in the human race, and secured its perpetuation.

SEK.—All this I admit, but I do not see its bearing.

SP.—Its bearing is that the *organization* of the man continues, actuated by the same life which operated it here. Literally, the man has left an old house which he had occupied—from which he had hitherto been unable to escape—and is now free. In no other circumstance has he undergone any change. Having an organized body in constant action, it follows of necessity, that it must waste, like all machinery. There is an inevitable friction, and something must be done to keep the machine in motion. We all know how this is done on earth. The man must eat and drink and breathe; and

a certain kind of respite from action must be given to make repairs — and this is done by sleep. As the conditions of the inner body remain the same after death as while incased in the flesh, the man who has become a spirit will want food and drink, sleep and rest, clothing and shelter.

SKEP.—If all this were as you think, it proves nothing of the argument. For whatever is wanted by a spirit he has by the mere wish. Doubtless he can have spiritual food if he wishes it. He wishes for delicious fruit, and it is in his hand. He eats it and is gratified. But this is only a semblance created by his will. It has no other existence than in his imagination, and if this satisfies him what more is required?

SP.—That which is required is *sustenance*. If his mind or his appetite could be satisfied with an imaginary repast, his body would not. It would emaciate and perish. Thus you see that as the body would require actual food and clothing, these wants must be supplied.

SKEP.—God is almighty. He can by his will supply all his creatures with whatever is necessary to their happiness.

SP.—God is mighty in all the operations of his hands. But he works in accordance with the laws which he has prescribed for himself. There are some things he will not do. He will not break his own laws, and he will not consent that his children, in any of their conditions, shall be idle. As he himself works unceasingly, so he requires the same activity of his creatures. Look abroad over nature. There are few of the inferior animals that are idle. Look at the beaver, the ant, the bee, — all are active, and each fulfills his duty. Man alone, to whom has been given the high boon of intellect, takes advantage of the favor conferred on him, to sink in sin and sloth.

SKEP.—Yes, that is the case upon this earth. It is to be hoped that the life beyond the grave will be differently constituted.

SP.—I hope for the best, but I do not hope for an exemption from labor. It is to me a source of happiness to think that I have before me countless ages in which to labor with my mind and my body, and thus develop my faculties. I sometimes fear my existence will not endure long enough for the task before me, and yet I have but little doubt that I shall exist eternally as an individual entity.

SKEP.—Have you any doubt of your immortality?

SP.—Perhaps not. I have no doubt that I shall yet live for an indefinite number of ages — perhaps millions of millions of cycles of ages. But who can tell me that I shall exist eternally as an individual. Possibly I may at some future period be absorbed back into the great ocean of intelligence from which I sprang. This however is a painful idea, and I do not cherish

it. I prefer to think that the individuality which God has given me He will never recall. We will recur to this question perhaps at another time, when I will give you the reasons for what I have said.

SKEP.—I cannot doubt my immortality. I could not be happy if any such feeling rose in my mind.

Let us recur to the question of physical labor in the spirit-world. You really think that we must *work and drudge* there as we do here?

SP.—Why not? The privilege of labor is conferred upon all as the means of development, without which there is no progress and little happiness. I do not say that all will labor. There are millions of idlers in the spirit-world. They constitute the class of mischievous or undeveloped spirits. So on earth, the vicious and the undeveloped are those who will not work. If they would occupy themselves with active employment, would they not be less vicious?

SKEP.—Yes, undoubtedly; and if the conditions there be the same as they are here, I admit labor to be necessary.

SP.—Spirits that leave the earth go to a world which in many respects corresponds to this. It is one of a system of planets that revolves round a central orb which holds them in position and gives them light and heat.

SKEP.—The scripture says they have no need of the light of the sun, for God is their light.

SP.—They do not need the light of our sun, for they have one of their own. The globe they dwell on is as sublimated and refined as the bodies they wear. Their spiritual body compares with their spiritual globe or sphere, as the mortal body compares with this earth. Therefore, their relative conditions being the same, there is nothing to prevent their active occupation in manual labor. They can plow the soil, they can chop down the trees, they can sail the oceans or rivers, they can skate upon the ice or swim in the water, they can ride upon a railroad or walk on foot, as circumstances permit.

SKEP.—There you are again with your *material* heaven. Railroads! What would spirits have to do with railroads or with ships? Can they not move with the exertion of their will?

SP.—Possibly they can, but I understand that there is between the spiritual globes and the spiritual bodies a greater affinity than there is here, so that the spirit walks upon the surface of the ground there as we do here, although possessing the power to rise above it. As for ships and locomotives, it is reasonable to suppose they have such, else that world would be behind this in labor-saving machines. Goods are to be transported; and though a spirit might have power to bear his own body in the air, he could not probably carry a freight of timber or rocks for building purposes.

SKEP.—It sounds very ridiculous to speak of timber or stones for building. Do they not also build of bricks and of iron?

SP.—Undoubtedly they do. There is nothing known to earth which is not known in the spirit-worlds; and millions of inventions dreamed of by mortals, but not perfected here, have been carried out to a useful result by the inventors in their second life. You cannot think of a labor which we have to do that is not required to be done by spirits. But all labor is easier there for the very reason that their inventions are so numerous and so perfect. Much of that kind of labor which with us is considered drudgery, is with them done by labor-saving machinery—the elements and inanimate forces being made to work in aid of man. Bear in mind that I now speak of the *civilized nations* of the spiritual spheres. Barbarians of earth are barbarians of the spirit-worlds. A savage dying here will go among his own people in the next world. Thus, the great nations of the North American Indians, with all their distinct tribes, will be found upon their hunting-grounds in the spirit-land. Mohammedans will still read the Koran and utter their blessings upon their great leader, and still speak of the Christian dogs as they smoke their chibouk.

SKEP.—That is too ridiculous!

SP.—So it seems to me, and yet I have been forced to believe that it is so. Do you doubt that the different nations of earth continue to congregate together there? Are the Russians and the Turks any better friends as spirits than they were as mortals? Do not the rival nations hang like a cloud over Sebastopol, watching the fate of the city? And do you think they love each other more now than when they were arrayed in the ranks against each other?

SKEP.—I should suppose with death all animosity would cease.

SP.—It ought to cease before death just as much as after death. Very likely a large proportion of those who die in battle care little for the cause of the war, and being free by death they turn their thoughts to pleasanter subjects, and seek pursuits which are congenial with their natures.

SKEP.—By what you have heretofore said, I infer that you think we shall arrive in the spirit-world naked and helpless, dependent upon charity

recognize. As a general rule they conduct him home—to the home intended for him—for some one of his relatives will be ready to receive him. He soon feels his freedom. As soon as he is free from the body and conscious, he finds that he moves by the power of his will, and can float in the air. His friends take him by the hand and guide, and the party, by the exertion of their power, seek the spirit-world, and they are there. As a general rule the free spirit wishes to witness his funeral, and he is therefore conducted to earth for the purpose, for he would not easily find his way alone. He is present at the ceremony. If the room is filled with mortals who stand upon the floor, so it is filled with spirits who occupy the upper portion of the room.

SKEP.—All this is strange, and I find it difficult to admit it. At death the soul departs forever. It returns no more. The places that once knew it shall know it no more forever.

SP.—That is true, but it alludes to its mortal state. Of course the places which knew the mortal cannot know the spirit.

Well, our pilgrim of earth is at home in the world of spirits. He is domiciliated with a relative who has a pleasant home. He has visited his friends of earth and in the spheres, and his vacation is over. The labor of life is to be renewed. If he is a well-developed man, honest, moral and useful, he will not consent to eat the bread of idleness. He may be a welcome guest, but he would rather be independent. He will seek for occupation and he will find it, and he will soon be usefully employed and be earning his living.

SKEP.—It is too preposterous to talk of an immortal soul earning a living!

SP.—There are but too many who do not do as much, but it cannot be said to their credit. Doubtless there are many, whose friends, a long time in the spirit world before them, have provided an independence for them, so that they are not obliged to work. Some find themselves heirs to a fortune. Some, who have achieved honors upon earth, would not be suffered to provide for themselves in the spirit-spheres. Those who worshiped them on earth would still worship them and serve them. When Napoleon's spirit left St. Helena, it is probable that millions of Frenchmen accompanied him to his home. Probably millions of spirits witnessed the arrival of his remains at the tomb of the Invalides. Do you think he would be suffered to do any manual labor?

SKEP.—Probably not. The only marvel is that any one is required to do so. But I can see good reason why the great Napoleon would still have his worshipers in the world above.

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SP.—If a great warrior would be received with *eclat* at his advent to the spirit world, so too would a good man, a true Christian, a hearty worker in the cause of humanity, a martyr in the cause of liberty or truth. Oh, I would rather enter that bright abode as a martyr, sacrificed for my assertion of a principle of truth and my adherence to it, than to go as the greatest captain of ten centuries, as Napoleon was called. I would rather be received as a *good* man than as a *great* one.

SKEP.—To recur to the question of labor more especially, suppose a man bred in affluence from his birth to old age, his faculties undeveloped, his temper ungovernable, his tone of feeling proud and imperious, unacquainted with any useful art or occupation, and if he were, yet despising labor as something adapted to his inferiors, claiming service and homage from all around him, and looking upon the earth as made to gratify him alone; suppose such a man to die, and suppose that he should not have any rich relatives or friends in the spirit world to receive him "into their everlasting habitations," what would he do?

SP.—You know as well as I. He would have to go to work at such labor as was adapted to his capacities. At first he would be cared for and taken to the spirit-world. Some temporary home would be provided for him, and then he would be told that he must go to work. He would probably insult those who told him so, and assume to be too good to work; but there would be no help for the case, he would have to labor in some humble employment for his maintenance. Slowly, and with great reluctance, he would enter upon his tasks, and very slowly would he be reconciled to the lot which compelled him to minister to his own wants. Possibly he would refuse to work, and prefer to be a loafer; but it is more probable that he would work. His pride would sting him like an adder, and he would be miserable. But time would cure this. Years would roll on and labor would produce its inevitable result of developing the better nature of the man. He would learn to love work, and in the course of time would rise to a brilliant position. But compare that unfortunate wretch, who, though possessing wealth on earth, laid up no riches in Heaven, with the man who loved labor while on earth. No matter whether he was rich or poor, he will be weighed in the spirit-world by the qualities he carries with him. If he has cultivated his mind, he will claim the society of the educated and the wise. If he has schooled his affections, suppressed all animosity in his heart, learned to look upon every one of the family of God as his kindred, having a soul open as day to kindly charity, he will find a welcome from thousands of kindred spirits, and will take his place with the good and the loving. If he has labored to acquire

stretch the canvas upon frames, and others make the tacks to fasten them there. All the pigments would have to be made, and, if equal to ours, would require science and skill of a high order to produce them. These would have to be put up in the proper cases or tubes, requiring to be made with care. Brushes must be made, and various animals must produce the hair or bristles. Indeed, a hundred trades would be called in requisition by the painter before he could begin to paint. Must he not have a studio and all its proper furniture, models and library? Will not the picture require to be varnished and framed and hung up? What would be the art of the painter if there were no other arts to precede it and prepare the way?

SKEP.—I see, you make out a case. If I admit that any mechanical trade is pursued in the spirit-world, I must admit all; for they are intertwined and so necessary to each other that they stand or fall together.

SP.—Yes, they stand or fall together — all or nothing. If anything is done in the spirit-world, all things are done. You will admit that it would be a beautiful thing to make a statue of the human form. If such a thing were done, a rock must be quarried, transported a considerable distance, perhaps across a sea or a continent, sawed and chiseled and carved into the required shape. Could a statue be cut out of airy nothing by the will of a sculptor, and then stand on its imagined pedestal for the inspection of the world? If there be no material there can be nothing made. A man may seem to see what does not exist. For instance, an impressible person can be put into a partially magnetic state, and the operator may will him to see a statue, and he will see a statue in his mind's eye, and yet it is not a real existence. The operator calls up from memory the vision of a statue, and having obtained control of the impressible person's mind, causes him to see whatever vision is in his own mind. This vision may perhaps be so transferred to the medium's mind that he will continue to see it after the will of the operator has ceased to act. But if the artist who had conceived of a beautiful statue wished to exhibit it to his friends or the world, he would have to psychologize them all every time they were to see it, and this would be hard work. I think he would wish himself back upon this humble footstool of earth, where he could produce an actual tangible statue that should stand for ages to exhibit to the world his god-like conception.

SKEP.—There does seem to be reason in what you say about the works of art. They certainly ought to be real and tangible, and so that they would endure for centuries. I am willing to admit that if actual and tangible material things exist in the spirit-world, there is a necessity for all

the mechanic arts, and, as a consequence, that people must work. I have objected to the whole theory in which you make that life a practical one. I have supposed we were made for God's glory, and that after this life of probation there would be nothing to do but to be perfectly happy in singing the praises of God and the Lamb forever. Each redeemed soul would be in the presence of God; and, in the light of his glorious countenance, would be perfectly happy.

SP.—It is a beautiful idea that we shall see God face to face; and yet I do not anticipate that happiness. If this earth were all of creation, it might possibly be so; but there have been discovered by astronomers already in this little corner of the universe, some two millions of millions of globes, that seem adapted to the uses of man, and which are probably inhabited, and this number must be an inconceivably small part of God's creation. Yet small as it is, it is supposed to have produced more human beings than could be packed in the sphere of the solar system. Assuredly they could not all see God at once.

SKEP.—I see the difficulty of the case; but all things are possible with God. We shall see God, I am sure, and we shall be in the company of Christ.

SP.—I think with you that we shall at some distant period of time reach the spheres, where Christ is or will be, and that we shall see him, if opportunity occurs. It is possible, too, that we shall see the personal form of God, though I do not think such a thing could ever be possible. Such a being must be far above the comprehension, as above the vision of the most exalted of his creatures.

SKEP.—This is what I have against Spiritualism. It takes from us the glorious hope that we should go home to Christ, into a Heaven prepared for the good and for God's angels; that we should see God upon his throne, with Christ on one side and the Holy Ghost on the other; that with our golden harps in our hands, we should kneel at God's footstool, and sing his praises forever, in a state of happiness too great for the human mind to comprehend; that we should put off this frail human nature, and have our minds opened to the comprehension of all mysteries and all knowledge of the past and of the future. That is the heaven of the Bible, and what do you offer in exchange?

SP.—Spiritualism offers truth and reality in place of romance and fiction. The Bible, as I read it, offers no such place or condition as you describe. The New Jerusalem is described as being twelve thousand furlongs in extent, the length, the breadth and height being equal, (Rev. xxi. 16.) This cannot allude to the abode of spirits after death, for it could not contain a

billionth part of the number of souls which we have reason to believe have already been created. Such allegories should not be taken as realities. Spiritualism offers in exchange for this wild chimera a life inconceivably beautiful in continuation of this. It offers and proves an entire and perfect resurrection of the *individual*, in place of the resurrection of a bodiless thought. It offers a heaven which has the dignity of usefulness in the promotion of universal happiness, and the progression of the spirit. I regret that you cannot look upon the subject without the prejudices which have for so many years been instilled into your mind. Were your mind a blank, Spiritualism would come to it as a beautiful morning after a dreary night. As it is, I fully believe that you will yet receive it, and recognize its truth and loveliness.

SKEP.—May it be so! I only wait to be convinced.

W.

WILD FLOWERS.

NAUGHT comes unlovely from the hand of God—
 Not even the grass that struggles through the sod;
 Not even the moss, the lichen or the mould—
 All, all have beauties unrevealed, untold.
 Look with a lens, and even a peach's down
 Has all the myriads of a peopled town;
 And not a moss but grows a wondrous tree,
 Tecming with life in vast variety.

But the wild flowers that in the trampled grass
 We never look on, and unheeding pass,
 Wondrous the beauties that their cups disclose,
 Myriads the parts that all their form compose.
 And all the skill of man and all his might
 Could never bring such beauty into light;
 Naught but the hand of Deity has power
 To give to earth the simplest, humblest, flower.

So the wild flowers that to our race belong—
 To slight or to despise them were a wrong.
 God made them here, and in a future time
 He will transplant them to a brighter clime.

THE FOOLISH MOTHER.

SUNDAY, Oct. 23d, 1865.

THE Circle of Progress met this evening at my library, Major Raines, U. S. Army, being also present.

Through Mrs. S. we had this communication :

How unhappy I am ! I am wandering up and down, hither and thither. I know not where to go. Friends, I will tell you the reason of my misery. I was a mother. Precious souls were intrusted to my care, and how did I fulfill my charge ? I shudder now to think on the example I daily set them. I, their parent, who should have instilled every gentle virtue and high principle into their tender hearts—I only filled their minds with foolishness and unprofitable teachings. I brought them up to love external show and empty glitter. I learned them to love the world and the opinions of vain and conceited sons of men. I learned them to walk in the paths of pleasure, which but filled their young souls with a desire for more—more of the useless and unsatisfying gifts of wealth, and instead of making my children useful to themselves and society, I but filled their young souls with selfishness and pride.

Oh ! it is a dreadful confession for a mother to make, but I must tell the truth now, though it should humiliate my soul into the very dust.

I was called away from my children just as they were emerging into maturity, just when they could have been turned into a good path or led aside into an evil one, with no guide but a thoughtless father—alas ! more prone to love the world than his wretched companion. And now, can you imagine my unhappiness ? No, that is impossible.

I have not only seen my own folly, my own wickedness in every thing that pertains to a knowledge of spiritual life and the soul's happiness, but I am drawn back, as it were, to earth to gaze on the course of those I have left behind. Heaven knows I have loved them well, but with a foolish, misdirected love, and now I suffer the consequences. I am daily a witness to the effects of my teachings. I am hourly pained with the breaking out of all those uncultivated and grosser parts of their nature which it was my duty as a mother to lead gently into the right direction ; and I see them hurrying from one folly into another, and I can do naught but wring my hands in mute despair and wish I had

never lived. I can not look upward. I can not labor for a better inheritance, for my sins of omission to my children are constantly reproaching me, and come black as night and huge as mountains.

When witnessing their misguided steps I feel, "Mother, this has been thy doings. Behold, now, the seeds planted in the hearts of thy children bring forth fruit of dust and ashes!"

Miserable mother that I am! How wretched has been my life since entering the spirit-world! I have wept and prayed continually. I have sorrowed with a deep and sincere sorrow for my past life and my children's future happiness.

Not long since a spirit approached me, took me by the hand, and said, "Cease thy useless grieving, weak mother, for thy children, and set about working out thy own salvation. Cast off thy gross material nature and become wise in wisdom of heaven, that you may be able to go back to earth, and assisted by wise and loving hearts, and by the strong influence of thy love, you may be able to approach your children, if not through your own spirit-influence, perchance through another's. If not through one channel, another may be opened, so that you can approach them." Oh! this thought seems too heavenly for so great a sinner as me. I wish to become pure. I wish to learn wisdom that I may become a fit companion for the bright ones above me; but oh, my children! my children! While I am learning wisdom, will they not be irretrievably lost—through my early teachings become hardened to good impulses or sink so deep in sin as to forget me and never hear me on earth? My heart is bursting with its great agony. I would fain go up, but love draws me down, so that I am a wretched wanderer.

O God in heaven! thou spirit of justice, and truth, and illimitable mercy, look down on me a poor erring mother, and guide me right. How little am I acquainted with that name and the duties I owe! Pity me, holy spirits around this circle, in my weakness and sin. Entreat some loving spirit to protect my children while I learn wisdom and repentance.

Heaven is a glorious place they say, but I have never caught the first glimpse of its brightness. My life has been among the discontented unhappy wanderers, regretting the deeds done in the body, and not having courage to begin the task of labor. But I feel there is within my soul a longing to taste of the love of God, to mingle with the pure and good, to leave these lower regions where I am so wretched and lonely. But oh, my children! my children!

And yet I can do them no good by staying here. My soul is becoming worn down and overstrained in constant grasping to save them from

ruin. I will go and make myself as a little child again, that I may learn to be useful; and my object will be that I may be of service to my dear children, for I feel that I shall yet be enabled to lead those precious children aside from the paths of sin and wretchedness which they are now treading, into the pleasant way that leads to eternal life.

Dear friends, the spirits who surround your circle allowed me to approach you, poor wretched wanderer that I am, to tell you my experience, and oh! do you tell it to the world that it may warn some foolish mother to escape the wretchedness which I have known since my entrance here, who are preparing for themselves a heaven or a hell in proportion to the love they bear their children. Tell them their example and teachings will be ever before them, reproaching or approving.

My tale is ended. Thanks, and good-night.



MODERN MIRACLES.

THERE is in this city a *Miracle Circle*, so called because the phenomena frequently occurring there are, to common comprehensions, as wonderful as any things recorded under the name of miracles. This kind of manifestation serves to convince the most obstinate of the skeptics; for there are many who, like Thomas of old, will not believe they see a spirit unless they can also touch and handle it. One of the gentlemen of this club would not give his hearty adherence to spiritism even when he had for a year been busy talking with spirits, and even seeing physical manifestations of the most wonderful character. He insisted on seeing the hand of a spirit and taking hold of it, and promised, if he were gratified in that particular, that he would be content, and doubt no more. He was gratified, for it is no unusual thing at that and similar circles to see a human hand or a human foot, and have opportunity to examine it attentively. Occasionally, too, the hand may be grasped, and held, and distinctly felt.

With all these wonderful doings there seems to be no progress made in the investigation of this philosophy. A man beholding the hand of a spirit—seeing it take a pencil and write—and then take up the paper and convey it to the one to whom it is addressed, is witness to a phenomenon as unaccountable as any of the miracles of the Bible; yet there are people who look with almost indifference upon such things as of little importance, and give all their reverential homage to those miracles which were wrought in a similar manner two or three thousand years ago.

THE INNER TEMPLE.

A Communication given November 30th, 1854, through Mrs. SWEET.

As the faded and dead leaves fall from the trees, leaving them bare and shadeless, so fall from man one after another the material links which serve to connect him to earth with a chain, which, if not rudely snapped asunder, might wrap him up within its strong coils, and he would forget that there was aught upon earth to live for, save the things of time and sense. It is better man's spirit should be cast down, that it may rise again; for then its growth will be quicker, and then the energy which hope gives will make it stand firmer and appreciate its own position more truly. It is not for men to look one upon another, for each must build for himself a temple of strength wherewith to cover himself, and to withstand the rude assaults of foreign foes—foes of his soul's peace and comfort, deceivers in the garb of friends. And his temple must needs be made with windows, transparent and deep, so that they may be used as eyes to penetrate into the hearts—yea, into the very inmost recesses of men's souls. The satisfaction and beauty of many material things will fade away, and appear as a dream of the past; but there must be within every living soul a still, deep fountain, ever bubbling in freshness and sweetness, giving food and drink, sustaining and making beautiful the temple which surrounds it. Make unto thyself a world of beauty within; an inner life, a holy of holies, a sacred palace where none may intrude, a spot dedicated in all its beauty and glory as the sanctuary of the most high God. This is within thee, it is a part of thee, it is all-sparkling and shining; it needs but to be pervaded by the holy presence, the essence of soul, the life of light; for behold! as the dew vanisheth from the grass where it hath glittered as diamonds in the morning sun, it passeth away and ye behold it no more, ye recognize it not again—so will all external beauties fade; so, in time, shall they cease to give thy heart joy and thy soul gladness. Thou wilt look back upon the past as a man who has walked in a sleep, struggling and striving with great phantoms, even those of his destiny. And when the light which made thee glad hath passed away into the darkness of oblivion, then shall the deep low breathing of thy spirit's immortal harmony raise up within thee a light—a soft and sweet melody, which shall be a joy to thee forever. *That* is not earth; *that* fadeth not away; *that* is enduring and immortal, even as the glory of thy God is immortal, only changing from one glory to a greater and greater.

G. S.

THE SHIP OF LIFE.

THE ship of human life rides on unresting,
Ever time's high and heaving billows breasting ;
Forward in its eternal progress going,
And on its course, whatever wind is blowing ;
On, ever on, with never-failing motion,
O'er the expanse of being's boundless ocean.

A human spirit is each barque conveying,
Not winds—not tides—but tyrant Fate obeying.
Though gales of passion, o'er the wave careering,
Or tides of feeling be the proud craft veering,
Yet nothing stays it—nought can check its motion,
Riding sublime on that eternal ocean.

Though syrens sing to fairy isles alluring ;
Though mists invade all view of heaven obscuring
Though Nereids smile upon the placid waters,
Or rise to charm it ocean's spirit daughters,
The barque feels not the erring soul's emotion,
Bearing its freight on that unslumbering ocean.

Upon the barque sits throned the human spirits—
Onward tide, wind and Fate conspire to bear it.
It feels itself a monarch nations swaying,
While 'tis an unseen power through all obeying
Feeling above the power of blind emotion,
Yet borne restless o'er the mighty ocean.

The monarch spirit fain would pause in pleasure—
Dive to the depths to seek the ocean's treasure—
Seek far and near some plumed and crested billow,
Disdaining rest upon its quiet pillow ;
Yet 'tis illusion claims this fond devotion—
The barque still bears it o'er the rolling ocean.

No shore behind it can the eye discover,
But a dim past o'er which the blue clouds hover ;
No bound before it—but the West's red portal
Opens in gorgeous light her gates immortal.
But there, though wrecked the barque in death's commotion,
In its new craft it still rides o'er the ocean.

Beyond that portal smile the mystic regions,
Where dwell the angels in uncounted legions ;

STAR-LIGHT.

A crystal barque bears now the immortal being,
 Beneath the unclouded eye of the All-seeing,
 O'er silver waves, whose soft and happy motion
 Plays o'er the bright illimitable ocean.

Thy barque, bright spirit, on the sea is moving,
 Clasped by the playful billows fond and loving ;
 And thou, upon the prow, dost through the portal
 Hail cheering glimpses of that realm immortal ;
 While wooing winds and waves in fond devotion,
 Bear thy barque on o'er being's shoreless ocean.

Be thy long voyage calm, without a billow,
 Whose angry motion could disturb thy pillow ;
 Soft blow the gales, aye, less thy sails pursuing
 Than urging forward with enamored wooing ;
 Attracting onward in a fond emotion,
 Thy life-barque ever o'er the wide-spread ocean.

Heaven's hand be ever near to guard and guide thee ;
 His angels be forever more beside thee ;
 His smile be on thy course of love and duty,
 And in thy wake a long bright line of beauty ;
 So shalt thou float with soft and happy motion,
 Over the waters of the eternal ocean



STAR-LIGHT.

Lights that above in the blue I see,
 Shining so faintly, ye seem to me
 Glimpses of thought that come from far
 To turn our eyes to the distant star,
 And tell us that in those orbs of light
 There are kindred spirits pure and bright.

The star-light tells of boundless time ;
 Of the home whence it sprang in space sublime,
 Of the long, long journey of weary years
 To reach and speak to this vale of tears ;
 But most it tells of a brighter place,
 Far off from earth in the realms of space.

The star-light comes from its home above
 To bring to mortals a message of love ;
 It kisses the earth—and upon its race
 It starts to traverse the fields of space,
 Unresting forever—so flies the soul
 On, on, for aye, beyond Fate's control.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEATH.

BY R. H. BROWN.

NUMBER TWO.

THE idea that Death was not a part of God's original design, but resulted from what has been termed "the fall," in opposition to the wishes and desires of Deity, has become so strongly stamped upon many minds, that the writer feels impressed to offer a few further considerations tending to show the falsity of that idea. This life has been well termed by those who maintain the Harmonial Philosophy, "the rudimental state," and the oft-repeated comparison of man to the chrysalis contains a profound and undying truth. The healthy and instinctive desires of man are the true indices of the necessities of his nature, both physical, moral and spiritual. They point out the line of his future development, and, with a truthful voice, prophesy his unattained but sure destiny. Man's lofty and unconquerable desire after knowledge; his eager longing after supernal harmony and beauty; his continued struggle to mount above the weakness of earth; his insatiable thirst after angelic strength and purity, all point out the path of progression which, broad and illimitable, lies open before him. That these noblest aspirations of the human soul could not be gratified upon *this* earth, although an eternity of toil were devoted to that object, will be apparent upon a moment's reflection. The gross and material organization which cumbers the soul; the fetters which a scanty number of weak and fallible senses impose upon the aspiring mind; the degrading and counteracting influence of the passions; the necessity of employing the largest portion of our time and energies for the mere purpose of obtaining the means of clothing and feeding our bodies; the cares and anxieties of life, which remove far from us that calm tranquillity of soul which is necessary to the harmonious action of our higher faculties; the natural and galling dependence of the strong untiring spirit upon the weak and fainting body; sickness, sorrow, and the stings of poverty—"the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune,"—all forbid the gratification of our noblest desires, and the present development of the angelic nature within us. To say that God does not intend that the desires of which we have spoken should be gratified, is to impeach either the divine benevolence or the divine wisdom.

For to affirm that they were implanted for the sole purpose of creating false hopes, and engendering within us an undying thirst, which, incapable of being gratified, must forever torture the soul, is to accuse the Deity of objectless cruelty. To deny that they were implanted for any object at all, is to call in question the divine wisdom, which creates nothing, however small or insignificant, without an object. All the other and less noble desires and aspirations of man have their appropriate gratification. Why then not admit, these also were implanted for the purpose of increasing our happiness, by adding to the means of its attainment. Why not admit they were intended to elevate and purify our nature by attracting us, through the force of inclination, towards the high and holy sources where their gratification is to be obtained — a conclusion which not only harmonizes with the analogy of nature, but also with the divine character,

“A perfect harmony is a perfect truth.”

Death is, therefore, affirmed to be a part of the natural progression of things, because it is a necessary step in the development of man.

The *dual nature* which God has given us also affords sufficient grounds for the presumption that Death is part of his original design. Adam, the supposed first man, was formed just as we are; and the *dual nature* which the Creator bestowed upon him, clearly expresses the intention of the Divine mind that mortality should attach to his physical part. Man is a compound being. He possesses two distinct natures — the one animal, and the other spiritual. These two natures are diverse in character, and are therefore adapted to enjoy different states of being.

The all-wise Deity has perfectly adapted the size and structure of each order of his creatures to the element in which he designs them to live, so that the naturalist having before him the smallest fragment of the skeleton of any animal, can tell at a glance whether its home was in earth, sea, or air.

The same thing is true of man. His physical organization is perfectly adapted to a life upon earth. But when we examine his spiritual part, behold how vast a difference! The soul bears the impress of divinity. How it spurns as beneath it all things of earth, and aspires to the skies conscious of its angelic nature! It feels that the universe is its home, and thirsts after universal knowledge as its heritage. It knows no decay. Old age and disease may cripple the body; but the soul, still strong and vigorous in its immortal vouth, yields not. It feels only anger and impatience

weak and fainting body, it is only because its imperious spirit is curbed by the knowledge that this world is not its home, and that soon, freed from the encumbrance of a worn and palsied organization, it shall revel in the glories of a brighter sphere.

That the soul is adapted to enjoy a higher state of being than this earth affords, is plainly apparent. That which is spiritual in essence can only be fitted for a spiritual mode of existence. All the attributes of the soul proclaim that its true home is elsewhere. What then shall we conclude concerning the design of Deity in its creation?

No man, having any just ideas of the wisdom of God, can for a moment imagine that the Creator has formed the soul and expressly adapted it for a state of being which he did not intend it should enjoy.

Fore-adaptation is the highest evidence that a thing is intended for that state of being, or mode of action, to which it is adapted. But in order that the soul may enter upon that mode of existence for which it is designed, it must sunder its connection with the body, which is fitted for the earth only.

Therefore, we conclude from the nature of the soul, that death must have been part of the original design of God. It may be asked, if God has designed the soul for a higher state of being, why did he not at once place it in that higher state, without connecting it with the body at all, thus cumbering it with a gross and material organization from which it is obliged to first free itself? To this it may be replied, that God does not make things perfect at once, but rather *first forms the germ of that which is to be, and from that gradually develops the ultimate he has in view.* Such are the teachings of nature. It is a rule of divine action which has no exceptions.

Besides this, a little reflection will convince the mind, *that the experience of the lower state is necessary to the full and proper enjoyment of a higher one.* The analogies of nature teach that death is a necessary incident of the human organization. Though man alone of all the animal creation is possessed of reason, yet, so far as his physical organization is concerned, man is purely an animal. That death and decay are at present the natural incidents of the animal organization is self-evident; that they were equally so ages before the supposed fall of man, geology has clearly demonstrated. That science discovers whole races of animals who lived, flourished and *died*, ages before man had any existence; though as a whole man's organization is superior to those of the extinct races, yet in many particulars, especially those of *strength* and *durability*, it is much inferior. It is, moreover, composed of the same sensible material, and though dif-

ferent in form, is constructed upon the same general principles, and in obedience to the same laws. The argument from the analogy of nature, therefore, if it proves anything, proves that decay and death are the *natural* and *necessary* incidents of the human frame, and would have attached to it, had sin never entered the world. That sin not only hastens the mortality of many, but has also been the fruitful source of many causes of premature death, can not be for a moment disputed. The wicked do not live out half their days, says the Bible; and those who reach a ripe old age, and go gently down to the grave, from the natural decay of the system, are "few and far between." When we look around us and behold the mad inebriate poisoning his body and destroying his reason; the murderer plunging his dagger into his brother's breast; the suicide seeking relief from the bitter pangs of a guilty conscience; pestilence produced by thoughtless folly and criminal negligence; war, the result of perverted ambition and evil passions; death everywhere following in the footsteps of crime—we may indeed be tempted to exclaim, "By sin death first entered the world." Taken in this sense, by death implying only "premature death" — death which does not result from old age and the natural decay of the system — and the words of the inspired writers are full of truth, and convey a solemn and impressive admonition to virtue. But when we insist upon their literal interpretation, we convert them into nonsense, and place them in direct conflict with the teachings of nature, reason and science.

So frail and perishable are the materials of which the body is composed, that death has resorted to the most stringent means and powerful expedients in order to *force* the soul, which, being conscious of its own indestructible nature, fears no evil, to exercise that great care and caution which is needed to prevent the body from crumbling to pieces like a pillar of sand. For this purpose was the strong instinct of self-preservation implanted, which prompts us to resort to any expedient in order to avert an impending calamity to our physical organization. For this purpose also were the intolerable pangs of hunger imposed, so that forced to partake of proper nourishment the body might not perish; and a multitude of sharp and painful penalties attached to every act hurtful to our physical parts, so that the soul in its headlong eager pursuit after happiness, knowledge and power, might not suddenly or willfully injure them.

If the body was intended to live forever, why was it formed of such perishable materials? If the body was not mortal in its nature *from the first*, why *from the first* was the instinct of self-preservation implanted! For if the body, like the soul, was immortal and self-existent, such an in-

As from a queenly flower in earliest bloom—
 Arose the perfumed breath of human love.
 What wonder men should seek to pluck this flower
 That won their homage, though she sought it not.
 The dream was changed. There came a comely youth
 That men called Hymen, leading by the hand
 The infant boy that rules the souls of men.
 He took this flower and placed it on his shrine,
 And nourished well its sweetness and its bloom.

Again the dream was changed. I had not seen
 The wedded fate of that angelic girl ;
 A time indefinite had passed, and now
 Upon the bed of death I saw her lie,
 Girded around by children bathed in tears ;
 And her once golden curls that to me seemed
 The radiance of a self-illuminated orb,
 Were gray and scant upon her furrowed brow.

I saw her spirit leave the perished form.
 At first it floated o'er it without life,
 Like a thin cloud that gradually took
 The shape of that celestial angel, which at first
 I looked on in the past eternity.
 Then sprang the life to that immortal form,
 And it was beautiful as angels are.

At first, unconscious of the mighty change,
 She floated there awhile—but soon she looked,
 And saw around the happy sister band,
 That in her primal being she had known ;
 And others she had known and warmly loved
 While shut and prisoned in her earthly form.
 She saw and knew them—clasped them in her arms—
 Feeling, with rapture, that she now was free,
 And had returned to her angelic life.
 Then she beheld the mate by heaven ordained,
 Now first in a celestial union given ;
 And with him then in perfect rapture blending,
 They soared from star to star, revisiting
 The scenes of earlier time. She thus forgot,
 Or only thought of as a troubled dream,
 The weary hardship of her earthly life.

L. M. N.



It is well when old people know that they are old. Many, on the contrary, still affect to set themselves off as unimpaired in abilities, both bodily and mental, long enough after they have outlived themselves.

BLESSINGS WHICH CANNOT BE LOST.

SOME of the gifts of fortune take to themselves wings and fly away to return no more. The accumulated earnings of a life-time may be engulfed in the sea or devoured by the flames, and thus lost forever. Many of the dearest of man's possessions are liable to be wrested from his grasp by an untoward accident, and an injury thus done him, for which, seemingly, nothing can compensate. For instance, the property which a man may have accumulated by a course of equivocal dealing or by positive wrong, when taken away is a total and irremediable loss. Often not even pity comes to console the loser. He is, by a single stroke, thrown back to the point where he commenced his career, and he must begin again the task of accumulation. Such a man mourns without hope.

There are losses which, though eminently severe, are productive ultimately of real good. When Newton lost the manuscripts which it had cost him twenty years' labor to produce, the blow was heavy indeed. The immense labor of that long period seemed lost forever. But it only *seemed* to be lost. The severe discipline of his mind through the studies of those twenty years was not lost; the knowledge gained in that time was not lost. The process of sifting truth from error — the false from the true — had been to him of eminent importance. All this could not be lost, for it was stored in the chambers of his mind. He gave way to a little discouragement on the occurrence of so great a disaster, and then set himself to work in earnest to reproduce that which had been lost. He did not *reproduce* what he had lost, for his mind had gone beyond it; but he constructed a much more perfect theory and had reason to thank the accident that made him do his work over again. Who shall say that it was not best for Newton to lose the labors of twenty years, when he would produce something so much better? Yet when such losses occur, we shortsighted mortals find it difficult to see our own ultimate advantage in them, and are rarely content.

There are other losses still harder; they are of those we love, taken from our presence by death. Though philosophy may teach and religion may counsel, and friends may urge the bereaved parent not to mourn, the advice falls upon a heart paralyzed by its grief, and that will not hear the

voice that cries, Peace! A clergyman was counseling a woman who had lost one of her children, to be resigned to the will of God, and adduced the fact that when He demanded of Abraham to offer up in sacrifice upon the altar, his son Isaac, there was no murmuring, but that the good old patriarch obeyed the command without hesitation. The woman heard him through and then replied, "Ah, but God would never have asked such a sacrifice of a *mother*." It was well said, for none can so mourn for the child as she who bore him.

This train of thought has been awakened by the recent death of Master EDWARD L. SWEET, aged ten years, son of the celebrated medium. The event seemed to make good the proverb, "Whom the gods love die young," for the youth was eminently lovely in character, and beautiful in person. He possessed a remarkably fine organization of brain, and all who saw him prophesied his rapid rise to an elevated position. It is not to be wondered that his parents idolized him, when even strangers or casual acquaintances became at once interested in him, and at his sudden removal from earth paid him the tribute of their tears. But he is of the treasures that are laid up in heaven! He is one of those blessings which cannot be lost.

While parents mourn the deaths that occur to break the circle of a beloved family, they are apt in their deep-seated grief to forget that perhaps it is better for the departed one to go to the spirit-world. It is part of our faith to believe that when the young are taken from us by the hand of Death, it is but to conduct them to the guardianship of those who will love them and care for them even better, if possible, than the tenderest of parents could do. Let us imagine the child of ten years taken from his school upon earth, and after a few days of painful illness transferred to the brighter and better school above. Will any one suppose that the beautiful and intellectual youth will lose the result of his study on earth, or the culture of his affections, or that he will cease from study because he has gone to Heaven? Assuredly his education will go on. From the school of earth he will enter the University of Heaven, and the honors are there to be won by his labor. Will he have less need of labor, will he make less improvement, than on earth? Surely not; for labor will be the condition of progress forever. He will study, he will labor, and he will find use for his learning.

The question recurs, ought parents to indulge, as they often do, in a wild and inconsolable grief when their dear ones are taken away? Is there not a selfishness lurking under this grief? Do they not know well that their children are more happily situated in heaven than on earth? Yet they

mourn and refuse to be comforted, preferring that they should be happy in the possession of their children, than the ones they pretend so to love should be advancing rapidly to high and beautiful excellence, far above what the institutions of earth could have given them.

The child that would be so cared for here that it would be sent to a good school and made to imbibe knowledge from pure sources, would be likely to have its education better cared for above. If these matters were known as they might be known, mothers who loved their children truly would soon feel reconciled; as a parent will perhaps weep when a favorite child is departing for a boarding-school or to college, and yet soon dry her tears as she reflects that it is *best* for the child, and that it is selfish in her to object to his going to the place where he can best be taught the lessons of his scholastic education. Reason alone would teach us that the immortal spirit is not to be left to slumber in ignorance, because it has gone one step onward on the march of progression.

To *her* who mourns over her blighted hopes, because she has not been permitted herself to rear the beautiful being she has borne and nurtured, we would say, *you have not lost your son*. He yet lives and often clasps you in his loving arms, imprinting upon your lip the seal of filial fondness. You have trained your child through his preparatory schools, and he now enters a higher institution. You may not soon see him, or see him but seldom; but you will still hold communion with him. You will know that never a day will rise upon the earth that he will not descend to bless you. Soon you will listen to his words, wherein he will show you the progress of his mind. Soon you will hear the language in which he will assure you of his undying love, and let you see that his heart as well as his intellect grows with his stature. Then, in contemplating his advancement, and perceiving that although not permitted yourself to educate him, he has nevertheless been infinitely better trained than he could have been under the most favorable auspices on earth; you will see that your great desire for his good has been gratified in the bright results of his heavenly culture; and that though your hand could not guide him, he has in its place found the hand of an angel to lead him far safer and better than even your fondest love could have desired. Then in seeing the bright and beautiful son of your affections in the high position he has achieved, with his excellence of character and high culture of intellect like a crown upon his brow, you will reproach yourself that ever you murmured at the will of God that for a time removed him from your sight. You will then see that truly those blessings cannot be lost which you have laid up in Heaven. Though many things that you prize may depart from you never to return; though gold may rust and gems

may perish, yet the priceless gift from God of an immortal soul, to be clasped to your breast as your own, is one that cannot be lost. You will in a future day take in your hands the gems bestowed upon you, and approaching the throne of the Father, say, Behold the jewels thou gavest me; lo! I have lost none of them, they are here. May they be found worthy to be set in the crown of thy glory forever!

W.

 ADVENT OF THE SPIRITS.

THEY are coming from the spirit-land
 To look on thy reform;
 They are gathering like the autumn leaves
 Before the driving storm.

From all the spheres above us,
 Each from a radiant home,
 The pure and glorious spirits
 With hope and gladness come.

They have learned that they can bring us
 Glad tidings from on high;
 Tidings that will throughout the earth
 Dry tears in every eye.

They have found a way to reach us—
 To return from that blest shore
 And breathe their unforgotten love
 Into our hearts once more.

Shall we not meet them kindly,
 When to us they come down,
 Bearing the hope that each true heart
 Shall wear a starry crown:

That all who leave their sinning
 With penitence and tears,
 A bright and happy home shall find
 High in the glorious spheres!

Welcome we then most thankful
 The ministers that come,
 With angel love and purity
 To guide us to our home!

And let us hail the era
 When privilege was given,
 To hold familiar converse
 With the happy ones of Heaven.

H.

SKETCHES

BY THE LATE DR. L. F. WARREN.

THE LOVE OF FAME.

THE Love of Fame, indeed, is inherent in the nature of man, and is doubtless placed there for wise purposes. Without it we should lack one of the greatest incentives to virtue, and also one of the strongest motives which impel us oftentimes to the commission of the most vicious acts. The same principle which led Washington to aspire to the redemption of his country, induced Napoleon to seek the conquest of the world. It was the same desire to accomplish some daring deed which should carry his name down to posterity, that instigated the youthful Mutius to thrust his arm into the burning crucible and suffer it to be consumed. The same impulse actuated the wretch who precipitated Horace into the depths of the Tiber. It impelled Curtius to cast himself into the yawning chasm which divided Rome, and which the oracle had decreed could only be closed by the rarest jewel in the imperial city being cast therein.

The case of the humble individual who set fire to the temple of Diana, one of the wonders of the world as it was called, is likewise in point. Although every means was taken in order that his object of obtaining fame and immortality might be defeated, and though every one was forbidden to write or to utter his name, it has nevertheless been handed down to this day; and the simple peasant, Erastratus, furnishes now the illustration to many a story of the sad effects of insane and misguided ambition.

It is told of a lady of the Spanish court, that she was so offended at the omission of her name in a list which a celebrated poet had prepared of the courtezans, or *dames du cour* of that time, in which he had not handled any of them with great delicacy, that she went to him, and commanded him, under pain of her high displeasure, to make a new edition of his

satire forthwith, and give her an honorable place in this catalogue of famous, or infamous women.

Charles V. once paid a visit to the Rotunda in Rome, now known as All-Saints, which is lighted by a window at the top, and the view down from this eminence is in a remarkable degree imposing. A citizen accompanied him, and took particular pleasure to point out the various beauties of the interior. On the Emperor's retiring from the window, the Roman remarked to him, that he had several times felt a strong temptation to seize his majesty in his arms and throw himself down on to the pavement beneath, and thus invest his name with imperishable renown. The Emperor thanked him for his kindness in not carrying his loyal purpose into effect, and ordered him never again to approach his person.

CITY AND COUNTRY EDUCATION.

A YOUTH wishing to learn to swim, placed a frog before him in a bowl of water, and throwing himself on a table began kicking in imitation of the animal. We are reminded of this story by reflecting how much has been said of the dangers of a city life to those who are inexperienced in the ways of the world. How are those dangers to be avoided, unless they become known? If there is any advantage in a knowledge of the world, it should certainly be acquired where a mixture with society in all its forms and grades is inevitable and necessary. In the city, a novice must see much of vice, and much that it is improper to imitate; but it is a part of that great lesson which he has to learn, and whether he profits or loses by it will depend on his own disposition and propensities. He must lose a portion of his simplicity, and perchance a particle of his home-bred integrity, to become a citizen of the world.

It is undoubtedly sorrowful to the old lady in the country to find her son return, no longer the timid and bashful boy that parted from her a few years or months before: no longer the same docile listener that used to

between two contending factions of old maids, at war upon the solemn question, Whether the parson's wife wore a calico or black silk apron the last time she rode down to the "forks."

Instead of this being of her fancy, how painful to behold a youth who passes by a graveyard without any tokens of veneration — who does not believe in her many authenticated stories of ghosts and goblins — who lays out her old farm into village lots prospectively, and verbally pulls down her ample dwelling-house, and on its ruins erects a narrow brick store with granite pillars; — who laughs at scandal, and talks of horse-races, theaters, pianos, Charraud's, Niblo's garden, (in which there are no turnips,) and of numbers and streets about which she knows nothing, and of which she never heard!

These little shades in his character, it is true, are softened by a more studious deference to those about him, and by a more obliging demeanor on all occasions — when he is at leisure. He attends upon the young ladies to balls, and gladly dances with the handsomest: and then, if he will not listen, he has many terrific accounts to give of accidents, conflagrations, high-way robberies, and perchance murders. He knows all about the assassination of Helen Jewett, and covertly intimates that his knowledge is not a matter of hearsay.

But still, dear woman! she feels an intuitive consciousness that she has lost the reins of her son forever. And how difficult it is for a mother to persuade herself of this fact. The habitude of bidding, advising, and instructing, becomes woven into a mesh with her maternal feelings, and the rending of the one necessarily strains painfully upon the other.

NURSERIES IN HIGH LIFE. .

THE custom among a certain high class of ladies of entrusting their infant pledges, from the moment of birth, to the uncongenial attendance of hired nurses, is not of modern date. Those who are acquainted with the fashionable histories of Rome and Athens, through the whole period of their dominancy, will recollect that it was not less a matter of reprobation and notoriety in those than at the present time; and will recall the significant injunction of St. Paul: "Mothers, *love* your children!" Such an exhortation would surely have been unnecessary, had it been intended

merely to invite them to entertain a due degree of affection for their offspring, a feeling which their very nature prompts them to manifest; but it was meant as a direction to them to cherish and nourish them from their own breasts, instead of committing them to the charge of those who felt no more than a hireling interest in them.

Mothers seem to imagine, now-a-days, that when *l'enfant est fait*, their duty is ended. Perhaps they are not aware that the child derives its character as much from the nourishment which it receives for twelve or eighteen months after it has seen the light, as during the much shorter period antecedent to that interesting occurrence. In fact the infant derives its humor and its disposition from the breast. It imbibes all the good and bad inclinations of the nurse; and inasmuch as the nurse supplies it with nourishment for double the length of time that the actual parent does, it may be said to be more strictly the child of the nurse than of the mother. For in alienating it from her breast at the moment that it becomes susceptible of feelings and impressions, she voluntarily cancels all her claims to the formation of the mind and body of her offspring.

It is told of a young Roman, one of the family of the Gracchi, that on returning from battle, laden with the spoils of victory, and meeting his mother—and his nurse, who had come out to welcome him back—he divided between them what he had brought, presenting her who should have been his mother a ring made of silver, and giving his nurse a golden necklace; and on his mother's complaining of this indignity, he replied to her thus—"I do you no injustice, for you carried me in your bosom barely for the space of nine months, while this woman nourished me at her breast for two entire years. You gave me merely my body, and even that not in a very becoming manner, but the gift which I have from her, was bestowed on me out of the purest and most disinterested motives. You, on giving me birth, cast me from you and alienated me from your sight; but she came forward and received me, when an outcast, with open arms; and reared to that what I now am, I have become through her."

Of the influence which is exerted on the child at the breast, we could desire no better evidence than the motherly tenderness and fondness which nurses often manifest in the care of their little charges. The labor of nursing the children, tending, as it is said, to make the mother prematurely old, is often urged by them as an excuse for their omission of duty. But certainly a greater labor is endured by them with commendable fortitude, and one more calculated to hasten *la vieillesse*; so that this argument

falls. Let *ladies* then devote their attention, not to raising many children, but to rearing a few well; and if what we have said above may, as we hope, warrant us in using the expression without the danger of giving offense, we would say further, let their children be wholly *their own*.



THE WINDING BROOK.

Like the course of youth in an innocent life
The rivulet winds on its way;
Pressing on o'er the falls with a musical strife,
It ripples and sings all the day.

The meadow is green where it murmurs along,
And brightest wherever 'tis flowing;
The birds warble near it their happiest song,
And glad flowers beside it are growing.

The meadow is happy to spread out so near,
And all things beside it are blest;
For the rivulet runs with the happiest cheer
To sleep on the ocean's calm breast.

Yet first it will swell to a stream deep and wide,
And then t'will increase to a river;
No power can withstand it; it rolls on its tide.
And thus it will roll on forever.

So man's course of life, like a rill in the mead,
Is joyous in all his young hours;
He will press on his way and no obstacles heed
And sing 'mid the birds and the flowers.

He will grow to a stream—to a river he'll swell—
On, on, still forever in motion;
No pause by the banks for a moment to dwell,
Till he blends with eternity's ocean.

W.

THE FAITH OF THE SPIRITUALISTS.

THE doctrines taught us by spirits are in every particular the same as those given by Christ, and the essence of all is found in the precepts, "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you;" "Love God with all your heart, and your neighbor as yourself."

This religion, as it now stands before the world, has received new life and new spirituality by the messengers who have brought it direct from Heaven. It is now propagated by thousands of spirits through thousands of prophets, and made free to all who will receive it.

It is a beautiful faith! It teaches us that those we cherished—those who had loved us, and upon whose affections Death had set his seal, can return to earth, from their Elysian rest, and again stand by our side as before our separation—again to clasp us in their arms, and tell us that the spark of love was not extinguished in the dark wave of death, but burns now with an immortal flame. It teaches us that they can flit back or forth at will, to be with us in our devotions or in our mirth, in our joy and in our sorrow, in sickness to relieve our pain, in our daily walks for companionship, and in our sleeping hours to watch and guard: that they are witnesses of our good actions and our wrong doings, listening to the thoughts which turn to ill, and the beautiful resolutions which lead to good: that they see our progress and rejoice at it, or look at our errors and weep for them: that they are forever interested in whatever concerns our happiness or our progress, and do all they can to aid us: that by day and by night they embrace us and press their own loving hearts to ours, whispering to our minds good thoughts to guide us on the path of truth and purity: that unwearingly and never despairing, they watch over us during our healthful life, and in our sickness come with troops of angels to aid them in the task to relieve us, infusing into our suffering frames their own pure vitality: that having watched us through the perils of this life, and done all in their power to alleviate the pains of our last illness, they stand by the death-bed, ready to welcome us as we spring free from the body, and conduct us to a haven of rest.

This faith has a creed so broad that on it may stand every being in

every world created by the Almighty, with room for all who shall come to people them in the countless ages of eternity. It is "to love all mankind with a cordial, brotherly love, and to manifest that love by deeds rather than words. It is to love God, to love Christ, and to love all that is good and pure. It is to be pure and holy in the sight of God and man." It cannot be felt in the heart without elevating the character. He who receives it will at once banish from himself hate, envy, malice, and all uncharitableness. In the possession of this faith the man is happy, with a calm peace of mind beyond the power of earth to conceive of. He has no longer in his heart the fear of death, or the doubts of his Almighty Father's love. He is content to stay on earth as long as it shall please God to retain him here, and he is ready to be born again into a new state of existence whenever his hour is come. With the banishment of the fear, the doubt and the darkness of the future state, all other fears have departed; he does not fear want nor misfortune; the pestilence and the famine shake him not, for this life seems to him but a brief sojourn which will soon be ended.

This beautiful religion fills the heart of its votary with love, and that love in the heart makes the whole character lovely, and every act beautiful. He receives through angel messengers the love of Heaven, and his soul in its overflowing sheds it abroad upon all.

In its advent to earth this faith has unfolded many a beautiful character. Many that have been buried in sensuousness, or perhaps in sensuality, have learned that they have souls born of God, and worthy of their parentage. They have shaken off the mantle of darkness that covered them like a pall, and have come forth into the light wearing the robes of angels. It has wakened hope in many a heart that before had no hope. Like plants drooping and withering in the shade, they have come into the sunshine, and have felt new life in the health-giving beams. Minds that slept in sloth have learned their high destiny, and, instead of sinking in the slough or vice, have risen in their might and pressed on in the steep path of duty.

This faith has unfolded to man the realities of a future existence, dissolving away the vague and shadowy realms which like a land of dreams had been the presumed abode of the soul after death, and giving it a world of beauty and of use worthy of the God who created it. It has taught him that labor is an ordinance of God, and one of those laws which were made for eternity; that labor, here and hereafter, is the source of happiness and means of progress; that labor is a blessing, the greatest God has bestowed on his children—for it is a gift of power. By it a man may attain to the goal of his wishes. He may achieve his own goodness and greatness. He can be what he wills to be—time and labor are the sole

conditions. He has but to pray to the God that is within him, and his own will can grant the prayer. If he wishes, he labors, and lo! his wish is granted. His prayer has been uttered in acts, and it is answered.

This faith is the redemption which Christ brought to the world. It is the legacy he left us. Spirit intercourse had long existed, but it was not a religion. In every nation under heaven men had returned to earth, after they, in their new and sublimated body, had visited and resided in the world of departed spirits, and had endeavored to impress upon their brethren the great truths of spirit-life, but men could not comprehend the ideas they came to impart. But now the Son of Righteousness has again risen. It is now morning; the day advances; the sun grows brighter and warmer. The clouds that have retreated to a distance, and that still frown upon other parts of the earth, are yet touched with light upon their edges, and through their broken masses will come the sunburst of truth to enlighten the world! Still the sun rises higher and higher, and however the legions of darkness may fear or hate its beams, they cannot crush back beneath the horizon the all-conquering sun!

W.



If ever you engage in any design for the public good, depend upon meeting with almost as many hindrances as you have different persons to be concerned with. You will have a difficulty started by almost every one to whom you propose your scheme. One will tell you it will do no good; another, that it will do harm; and almost all will be cold to what is not of their own proposing. Some will seem to come into your scheme at once, and will by degrees draw you out of the way you were in. By and by some bugbear starts up before them; and then they are as hasty to desert you as they were sanguine to join you. Many love to make a show of public spirit while there is no trouble to be taken or expense to be laid out; but when you expect them to bestir themselves in earnest, you find yourself disappointed. Many, for the mere vanity of being in a scheme, will be very busy; but if they find they cannot be of the importance they desire, or that they cannot rule at all, the public good may shift for itself for what they care. They will have no concern where they must go along with others.

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

NUMBER FOUR.

MACKINAW, *August 28, 1836.*

MY DEAR S.—On my passage up Lake Erie I wrote you two or three times, and left my letters at the different points as I came along, so that you have frequently heard from me nearly up to the time of my arrival at Detroit. While at that place, I was too much occupied by the company which called upon me, to be able to devote one moment to writing as I desired. I was there only one day, and left on Wednesday night for this port, at which I arrived on Friday afternoon. I occupied that afternoon and evening in cleaning myself and looking about. Yesterday I was very busy, until after midnight, in the work of my duty; and this morning, being Sunday, I have escaped from the 'Agency House'—where I have taken up my quarters—and am now seated in the Captain's office, in the Fort, endeavoring to write to you. I say endeavoring, because I am talking to him and writing to you, and do not know how I shall come out. But we will see.

In my last I made some slight mistakes as to points of compass, which I will now correct, and then take up the thread of my discourse. I said that Put-in Bay was on the *east* side of the Island, and that the battle was fought still further *east*. This was wrong—I got turned around. The Bay is on the west side of the Island, and the battle was fought still west of that.

When we passed the Islands it was about sundown, and a more beautiful evening I never saw. It was calm and clear; and as we passed over the battle-ground, we could fancy the contest and its glorious results.

It was the first time I ever saw the sun set in the water; the sight was sublime! I did not wonder at the Pagans, who used to worship it as the author of light and life. The moon soon arose in its brilliant
pale light added to the variety if not to the

maining on the deck until the cold air and a slight twinge reminded me that there was such a thing in this world as the rheumatism, I descended to the earth and went to bed, and awoke the next morning in Detroit.

Detroit, which a few years ago was a frontier port, and since its first settlement has been taken and re-taken by French, English, Americans and Indians, five or six times, is now in the heart of the country — the capital of a flourishing State, and a city of seven or eight thousand inhabitants — many of its inhabitants very rich and living in good style — surpassing in this respect, as well as in many others, the good city of Hudson and its society.

We left Detroit during the night, and — having arrived at it during the night — I saw nothing of the Detroit River, nor, indeed, of the Lake St. Clair, for we had passed it before I awoke. At the mouth of the St. Clair River, just as we entered Lake Huron, we saw Fort Gratiot, beautifully situated on a slight elevation, and commanding the entrance into the lake. The weather was good. It was late in the afternoon as we passed the fort. We had music on board our boat; and as we sailed slowly along, stemming the strong current of the outlet of Lake Huron, the whole scene was truly magical. We soon, however, entered the broad waters of the lake and were out of sight of land.

So far I have given you the bright side of the picture. Let me now describe to you the other view. Our steamboat was slow of speed, and on the high-pressure principle. She had burst her boiler once or twice, and we enjoyed the pleasure of fearing another blow up every moment. Our captain was a rough, dirty devil, and had not a particle of order on board. His crew were all of the same kidney; and when we left Detroit, I suppose there was not one of them, from captain down to cook-boy, who was not as drunk as a swabber. Such an infernal noise as they kept up all night, would be equaled in our country only by a night after an election, or the Fourth of July. Our deck was lumbered up with freight, so that one could scarcely walk about. Our cabin was dark and full of bed-bugs; our victuals mean, dirty, and unfit to eat; and with such a crowd on board that one could hardly turn round; and there was no part of the boat which did not smell worse than *any* part of our premises. The captain paid no sort of attention to his passengers. The hands practiced on the bugle and clarionet in the cabin, and threatened, when we complained, to turn us out! All these abominations I endured for two days and two nights, and no man more rejoiced than I did when we came in sight of this Island. Our boat was called the "Commodore Perry," and had on its broad flag these words, "Don't give up the ship!" But there was not one of us

who was not glad enough to give it up. Plunder among them was fair game. I laid my tobacco-box in my berth, and in a few minutes it was gone, and that was the last of it. My knife dropped out of my pocket — presto, pass — and it was gone. An army officer on board, laid down his gloves and went on deck — that was the last of them. Ladies' pocket-handkerchiefs vanished like a summer's dew; and anything loose about you, except one's bowels and principles, underwent the very common operation of transubstantiation. In one thing we were very fortunate — we had a calm and pleasant time. A storm or a rough sea, and what a scene our boat would have presented! The utter abominations of a negro cellar at Castle Garden would have been no touch to it! But the thing had its end. We arrived at this Island about 5 p. m. The Indian Agent was expecting me, and I took up my quarters at his house; and that night — the first time since I left home — I enjoyed the luxury of a good bed. And I do assure you that I slept long and sound enough to make all up.

The Indian Agent, Mr. Schoolcraft, lives in a house belonging to Government, and in very good style. I am fortunate in getting in there, for the tavern here is no great thing, though very clean and comfortable. Litchfield stays there, and is very well pleased.

The Agent has an Indian wife, or rather a half-breed. She has been well educated, and is ladylike and accomplished. She has the high cheek bones and long dark hair of the Indian race, but her complexion is that of a dark brunette. She has two children. One — the son — is almost an Indian, looking in no wise different from the native boys, except in dress and manners; but the other — the daughter — is fair complexioned and fair haired, as light as Sammy, and would not be suspected of having any Indian blood.

The Agent is very gentlemanly, and truly pious. I have, therefore, as to-day is Sunday, come up to the Fort to write to you. The Commander of the Fort is an old acquaintance of mine, whom I have not seen before in twelve years. He has all the frank, manly bearing of the soldier; and his wife, who has eight children, looks as young and hearty and good-humored as if she had been married only yesterday.

When we arrived here we found many of the Indians already assembled, and others are continually coming in. Some of them come two hundred or three hundred miles, over these lakes, in their canoes; and by the time appointed for the council, we shall have at least three thousand of them, and perhaps four thousand.

This will be a rare sight, even for this country. But there will be no danger. Very few of them are armed; and we shall hold our council

under the guns of the Fort, where the slightest signal will bring its cannon to bear direct upon them.

The Indians are truly a miserable race — poor, destitute and half-starved. They excite my compassion for their condition. The males never work, not even to put up their huts. They hunt, fish, fight, and paddle their canoes, and that is all they will do. Their indolence and their principles both forbid any other manual labor. In this respect there is a remarkable resemblance between them and the privileged classes of Europe. Strange that the two extremes should so meet! But the squaws have to do all the work; and, like the Eastern nations, the natives treat their females very much like slaves.

They learn scarcely anything from the whites, but their vice of intemperance; and in this they will indulge, male and female, young and old, whenever they can. A more drunken set I have never seen.

I wish I could paint to you the scene which surrounds me. If I only had Frank's pencil! The village of Mackinaw contains about eight hundred inhabitants. It is a very old settlement. The houses are principally one story, and the whole appearance reminds me very forcibly of the old pictures you sometimes see of New York and other places at their first settlement. The water of the straits is very deep, and the village is built on the flat grounds around the bay. There is only one dock, and the beach is of a white, clear pebble. Along on this beach the Indians pitch their tents, and have drawn up their bark canoes. Their tents are formed by a parcel of poles, put up loosely at a point, open at the top for the smoke to escape out and the rain to come in. Around these poles they hang a kind of bark matting, which sheds the rain a little and keeps out the wind. They leave an opening for a door, across which the *rich* Indian hangs an old cloth, like our floor cloth, but which the *poorer* savage is obliged to leave open. Into this hut, male and female, young and old huddle and burrow; eat when they have anything to eat, and drink whiskey when they can get it. Outside their tent, with their paddles, they form a triangular arch, upon which they hang their pot.

I have endeavored to sketch one of their tents, with its accompaniments, which I enclose. If the pencil marks remain until it reaches you, it will give you a pretty good idea. The round log lying at the right of the fire, is the mortar in which the squaws pound their corn. The little round thing lying against the tent, is the dish out of which they eat.

I have not been able to take a drawing of any of the natives. They are various in their decorations, but all are very filthy in their appearance: some with their faces painted black and greased; some with alternate streaks of

red and black; some have calico shirts, and some cotton; some with red leggins, and some with blue; and some have one leg red and the other blue. But I will endeavor to procure a complete Indian dress, and take it home with me. That way you will have the best idea of their appearance.

But I must bring this long letter to a close. I have spent the whole forenoon about it; and, as it is now nearly dinner time, I must get back to my quarters, so that the Agent's family need not wait for me.

A boat leaves here to-morrow morning, and will take this letter. If I can, I will write again before it leaves.

I have not yet received any letters from you, and shall not probably until the 5th or 6th of September.

Be not uneasy on my account; I am safe, comfortable and well.

Ever truly yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.

The drum just beats to dinner, and Captain Clitz, who has sat by and talked to me all the time I have been writing, has left for his quarters, and I must go to mine.

Sunday Evening.

I have time and opportunity to complete my letter, which was broken off rather abruptly by the dinner drum; so I will occupy this evening in writing up my observations to this time, as I shall not have much time to write during the coming week; for I find that my duties are much more arduous and laborious than I supposed. I will give you an idea of them.

1st, I am to take the census of the half-breeds, who are about six hundred in number; specifying their names, ages and residences; dividing them into classes; deciding upon their different claims to admission into the list; and in some cases taking testimony upon that subject; and, finally, deciding how \$150,000 shall be divided among them, and, after making out three copies of this census register, to superintend the payment of the money to each one.

2d, To examine the debts owing by the Indians, which amount to some \$300,000, and which already exceed one hundred in number; to look over the books and vouchers, take testimony, and guard against all attempts at fraud upon them; to make out a written report upon each claim, and then superintend the payment of these debts.

Both these papers are to be submitted to the Indians (the whole body, when assembled in council), and let them pass upon them.

3d, To make out an entire census of the Indians, amounting to at least four thousand, and have three pay rolls made out from it; and then to su-

4th, To examine about \$150,000 worth of goods, see whether they correspond with the contract, and whether they have been injured by their voyage, and then superintend their delivery to the Indians.

These are the principal matters, among others of a lesser kind. I shall have to go up Lake Superior about ninety miles, and visit the settlements there; and shall have to sign my name some twelve or fifteen thousand times!

These are pretty arduous duties, and it has been very fortunate that I brought Litchfield along, for I can find no one here in any degree as capable of rendering efficient aid. I shall have a good deal of other aid. If I had not, it would take me six months at least.

So much as to myself. I will now resume my story of my discoveries.

One thing I will premise: we shall have a greater number of Indians together, than has ever assembled together before at this port, or any where in its vicinity; and the sight will be truly interesting, if I can only get time enough to study their manners and customs.

When I saw, in the treaty, so much consideration shown to the half-breeds; and when, on my arrival here, I found that the one-fourth and one-half bloods alone would amount to at least six hundred, I imbibed very unfavorable notions as to the correctness of the Indian women: for I took it for granted that the greater number were illegitimate. I never made a greater mistake. The first white visitants of this country were French. They traded with the Indians, studied their character, conformed to their customs, and indulged their peculiarities, until they acquired very great influence over them, and carried on a very successful business. Many of them, remaining in the country a long time, married squaws, but took great pains generally to educate their children; and very many of the half-breeds are superior in education and refinement to the common class of the whites. And they unite, in a very great degree, not only the looks of the white and the red man, but their propensities, powers and virtues; thus forming a distinct class of the population, but connecting the two races. The half-breed women of education look upon themselves as the very *elite* of the society here. So far from being ashamed of their Indian descent, they view it as a mark of distinction, and, in consequence, look down upon the pure whites. Some of them think it a condescension to visit the family of a captain in our army. Nothing but a little notoriety which has preceded me here, and perhaps some *mannerism*, enables me to pass along comfortably in the upper walks of their society.

The Indian tent which I have drawn for you, is not merely used for this occasion, but is their common residence when in their villages. Some have

log huts; but they are the more successful and enterprising hunters, who alone can afford it.

They display great economy in the use of their property. You may ask why so many poles are used in their tents? They have their reasons. In the first place, it gives the tent (or rather *hut*, for that is the universal name here) greater strength, and enables it to withstand the force of the winds, which might otherwise upset it. In the next place, the poles are laid in the bottom of their canoes, and form a second floor to them. Their canoes are of birch bark, with thin cedar ribs, capable of holding twelve or fourteen people, with their whole furniture. This weight, but for some additional support, would break through the bottom of the canoe.

The opening in the top of the hut is their chimney. The fire is built on the ground in the center of the hut. The family stretch themselves out, with their feet to the fire, which brings the rest of their bodies under the matting covers of the huts, so that nothing but their feet is in fact exposed to the rain through the chimney. Their matting is made by themselves of rushes, and their ropes are braided strands of birch bark, very strong and very neatly done.

The women — especially those with large families — are pretty constantly engaged, pounding corn, cleaning fish and deer skins, mending nets, making clothes and cooking. All this they do with the loose blanket around them. You scarcely ever see them without this eternal blanket, worn in the most inconvenient manner. If a squaw is over the pot boiling her corn, she holds on to the blanket with one hand, and works with the other; and whatever may be their occupation, you will see them, every once in a while, stop their work to hitch up the blanket.

They have a fashion for their dress as much as we have; various in color, though principally blue. Their dress is picturesque and far from unbecoming, except the blanket, which is often very dirty, and never worn so that it does not disfigure.

There are grades of riches, rank and wealth among them. This afternoon we had an Indian sermon preached to them. Very few men, but quite a number of women, were present. One was evidently quite a belle. She was decorated off in great style. She had a neckerchief of blue broadcloth, filled with silver rings of different sizes, arranged in scollops. Around her neck was a collar of silver broaches, each as large round as a tea-cup, hanging down to her waist, and numberless strings of parti-colored beads enough to make a hundred such.

and she was, I suppose, the beau ideal of an Indian beauty. But her hair was long and matted, as if a comb had never entered it; her face dirty and greasy, as if water and it were on terms of mortal defiance; and her very agreeable occupation was to scratch her head, pick her nose, gape and *wallop* about.

This now is a faithful description of the best looking squaw I have seen. Others are as much below her as poverty, dirt and age can make them.

The same variety exists among the males in point of dress and ornament. Some of them show more mind and intelligence than I have yet seen among the squaws. But they are an idle, listless set. They swarm around the Agency House, lay under the trees, fill our office, set on the floor or anywhere, and — do nothing!

They call me "Father," and talk Indian to me. I have my interpreter constantly with me, and get along pretty well. Their principal topic of conversation, however, is a demand for bread and tobacco. Dig they will not, and to beg they are *not* ashamed. However, they have some claim in this instance to the bread and tobacco, for we are to support them while here. Many of them, knowing this, have come in early and will continue late, for all that is clear gain.

They exhibit the most *gumption* in their canoes. They are very light and roomy, will ride like an egg-shell in the severest storms, and can go very swift. You can't sink them, and with sails, oars and paddles they can go at the rate of twelve miles an hour. We have one at the Government House with six oars. With that we shall visit Lake Superior, and shall travel in it at least sixty miles a day in good weather. In bad weather we shall lay to, or sail close to the shore, so that there is no danger.

You will say that this is a good long letter. Nearly five sheets full will do for once. But as I know that many of these things are new to you, I have described them.

After reading it in the family you may show it to Ruth and Cornele, and indeed to any one else that has the curiosity to read it.

God bless you all till I see you.

As ever yours,

J. W. EDMONDS.



If you can live independent, never give up your liberty and your leisure, much less your conscience, to a great man: he has nothing to give in return for them. If you can but be contented in moderate circumstances, you may be happy, and keep your inestimable liberty and integrity into the bargain.

MRS. S.—The Spirit near us says this Island has never been discovered by civilized man.

L.—I know who that Spirit is. It is the same that took us to that buried city. But see how unlike our land is this. The grass is wiry coarse, high and stiff.

MRS. S.—Very. It's coarse and high in places, and part is barren. What strange looking trees! They have very long, wide leaves.

L.—I should think they were half an inch thick. They are dark and smooth on the outer surface and spongy underneath, with veins as large as ours.

MRS. S.—Do you notice the trunk of the tree? It's very different from what we see. It is so soft and spongy you can stick your nails into it.

L.—Feels like gutta percha, elastic and spongy.

MRS. S.—Why, they have no houses here!

L.—No, I shouldn't think they had from the looks of that man. How can we reach their habitations? Let us go and see, will you?

MRS. S.—Well. The only habitation I can see is in their trees, where they have curious places fixed. I see too they have holes dug in the ground, with a sort of roof formed of sticks running up to a point. They are used to keep their food in to preserve it. They don't cook their food. They gather nuts and fruits peculiar to the Island. They catch some animals, skin them, and eat them raw. Sometimes they catch fish, and they have a peculiar way of doing it. They go to a shelving part of the beach and dig holes in the sand, and fix twigs over them, so that when the fish get in they cannot readily get out.

L.—Now I see a female. I must describe her. She has a short, round, broad face; a copper-colored complexion, through which the blood shows very clearly, and unlike other savages. Her eyes are as round as a three-cent piece, and about as big — a staring, black eye; with long, fine-looking hair, which in one light looks black, and in another red. It's very coarse and will not lie smooth.

MRS. S.—It's very coarse. But see! she is ornamented with sea-shells. So she has shells in her ears, and a string of them around her neck. She has no covering but these ornaments on the upper part of her body. What would you call that skirt of a pale yellow color?

L.—It looks like the bark of a tree, partly transparent, but tough-looking and fawn-colored.

MRS. S.—It's fastened around the waist with what looks like coarse rib-

gether, not with stitches, but with holes made in the edges and grass run through. It has a rude fringe at the bottom, as if the ends were left jagged on purpose and tied in knots. Do you see her shoes?

Mrs. S.—Yes. They are the queerest I ever saw. They are made of pieces of bark cut in the shape and size of the foot, and then a piece of the same material is put on the top of the foot and fastened the same way the skirt is, and then strings of another colored bark are wound across and around the leg by way of ornament.

L.—I notice she is well formed. Her hair is not long, but like the mane of a horse, shaggy, coarse and uneven. But look at that child! It is fastened to one of those shining green leaves of the tree, so that when the wind blows it swings. A patent cradle, indeed! The mother to amuse the child has tied to a leaf above it some sticks, shells and pebbles, so that when the child clutches at it, it sets it to swinging and keeps it in motion.

Mrs. S.—It is an ugly-looking child, and has no covering but the leaves as they lay over it. Its hair stands out on its head, high and stiff, like a hair-brush.

L.—Come away now, and let's look at something else.

Mrs. S.—I was looking at that stream of water.

L.—See how clear it is, and pure, and the various kind of fish in it. They look like the finest silver — white, not glittering.

Mrs. S.—What are those shaggy things at the bottom?

L.—Pebbles, I think. They look like it.

Mrs. S.—No, they are not; they move.

L.—I'll put my hand down and get one. Why! the water was so clear it seemed only a foot deep, and yet I can't touch the bottom.

Mrs. S.—I know what they are. They are about as large as an oyster, but shaped different.

L.—Yes, shaped like the tarantula.

Mrs. S.—How beautiful they looked while in the water, and yet how coarse when out of it.

L.—The water has peculiar properties which cause that sparkling appearance of the fish when in it.

Mrs. S.—Yes, the natives bathe in it when sick.

L.—What a peculiar odor it has!

Mrs. S.—The natives have a name for the brook, which in our language signifies "Water of Life." The odor from it has a stupifying effect, I should like to know what the Spirits have brought us here for!

L.—Sometime hence this Island will be discovered, and these records being brought to light will be a great test of Spirit-power.

MRS. S.—I was looking at the rocks. They look as if they were composed of sea-shells. They are solid, yet when you break off a piece they are of various colors. No trees near them. They look like whitish sand.

L.—I would like to live in that country. It is beautiful in every respect; but the inhabitants just the contrary.

MRS. S.—I see little stunted trees and coarse grass growing in tufts here and there; but as we penetrate into the interior, the verdure is more beautiful, and the trees are larger and different.

L.—You hear how the Spirit accounts for the center of the Island's being more verdant than its edges? It is about forty miles in circumference. In times past the water washed over it and produced cavities in the center, where the water rested for a time and formed a lake, which gradually disappeared and vegetation sprang up, and it is more fertile because the soil is deeper and richer. It is a splendid place. Do you notice that the soil there is black and sticky, while its outer edges are a red sand, unlike anything we have — more like crumbs of free-stone, and of the color of wafers.

MRS. S.—The Spirit says this Island has been much larger, but parts of it have been washed away, and it is not near any other known Island.

L.—How in the world did inhabitants ever get there?

MRS. S.—I suppose the Spirit can tell.

L.—Well, I wish he would. They have no means of going off on the water. Won't he explain it?

MRS. S.—Yes. There were at one time many smaller islands near this, and a communication between them all. But they have gradually disappeared one after another, until this has been left in an isolated condition. The inhabitants are not numerous, and before they become entirely extinct it will be discovered by Americans, and found to contain some precious ores, gums and wood, which will prove of great value to the commercial interests of this nation.

L.—The people have a tradition. They feel and know that they are alone; and their tradition is that some monster man, whom they worship, once had a large country. He was terrible in his anger, fierce in his love, tyrannical in his acts, yet mighty. In his love of power he often caused
of nature, and once he stretched forth his hand and
inhabitants on it and hurled it

the echo of his voice. When it tosses wildly against the rocks, 'tis in the bitterness of his anger that new tears are caused to flow, and thus lash against a portion of his creation.

Mrs. S.—The Spirit tells me these people have degenerated since they were cut off from intercourse with the rest of mankind.

L.—Can you tell their dispositions?

Mrs. S.—Yes; they are mild and inoffensive.

L.—And timid?

Mrs. S.—Very. They worship the ocean, the sun and moon; and always carry about their persons a nut-shell filled with water from the sea, which they suppose is a preventive from all danger. When they are conscious of having committed a wrong, they dare not return to fill their nut-shell with water until they have made their peace with the sun and moon.

L.—What do they consider wrong?

Mrs. S.—To take the life of any fish or bird or animal, without first anointing it with a gum which is found in some of their trees; and they must perform certain ceremonies over all their food before they partake of it, and that in the presence of a certain number of the people.

The passion and angry feelings which they are sometimes controlled by, are all a gift of the deity whom they worship. He having displayed all these attributes in his dealings with them, they do not consider them sinful; but each one retires after having given way to these wrathful feelings, and does not again meet with his people until they have all subsided; and then he comes forth from his retreat calm and composed, smiling and kind as the ocean after a tempest has swept over its bosom.

L.—Their amusements consist of dancing in a fantastic manner, principally on one foot, twisting the body into various positions. Their musical instruments are very singular. There is a tree whose branches form hollow tubes. With these they make large whistles, on which they make a discordant noise.

Now we are returning — passing over a city; — and now a monstrous steamship — now a church-steeple — now it's foggy, and now it is night. It was daylight where we were. I see the telegraph wires, and around them a stream of light is winding spirally. Around the glasses the light flickers.

Mrs. S.—And now we are home again, and I am glad of it.

November 13, 1854.

The Circle met. Present Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, Mr. Warren and Laura, and I of the Circle, and also, as visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Allen, and Alvin Adams, of Boston.

Mrs. S. and Laura were soon influenced and this was the dialogue between them.

After a few words between them, which told us they were again going to the "Undiscovered Island,"

LAURA said, Do you see the Spirit that leads me away?

MRS. SWEET.—No; but I feel his presence.

L.—O! We are going high — heavenward.

MRS. S.—Across the sea.

L.—I see ships at a distance, like little specks. There is not a bit of land to be seen.

MRS. S.—Nothing but sky and water.

L.—It must be the ocean, true enough. Now where are we? I see flocks of birds where we are, and going in the same direction. Great numbers of them, and they seem very large. They are below us.

MRS. S.—Yes; but the Spirit is above us. Do you see that small speck in the distance?

L.—Yes, I see.

MRS. S.—It looks no bigger than my hand.

L.—But now we approach it, and it looks larger.

MRS. S.—It is a good deal larger. It is where we were before.

L.—But we have come to it in a different direction.

MRS. S.—Yes; I see the Island looks different.

L.—We did not stop by the way to look at the other side of the Island.

MRS. S.—Why didn't we feel as chilly as we did before?

L.—Because we have come a different way.

MRS. S.—Yes; and we must have been up higher.

L.—And we haven't been affected by the sea breeze; therefore there was no chillness.

MRS. S.—Now we are descending. This looks very unlike the other side of the Island when we last visited it.

L.—But the general appearance of vegetation is the same — the scale of progression the same.

MRS. S.—But I don't see any human beings; do you?

L.—No.

MRS. S.—But I hear strange noises among the trees. I don't know whether of animals or birds. Let us see.

L.—I see a tree whose base is of the same size as where the branches begin. It is even all the way up from seven to ten feet. Then the leaves begin to grow straight out in a regular line around the trunk. Then, at about a foot distance, another line of them; and so on to the top. The first row was of leaves five or six feet long, the next row four, and so on,

forming a beautiful tree, of cone-like shape. The leaves are long and shining, and droop in a regular manner. It's a beautiful tree, so perfect in shape. One would suppose its drooping leaves would give it a confused look, but it is very regular, and the leaves hang like pendants. Do you see what is on the tree?

Mrs. S.—Well, I should call it fruit. It is shaped like an apple, but larger. Its outside covering feels tough and hard, and it is of a very dark green color. It is as large as a muskmelon. I can't make any impression upon it with my fingers.

L.—The natives use it—for what?

Mrs. S.—They use the inside for food, and the peel or covering as a medicine or plaster for wounds and bruises. Do you notice how white it is inside—soft and juicy? The seeds are very large and yellowish.

L.—They use the seeds for something—what is it?

Mrs. S.—As a seasoning, as we use pepper and salt.

L.—Yes; the seed is hard, and when dried they pound it to a powder and make a kind of meal, which they mix with their food. It is very pungent. The fruit is of a delicious flavor, and is a cathartic. Now let us leave that. What is that ahead of us? Look to the right.

Mrs. S.—O! I see something. It looks like a rock, but it is moving. It must be a monster of some kind. O! don't go near it!

L.—Never fear, it can't hurt a Spirit. Its outer surface is very rough. It's an awful looking animal!

Mrs. S.—What short legs it has! Not more than six inches long.

L.—Its skin is a dark gray. Its tail is like a feather brush. Its legs lie flat on the ground. There seems to be a suction about them, and it makes a noise when it raises them up. The sole of the foot is hollow, and the toes stick out like ours.

Mrs. S.—He can't run. He has nails on his toes.

L.—Which are long and very thick, and of different colors. He sheds them once a year. When they first come they are streaked with a lighter color, and grow darker.

Mrs. S.—But see what a monstrous great body it has got, and so misshapen!

L.—It looks more like a moving mass of rock. It has no symmetry—no form hardly.

Mrs. S.—Well, he is not covered with hair.

L.—No; but how thick his skin is—hard and rough. It looks like coarse tripe.

Mrs. S.—And as if cracked in places.

L.—It is of such a primitive creation. But its head—

Mrs. S.—Its neck is short and very thick.

L.—Its head, seen from behind, is shaped like the three-cornered cat's head children make.

Mrs. S.—I see rings around its neck—of his skin, I should think; and by counting them his age can be ascertained. His mouth looks more like a crocodile's than anything I can think of.

L.—Notice his eyes and ears.

Mrs. S.—His eyes are very large and almost white. He has long sharp teeth, far apart, and I see two large black holes above his mouth through which he breathes.

L.—His eye is a fierce, stupid, senseless eye.

Mrs. S.—Then the upper part of his head is quite flat, and I see a pair of thick black short horns, near his ears.

L.—His ears are shaped like oyster shells, and lie close to his head.

Mrs. S.—What does he live on?

L.—He goes to the water's edge and gathers shell-fish, and seizes various animals that come to the bank to drink. The inhabitants do not fear him.

Mrs. S.—He makes a horrible noise—a growling, guttural sound.

L.—Sometimes he feeds on the coarse vegetation which grows on the rocks.

Mrs. S.—And eats every unclean animal which may fall an easy prey to his voracity. Serpents are sometimes his fare.

L.—His movements are very slow, and he lives long.

Mrs. S.—And part of the time he lives in the water in shallow places. He seems to be peculiar to neither land nor water, but at home in either.

[Their description seeming to end here, I asked how long it would probably be before that Island would be discovered? It was answered, There are hopes that within two years it will be heard of.]

Mrs. S.—But I don't see many people here.

L.—No, there are not many inhabitants.

Mrs. S.—Will any of them live to be discovered?

L.—There will be a few left when the Island shall be penetrated by civilized man. But I doubt if the animals die before that. There are enough of them, and they are large enough too. The atmosphere is damp and unhealthy, and therefore the human race will become extinct.

Mrs. S.—When the Island is discovered it will be prized principally because of its mineral and vegetable productions, and there will be discovered there many curious remains of animals peculiar to that climate and part of

the world, but which are unknown in this your country at the present period.

L.—Now does it not seem as if it was daylight?

Mrs. S.—Yes, dimly, and as if there was a thick chilling mist. It is very unhealthy here, and very unfavorable to the physical development of the human race. The atmosphere has lost its healthful, life-giving sustenance by the great revulsions and changes of nature and the operations of the ocean. The Island used to be higher above the sea than it is now.

L.—I notice that when the breeze blows across the Island there is a singular odor, which I should judge was of decayed vegetable matter.

Mrs. S.—There does not seem to be anything more for us to look at now. Let us go.

But I said that before they left I wanted to inquire if we might not know something of the latitude and longitude of the place?

It was answered with much difficulty, "Latitude 6 by 10, collateral with the equator. Longitudinal position, parallel with Borneo."

I asked for a more definite answer, but was told that the information is not to be given to us now.

We were told that it was the spirit of Capt. Cook who was manifesting on these occasions—that his life here was devoted to discoveries, and he had died too soon in his own estimation, and as a matter of course in his new life he had pursued his researches in a clearer and better manner, but unfortunately had not succeeded in impressing mankind with his discoveries so that they could carry them out; that it was for a wise purpose that he had been permitted thus to labor, that these unknown parts might be brought under the influence of that progression which was now going on elsewhere on the earth, and to benefit the rising generations, who would be induced to make more valuable and philosophical discoveries, and thus aid their further progress by elevating their souls and refining their material surroundings.

The mediums then seemed to be about starting on their homeward progress, and we asked them to note their journey, as thus we might gather some idea of the locality.

L. spoke.—Do you see the sun? It seems to be just rising [it was between 9 and 10 P. M. with us], and shines dimly through a hazy atmosphere. Now we are leaving it behind us and plunging into darkness. How singular! We are passing over a city all lighted up, and the atmosphere over it shines with a red glare.

Mrs. S.—Yes, it is a large city, with many people. Their dress is differ-

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ent from ours. They wear turbans, and their garments are skirts of gaudy colors.

L.—Now it is pitch dark again, and cold ; and look ! there is a light-house. It is difficult for us to see material lights, but more easy to see their reflection in the atmosphere.

THE DUTY OF LABOR.

Dost thou shrink from labor's duty ?
 It would give—couldst thou but bow—
 To thy soul, undying beauty—
 Light immortal to thy brow.
 Dost thou lack the strong endeavor,
 That would weave around thy name
 Bays that should be green forever—
 Bays bestowed by mighty Fame ?

Labor is of God—'tis holy—
 'Tis for all of human kind ;
 Only culture 'tis can fully
 Show the beauties of the mind :
 Banishing the soul's dejection,
 It unfolds to life and light
 All the beauty of affection—
 All the spirit's mystic might.

Shrink not, then, from a beginning,
 Irksome though the toil may be ;
 All in life that's worth the winning
 Will through labor come to thee.
 Pause not with the task before thee—
 Lo ! an angel form of light
 Holds above thee, floating o'er thee,
 Deathless bays to lure thy sight.

When thou 'rt in the temple's portal,
 Crowned and honored, with a name
 By thy labor made immortal,
 And achieved thy noblest aim
 To this hour thy memory turning,
 Thou wilt say, it was not hard,
 All this glorious guerdon earning,
 And I have my great reward.

THE MISSION OF THE SPIRITS.

[The following communication, which purported to come from the spirit of Washington, was spoken through me lately at a Circle held at my house. My own development as a medium has now assumed such a shape, and I have so closely studied the manifestations, that I can readily tell when I am speaking my own thoughts, and when I am uttering those of the intelligence which is dealing with me. I therefore know that nothing contained in this paper is my own, but that in uttering it I was the passive instrument of others. I therefore give it as I received it. J. W. E.]

THEY much mistake the great purposes which the spirits have in view in opening this intercourse with man, who suppose it consists mainly in conceding the manifestations, or in believing in the reality of intercourse with the departed; and although *you* may be aware that the power to commune has ever been with man, and that actual communion has, in times past, been manifest, yet a moment's reflection must satisfy the intelligent mind that there is something more designed by the great movement now going on than merely to produce the conviction of its existence.

Ye, who stop on the wayside, paltering on the question whether it is so, expending all your energies in proving that fact to yourselves and to others, although ye do good, yet ye are halting in the great race that is before you, and are trammeling your own upward progress. Ye, who pause at the foundation, and ever float around that; ye, who stop at the rudiments, and are content to know them alone, are like the child in the infant school, who aims at nothing more than to learn his A, B, C. Ye forget that the learning of your letters is but acquiring a knowledge of the instruments through the aid of which you are to obtain knowledge, that that is not the end of education, but only the beginning of it; and however praiseworthy it may be for you to continue in your infant school and instruct the ignorant and benighted around you, a moment's reflection would satisfy you that after you *have* acquired the rudiments of knowledge yourselves, ye are fitted for something more than merely teaching them to others. Ye need not pause in the race because others are behind you; while you are teaching, others below you may be learning from those above. It would be idle for the school-boy to pause in the course of his education and say he had finished it because he had learned his letters. There would be no pro-

gress in that ; it would be only one step in the ascent ; and man's work is never finished ; his existence consists in an endless ascent, in constant progress, in mounting from one round of the ladder to the next above ; and he not only does injustice to himself, but he falsifies the law of his nature who pauses on the lower round and thinks but lightly of those that are above him. He falsifies his nature, because he throws around himself a veil of darkness that conceals from his vision the steps above him, and which he yet must mount, first or last, here or hereafter. Upward and onward is man's destiny. The brutes may remain stationary ; inanimate nature may pause in its progress, but man cannot. It is the law of God that he should not. It is the law of his existence that he go on ; and his condition is lamentable who thinks he is at the end of his race, and has finished his course.

Why are these remarks made ? For the reason, my friends, that you may know and proclaim to the world, that ye must not pause, ye must not falter, ye must not lag by the wayside. It is that ye may know what is the great purpose that is in view in the movement that is now going on around you ; that you may proclaim to those less favored than you are what that movement is, and what are the great objects that are in view, contemplated and being carried out by the intelligence that is guiding and directing the movement.

How difficult it is, with the language known to this instrument through whom I am speaking my thoughts, to convey to you the idea uppermost in my mind ; and yet it is one ye must in time know, that ye must comprehend, and that ye must proclaim. It is this : Spirit-intercourse is bestowed upon man, to be used with the freedom and facility which you are now beholding, for a great and mighty purpose. It is to revolutionize the whole earth, to lift man, wherever found, one step upward in his progress. No matter whether you find him standing upon the summit of knowledge, or groveling in the very depths of ignorance and barbarity ; whether you find him enjoying such freedom as the world has never known, or groaning beneath the slave-master's whip, bound soul and body in a crushing bondage ; whether enlightened by education, or suffering from the want of it ; whether steeped in infidelity, or groveling in the infatuation of superstition ; whether crawling upon the earth, or a mere step beyond the beasts of the field, or soaring aloft in the mind's eye amid the regions of far distant space ; whether content to linger out a mere animal existence upon this material ball, or reveling in fancy amid the bright creations of the vast universe ; whether standing erect in the presence of the great First Cause, free, enlightened, majestic in his own individuality, or debased to a

near vicinity, to the level from which man was first developed ; whatever man's condition, whatever the condition of the tribes or nations into which mankind are divided on the face of the earth, everywhere, from the frozen North to the burning Equator, from the deserts to the forests, amid your marble palaces, on the lonely islands of the ocean ; wherever man is found, whatever his depression or elevation,—the object of this great movement is to lift him one step from that condition in which he may be found. And that work is being accomplished before you, visibly and outwardly, day by day. This thought has already been given to some of you, but it cannot be too often repeated ; and in this connection its repetition is valuable, because it is evidence to us, as it will be to you, of the truth of what we have been proclaiming.

This advancement of mankind is going on ; it is a part of the great work that Spiritualism is performing on the face of this earth. In this country, where there is great intellectual advancement, where there is great physical freedom, where the mind is not only free but is cultivated, the movement shows itself in your moral advancement, and here the spirit-teaching aims at its higher object—man's moral elevation. It is so, because here, by a long course of training, men are prepared to receive this higher order of teaching. And here it comes, like angels' whispers, on the wings of peace, bearing blessing, happiness, quiet and repose ; smoothing the asperities of life, calming the acerbities of temper, cutting off the sharp angles of selfishness, and bringing men into a brotherhood—a brotherhood of hope with each other—a brotherhood with bright intelligences above—a brotherhood with those who tenant the mansions in the skies. The heart is full, the soul is satisfied, because the appeal is to man's higher nature, and it finds within the heart the Spirit of God ready to answer the call of him who sent it. It is, therefore, calmly, peaceably performing its work here of achieving man's moral elevation. And behold in the dim future the result !

Ye have now education ; ye have secured it by ten thousand appliances which are woven into your institutions ; ye are free ; no man can say to you go there or come here. Take, then, the next step : let this freedom and this intellect be united with the moral development at which the spirits are now aiming : sweep from your moral atmosphere the dark hall of infidelity.

that the work which I began in the last century will be completed in this ; and I shall be content to pass to my own home in the far distant realms of bliss and repose.

Such is the work in this country. In Europe how different ! There is intellectual cultivation and mental elevation in the result of centuries of development. Yet there is no freedom there. There is not merely physical bondage, binding down to earth vast hordes of immortal men ; but there is a bondage that binds in actual subjection the masters of these hordes. Even the autocrat of the Russias, absolute as he is in appearance in the power belonging to his position, is yet, in his moral condition, as very a slave as any of the serfs of his vast dominions. The nobility of his nation, who may hang and draw and quarter their serfs, are themselves subject to a bondage peculiar to themselves. And this is true of all intellectual and "progressed" Europe. Even in England, where there is less of the physical bondage of absolute power, there is, among the upper classes, a more enduring and galling bondage in the conventionalisms of their society—a bondage confining them to an eternal round, from which they know of no escape. And, passing among her people, from the monarch in the splendor of her throne, to the miner in the secluded misery of his darkened abode, in every intermediate grade of society, this bondage, we see, exists. And so long as it shall exist, so long will man's progress there be impeded or arrested. Freedom, then, an element which you enjoy in such a large degree, and which gives to you as a consequence the higher teaching of spirit-intercourse, is wanting with them, and is yet to be achieved to prepare the way for this second coming of the Spirit of God. Observe, therefore, that while here there is peace and quiet, there prevail convulsion and war and bloodshed, because through these alone can they their freedom achieve. Out of these convulsions the people of Europe are to rise emancipated and free ; and until that emancipation shall be achieved, deceive not yourselves with the thought that there will be peace. The word has gone forth from the source of all power ; it has been heard throughout the vast space through which your earth has speeded on its course, and the hearts of men throughout the continent of Europe are now reëchoing the sound. It is man's emancipation which is in view in these convulsions ; it is his emancipation that is to follow from these convulsions ; and not until his emancipation shall be worked out will the struggle cease ; not until the mighty men of earth, who hold the power out of which grows this bondage, shall be so exhausted in the struggle as to be unable to resist the upheaving of the mighty masses, will it terminate. That exhaustion will come. It is to be through the mighty mental volcano that is now

working amongst them. The fire that is burning in the depths of the European heart will throw its lava forth, leveling the high places, and filling up the low; and ultimately producing a soil fitting for free and immortal man to roam upon. It is, therefore, there that the work of man's elevation assumes a physical shape rather than a higher and a more moral one; because the first step for the people of Europe to take is to achieve their freedom from the bondage which now so enslaves the mind.

There are other people in other parts of the world who have neither your freedom nor the European cultivation of intellect, but who yet have a higher condition of individual freedom than is known in some of the civilized parts of the earth. There are the savages of your own forests, of the deserts of Africa, of the steppes of Asia, of the islands of the ocean, and with them it is a mental progress they are making. Their minds are to be elevated so that they can comprehend the work that is going on, and which has been going on among them. If ye will look abroad, ye will see the foot-marks of its progress. See how your own Indians have advanced in mental power since the first discovery of this continent. See how the natives of the southern part of this country, and the Africans have, by contact with your people, been elevated. By intercourse, their mental force has been surprisingly increased. See in Africa, on the gold coast are your white settlements; and at the Cape, on the eastern coast, along the Nile, and along the northern coast, the whole continent has been hedged in by the advance of civilization, and by its contact the mental power of the natives has advanced. So in Asia; the English and the Dutch, by their commercial intercourse, have thrust civilization and refinement in a thousand streams—into the midst of her absolutism. Here, also, civilization has come in contact with barbarity and ignorance, and has elevated them. Commercial enterprise has sent civilization, not merely to your northern and southern seas, amid the frozen regions of the poles, but into all the islands of the ocean. Thus adventurous man carries with him civilization, spreading by contact. Take, as an instance, the Sandwich Islands, and compare the present mental condition of their inhabitants with what it was when first discovered. Take the Hottentot, the Laplander, the Patagonian, the savage of Australia, and you see everywhere, man, found in a state of rude ignorance, has improved by contact with civilization in his mental power. In that form is this revolution manifesting itself with that part of the world. This is in obedience to the great decree which has spoken into existence man's advancement. The work of revolution is going on; this mental advancement of the savage is to be effected through the instrumentality of his freedom. Freedom and intellect are to march together to

effect man's moral elevation. The mighty stream is pouring out upon the earth; it is fed by countless rills passing to earth from the regions of the blessed, and is becoming a mighty ocean—another *flood*, beneath whose deluge the “old man of the earth” is to be engulfed; and from the ark that will float upon its waters, the dove shall yet once again wing its flight, find the olive-branch, and bear it to the footstool of the great Jehovah, as a fit emblem of the manner in which His ministering spirits have executed His mighty work. The waters shall subside, the deluge shall pass away, the earth shall blossom with renewed vigor and with renewed beauty, and it will be peopled by immortal souls fitted here for a more rapid and a more glorious progress hereafter.

Such is the mighty work in which ages are engaged—in which ye as well as we are toiling as chosen instruments of His will! When, amid your toils, ye meet with discouragements and adversity, and suffer from the perversions of those around you, cast your eyes abroad upon the mighty work in which you are employed, and think what your joy will be when you come with us, and standing on Pisgah's height, you can with us behold the promised land all around you. Yet not behold alone, but enter also and enjoy its lovely abodes. Let this cheer you and bear you above the trials and temptations which are ever around you. Let it bring home to each heart the conviction that is so deeply planted in our own, that it is His will, and that it must be executed. From Him the command has gone forth, and it will be obeyed, and ye who may be faithful in the performance of your allotted parts in the great work will yet receive your reward in the incense which, ascending from thousands of the redeemed, will bear ye up to the footstool of your heavenly Father.

In public places be cautious of your behavior; you know not who may have an eye upon you, and afterwards expose your levity or affectation where you would least wish it. Nothing can be imagined more nauseous than the public behavior of many people, who make mighty pretensions to the elegancies of life. To go to church, to a tragedy, or an oratorio, only to disturb all who are within reach of your impertinence, shows a want not only of common modesty and civility, but of common sense. If you do not come to improve or to enjoy the entertainment, you can have no rational scheme in view. If you want to play off your fooleries, you have only to go to a rout, where you are sure nothing of sense or reasonable entertainment will have any place, and where, consequently, you can spoil nothing.

THE MIRACLE CIRCLE.

THERE is in this city a circle thus denominated, at which the manifestations have been of an extraordinary character, so much so, indeed, as to awaken the incredulity of even old believers in spiritual intercourse. In due time, doubtless, their experience will be given to the world. Meanwhile I allude to it, merely to speak of the source whence came the following piece. I was present when it was given, in company with my friend, Governor TALLMADGE, and one of the Judges of the Supreme Court of a Western State. A spirit, purporting to be Hood, came, and was welcomed very cordially by me, because I had always been fond of his writings. I had a brief conversation with him, and asked him to give me something in his own peculiar vein. He said he would try. In the course of the evening this piece came; and all who are familiar with his works must acknowledge that it is wonderfully like him.

J. W. E.

LINES,

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE PARTIES ASSSEMBLED AT THIS MIRACLE CIRCLE.

BY THOMAS HOOD.

My friends, I greet you one and all,
And trust I'm understood,
For you've been pleased this night to call
Upon one Thomas Hood.
Now do not wink, and cry "'tis good!"
For I your winks can see;
In vain you trifle with Tom Hood—
You can not *Hood-wink* me.

And do not think I'd meanly creep
To join your Circle here;
I trust you'll hold me not so cheap,
Or it may cost you dear.

~~I come post haste—let that suffice—~~

To say this Circle is complete,
 Assuredly is wrong ;
 For any one with eye can see't—
 This Circle is oblong.
 Your table-tapping is mere fun—
 It's nothing—that seems clear ;
 The only tapping medium's one
 Who taps good table beer.

Your table turning I'd commend,
 Yet think, if I did so,
 I might turn table on a friend
 As well as on a foe.
 And as for raps, I feel quite sure
 They are mere *rhapsody* ;
 The only rap I could endure,
 Was Lundyfoot's *rappee*.

I'm glad to see Judge Edmonds here,
 And, if I'm not mistaken,
 He's abjured *Hog*, and *Lamb*, and *Stear*,
 To take t' a *side of Bacon*.
 To praise the Judge's latest book,
 My friends, would be unfair ;
 For, sure it is no *dextrous* work,
 Though a *Dexter's* hand is there.

Folks look to unknown sources,
 With a relish and delight,
 For such spiritual discourses
 As you're favored with to-night.
 I have no relish, I confess,
 For sources of this kind—
 A *source* from shrimps would rather press
 More welcome to my mind.

And as for soups, and rich ragouts,
 I have no taste at all ;
 If ever I loved soup, it was
 The *super-nat-ural* !
 But I must bid you now farewell—
 Yet when I'm in the mood,
 Be sure that you'll receive a call
 From yours,

Dabit Scripsit.

Adieu,

TOM HOOD.

The above is a faithful copy of the lines delivered at the Circle, on the 18th
 February, 1855.

T. H. HADAWAY.

Sec. to the Miracle Circle.

THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SOUL.

November 27, 1852.

This evening at my house were present Mr. and Mrs. Sweet, Dr. Schoonmaker and wife, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Combes, Mrs. Dexter and Dr. Dexter, a part of the evening.

Through Mr. Finney as medium, it was said :

Our subject is the development of the soul, or more strictly speaking, of the soul's faculties, internal and spiritual, or as you may say, the spiritual brain.

Of course it will be perfectly analogous to the development of the physical brain ; or rather the physical brain and its development is only an external index or shadow of the spirit-brain and its development.

This is a mighty subject, though one which is clearly perceivable to the spirits who are communicating.

Our first proposition is this—That the external brain is unfolded by the action and unfolding of the spirit-brain. We speak this in the natural sense. We do not mean to have you understand that the external brain can not be misdirected and unduly excited by external influences, and thereby hinder the natural unfolding of the soul's powers ; for a misunderstanding here would be fatal to the philosophy of the progressive development of the mind ; but we would have you understand that when the soul is left to unfold itself in accordance with the natural laws which govern it, its development to the outer world through the external brain is natural, just and righteous ; and upon this natural idea we start. We are aware that it is contrary to the creeds of ages, but 'twill endure.

We will speak briefly of external human development. From the infancy of the race man has arisen, gradually progressing upward from the lower part of his nature toward the fullness of the development of the higher part. You ask, What is his lower nature ? We answer, That which allies him to the next lower order of beings, the animal. His animal faculties, then, in his infancy (of the race we mean), were the controlling powers of his external movements. We will give you an illustration.

'Tis a principle manifested in every living form, that the lowest of that form is first developed, and the highest the last. Thus in a stalk of wheat, first comes the blade, that which is nearest the earth, next the stalk, next

You are now catching the first rays which emanate from the faculties which, united, constitute that wisdom-principle or power. You see that in the illustration by the stalk of wheat, that as the highest becomes perfected the lowest decays. When the highest is fully unfolded, the grain—the form through which it was unfolded—begins to separate, and its elements are scattered. So it is with man. As the vitality in his system is attracted more and more up into the brain from the extremities or lower portions, that physical system becomes less huge and monstrous and angular in its appearance and movements.

Refer again to the child. The germs of all its future powers were born with it; but there was vitality, sensation to be unfolded in the head—the flower, the internal elements yet to be concentrated into the faculties of the brain.

This principle finds its illustration in the fact that the consciousness of a certain class of animals is diffused throughout the whole system. But as a higher form of animals came forth, a brain began to be developed; and as this principle of progression kept on unfolding higher and higher, there was a corresponding increase of brain in the higher order of animals. Thus in the serpent, his consciousness is diffused throughout and not in his head. Chop him in two, and his tail will quiver for hours, showing the existence of a fluid or principle termed conscious life, as diffused throughout the whole form. In a higher order of animals with a larger brain, it is otherwise. Chop off the limb of a dog, and it will quiver only a few seconds, not hours.

Thus man, the highest form, has the largest and most concentrated brain; but the same principle is manifested in man himself. When he began to exist, having in him the germ of an individualized, immortal, spiritual nature, all the faculties of that spiritual nature were in that germ state; they were yet to draw from the system vitality to unfold themselves. The lowest part of man's head was very much developed; the base of his brain, large, full and strong, was the seat of his animal faculties. Hence he had a huge spinal, a large physical form; and this principle of consciousness, or this substance in which consciousness exists, was diffused through the body, more or less concentrated in the brain. But this principle of progression which unfolded the head of wheat on the stalk, then the germs of those grains, by drawing up the vitality which lived in the stalk, also unfolded more and more the brain itself, and the ascension or attraction of this vitality passed through first the lowest faculties in their order, the lowest first, and so on to a higher still, something farther forward in the brain and more developed, until these vitalities or substances in which consciousness resides

have been drawn up more and more into the higher faculties of the nature, until they have unfolded the frontal or superior portions of man's external brain. Hence, at first the head was larger in its back portions; but the principle of purification, of attenuation and elevation, would not suffer man to continue on the same plane of development. He had lying in the frontal and superior portions the germs of nobler powers, which must be unfolded by the vitality of the system to be attracted—drawn up through the base into those germs, and to unfold them as the flowers of the mind.

Hence, in his early history, man was essentially animal. He lived as an animal; he ate as such. True, he lived above the animals, but the animal was the predominant manifestation.

Those lower faculties which lived in the base of the brain, and which are more immediately connected with the lower portions of the frame, have, in the history of human development, been as engines through which the vitality of the system was to be refined, and prepared to ascend into the higher faculties. The gross vitality of the physical frame in its unrefined condition, could no more be transmitted directly to the higher faculties, as the natural aliment on which they were to feed and unfold, than the introduction of the elements of a granite rock into the human stomach would give life and energy to the physical frame.

There must be a process of purification, of elevation and refinement in that gross vitality, before he could unfold those higher faculties; and it naturally found its channel of communication first through the vertebræ, and up to the lower faculties of the brain itself, and is capable of being digested into the higher faculties of the nature, and consequently unfolding and developing them.

Amativeness is the lowest faculty of the brain in location and character, and which most nearly allies man to the brute. Through this faculty and its action have been unfolded all the individuals of the race. You see its use: for without it man, if he came into existence at all, must come forth as did Minerva of fabled origin—full grown from the head of Jupiter.

Next was unfolded the love of children, internally considered; and there were many faculties here which seemed to be simultaneously unfolded, but which all really existed in the first man.

As the human being found himself surrounded by his offspring, there was a necessity to love and cherish them; but there was another necessity: they claimed his protection from animals which surrounded them, and from those undeveloped conditions which would render them liable to injury. Hence combativeness and destructiveness were called into existence. Thus also ad-

hesiveness, then secretiveness and cautiousness, which give care and tact in the modes of their protectiveness. Here was vitativeness and love of food unfolded early.

Then came the faculties which give power, which stimulate man to raise himself up, to get a position, to control the conditions around him—his ambition, etc.

But necessities were ever arising, calling for the action of new faculties. Change of season and localities called strongly on his constructiveness to provide himself with the means of comfort. Hence that began its action, and you see its manifestation in the first huge forms which man created.

An illustration will be found in the first red man, where the movement of the vital forces from the lower up to the frontal and superior has been gradual and progressive. Does not this correspond with the history of the past? Compare this age with any and every other, and they will answer.

At first man acted from his animal impulses. The unbridled licentiousness of the cities of the plain, Tyre and Sidon, Sodom and Gomorrah, proclaimed a predominance of the sensual.

But man was not to remain always that sensual and animal thing which in early ages he showed himself to be. He was not always to be governed by blind impulses, not always destined to gloat in the blood of his fellow. He had a higher mission. The germ of higher faculties was yet to be unfolded, and the lower ones were only the instruments through which the gross vitality of the physical system was to be refined and drawn forth to unfold the higher. Hence at every succeeding age he has manifested more intellect, more wisdom, a higher and purer aspiration, more elevated objects of thought and desire, until now have his intellect and spiritual faculties become so unfolded as to control the very lightning of heaven, and send his thoughts with lightning speed around the world. Aye! better and higher than that. He sends it up the shining track of a spiritual telegraph, and it is registered in a higher sphere. And so this progressive principle has operated ever since he existed.

At first his movements from his original position were short. His peregrinations at first were confined to a particular part of the country. He soon began to travel further. Curiosity led him on until he crossed a running brook, then a larger creek, then a small river, then a larger one, and next a lake, and finally a larger body of water, and visited other countries, until his footsteps have passed the soil of almost every clime. But he is not content to circumnavigate the globe itself. His soul begins to leave its physical form and to contemplate those shining orbs. And thus his course is ever upward. But there is something higher than studying the laws of

other physical worlds. He not only reads the external forms of things, not only learns to read the external expression of his brother's thought, but begins to read that thought itself. His spiritual faculties begin to sally forth without his external, and pry into the hidden mysteries of mind. He sees external actions and effects with his external eye, and those images are reflected on the internal, and his intuition begins to manifest itself. It begins to discover some inward principle or power as the cause of external effects. That intuitive power leads him into the chambers of the soul, and he begins to examine man's mental structure. He has seen the ten thousand varieties and differences among his fellow-men in their mental manifestations, and his reasoning principle, which is now more fully unfolded, asks the cause. His external reason concludes that where there is an external effect there must be a cause, and when the cause is not perceived it must be interior to it. Then the intuitive power is stimulated, and begins to look faintly through the veil into the interior, and discover the causes which make those differences in the mental manifestations of men. Then the science of Phrenology, that glorious science! is developed—in its infancy, of course, at first. But the man is not yet satisfied.

There is something higher still he asks for—something still more hidden and interior; and he begins to investigate the nature of spirit, first, through its external manifestations, and is led gradually to the interior itself. He discovers that interior brain, whose folds he has seen lie deep within the folds of the external brain, begin to act independently of the external brain or the organs of its perceptions, which the mortal eye cannot see.

It is by virtue of this unfolding of the inner brain that the outer brain is gradually and progressively developed.

At each ascension from a lower to a higher plane, the grosser clothing of the lower is thrown off, and there is manifested a more interior clothing. Thus a butterfly breaks its chrysalis, and thus are vegetable forms superior and more refined than animal forms. Thus is man superior to the forms below him,—that is, he is purer and finer, more beautiful and refined.

Now this principle is manifested in man himself. His gross external covering is left behind him, and he stands something better; and thus is it unfolding from the inner to the outer.

'Tis thus that, when the external brain becomes very fully unfolded, its faculties become transparent almost; and through that transparency is revealed something more interior. Just as the skull becomes thinner the more the brain is exercised or becomes unfolded, so does the brain itself become only the glass through which the interior sees, at first darkly; but when the external is fully unfolded, it is broken and thrown off, and the interior brought to light.

The gross outer covering is dropped because it has accomplished its end—the spiritual, the internal has grown out of it. The internal will continue to be unfolded until it shall rise into the light of a spiritual sphere. This unfolding of the inner powers and the throwing off the external clothing will eventually make the earth a paradise.

But to return to the idea of the spirit-brain's beginning to act independent of the external brain and senses:

It begins to be so developed as to hear the thoughts of its fellow internal brain; so transparent has become the external in which it lives, that through it is reflected the internal, and its shadows fall on the internal vision of another. Hence flows clairvoyance, and thus individuals begin to read their fellows' thoughts. Thus hearts, beating in forms far separated, begin to inspire each other, though far apart externally.

This manifestation of mind is yet in its lowest infancy.

Now we declare as a principle fixed and immutable, that universal communion is a law of mind in its developed state.

They who are most highly unfolded or spiritualized, as you term it, can most easily commune thus. See the wisdom in that single truth. For if those who live 'mid scenes of vice and crime possessed that power, the world would become a hell; for they would not know how to use it for the good of themselves or their fellows. But it is a wise and holy provision that they can not possess that power (as a general truth) until so harmonized that they will do good and not evil. Indeed the very condition of mind in which this power is possessed, is above that animal condition which would render it a cause of misery instead of happiness.

How beautiful to the vision of spirits are the unfoldings of man's nature! How harmonious in all their movements are these principles! How productive of man's highest good are the wise provisions of God in the nature of the human soul!

Oh! 'tis only when the germs of the internal and spiritual nature are unfolded that the power is possessed.

True, some minds in past ages have possessed it, but they were few and far between; but what one has possessed, all in due course of development may and will possess; for nature's principles are universal and not local, and the same unfolding which gave Jesus his thought-reading power, will eventually give it to man universal.

[This was said to be from Dr. Gall, and it would be continued.]

Wit without humanity degenerates into bitterness. Learning without prudence into pedantry.

VOL. II.—12



DO THY DUTY.

BY A. HOYT.

Do thy duty ; that's the word
Spirit-forms would still impress ;
Mark the path to thee restored,
Leading through life's wilderness.

"Blaze" each tree thy journey through,
That thy track the wanderer find ;
Less than this thou canst not do,
If thou hast a loving mind.

We are near to lend thee aid,
Though thou'dst tunnel through the earth !
Done through love ? be not afraid,
Mightiest powers in love have birth.

Shall the dungeon check thy way ?
We upon its bolts have hands,
And will pour the tide of day
Where each cursed gaoler stands.

Brow of brass and nerves of steel
In our armory thou shalt find,
Till the rocking earth shall feel
The earthquake progress of the mind.

Care not thou for purse or scrip ;
Do thy duty ; there's thy power,
Surer than the miser's grip,
Safer than a kingdom's dower.

What to thee a monarch's sneer ?
On a rock above him far,
His meteor blaze shall disappear—
Thine shall be the rising star.

Do thy duty, though the heaven
Thy horizon cloud in black ;
Though nor rain nor seed-time's given,
Thy bread is sure, thou shalt not lack.



THE SOUL'S AFFINITIES.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

THERE is a lofty height to be attained by the most unsophisticated mind. When the inward spark becomes reanimated and regenerated through the warm beams which penetrate through the coarse garb of materialism, the unthought-of fire which has long been smouldering in silence and darkness is suddenly awaked from its death-like sleep, and becomes conscious of an entire change from the old to the new. The conditions which are required of mankind, are simply to examine the pure instincts of their own nature, which Nature's God hath given them; and then by these may they prove the truth. Nature will never deny Nature, whether in human form or in vegetation; it is ever attracted and commingled together in its finer elements, although unseen by the grosser sight, which is unable to perceive the ever-changing and ever-variable metamorphosis which all created things are undergoing, material and spiritual. We have here a reason for believing the great law of human nature; for as the ties of affinity, more than kindred, attract us each to one another in the form, so does the same law act upon those out of the form in like manner to attract them to those whom they have an affinity for here, in all the different views which we may take in regard to different individuals; for even in the animal creation we still find the great law of affinity often brings together objects which seem to us very incongruous, because of the want of an outer similarity to depict the cause to the eye, which our minds must believe connects the bodies. Thus; you may perceive, by searching into the matter more deeply, that kindred sparks may be lodged—some in most uncouth and ill-seeming coverings—may exist in some dim or unknown corner of time or place—have lived its life and died its death on this stepping-stone or transit to another state of transition. And when, mayhap, centuries have rolled away in the dim distance, the twain-born of that spark may have arrived at its conscious state of being here, and it may live to learn and unfold to such a degree as to begin to look about for the kindred which it now begins to feel the need of. If it has long since passed, it may have long search to find it.

Perhaps through books, perhaps through thoughts, the channel has

been so filled up that the seeker returns disappointed, and begins again to look in another direction to find the answering voice to his heart which it feels makes the affinity. Well, some have lived a lifetime on earth, and have not been able to catch even the echo; and some have lived and found it even at their very doors; and some have not received it until they have entered another state of existence, and there have received instructions where they might find their long lost echo. And upon this one thought how much of human progression depends. The echo! The affinity begins to be needed with some in early years, in the dawn of life, when hopes are high and the imagination young and ardent in their hope of finding their lost Eureka! And to such hearts it has come with a warm and glowing feeling of inward light and joy-giving life.

And others have felt this craving for the inward echo, but have allowed their hunger to be unsatisfied by feeding the appetite of the outer man. But, oh! this craving will come at some future day with renewed desire. And ask yourselves the question, Can I now be filled with the food I have put so far from me?—which I have repelled by my own morbid appetite, until it has become with me almost a loathsome desire? But, oh! it knows me! It speaks at times with a deep-toned voice. It asks for the food which I have denied my spirit because of the gluttony of my body.

And some have extended their eyes in all directions, and have gotten a little here and a little there, and have made for themselves a compound of fragments, collected from hither and thither, without shape and devoid of all beauty. And they lay it before them. They gaze upon it. They worship it. They strive to believe their echo has found an answer. Ah! self-deceiving mortals! why so easily satisfied by the gaze of the eye—by the expressed opinion of the many! The deep of thy heart hath not answered to the shallowness of this thing. Ah! not so cold and listless would seem the surface; but a deep, a high, a holy joy would gush forth, as from a mighty deep, to respond to the voice of Nature, from Nature's God!

Oh! ask thy heart truly, hast thou found thy echo? And truly thy heart will answer thee, I hunger still. Not in outward seeming, not in shadowy forms, not in oft-told tales, not by gazing in other hearts, shall mine be satisfied. Oh! I hunger, hunger still!

And another shall go forth clad as with a raiment of strength, and a heart which is ever open to receive the echo. He wanders forth in Nature's most beautiful arcadia, and his echo there meets him. Oh! how joyfully they sup together! How their souls are filled with gladness and deep rejoicing! The birds sing a song of gladness and love, with which the heart by its mingling becomes one, and drinks in with a deep, with a holy delight.

And the echo says, Behold the flower! how glorious in its simple beauty. And the kindred spark says, Even so; how glorious hath He formed all things! Are they not shining with His smile? Are they not glorifying their Maker by the smiles which their beauty giveth forth? Oh! how the sparks, the kindred sparks, the echo—how they mingle! And that man returns to the busy haunts—to the turmoil of life and duty, as a giant refreshed with new wine. Why! they have met, they have mingled, they have shaken hands, they have parted; the mortal spark to feast on the thoughts which he opened his heart to receive, and which infused new life, new hopes, and mayhap a new glimpse of inner beauty in his inner being; and his echo, his kindred, has gladly again betook itself to its familiar mingling, and will again return with a brighter gift when again it shall be required. That man has found his kindred spark here, and it is ever opening and enlightening and beautifying his inner soul. Ah! they will not be strangers, but old friends, when they meet each other, and see as they are seen.

And still another is ever wishing, ever doubting, and ever seeking for his kindred echo. And, oh! he cannot find it, because he will not find it. He will not seek for it where it may be found. He would dig the depth of the ocean; he would explore dark caverns; he would seek afar off, where eye hath not seen; he would weary himself with profound research and depth of reasoning; he would climb to the mountain tops, and, behold! they are barren; he would seek in the places which only the eaglets know, and come back with an empty hand. He would find no flower in the forest. He could see no rose in the bowers of beauty. Nor would the sea yield forth a pearl to reward his labors. These researches do not satisfy him. Oh, no! He is seeking for something which mortals have not yet discovered—for something which will transcend their thought, or vision, or wildest imaginings. His Eureka must be far-fetched. And, oh! that man has constantly driven his echo away. He has driven it into the very depth where he has so earnestly been seeking it all his life. It has always been struggling to approach; and yet has ever been repulsed by its very kindred.

And yet another! And it takes the form of a child. And the kindred echo (because of the kindred affinity being allowed ever to intermingle with its twin sister) has ever been a guest in that mansion. Naturally they now meet; and harmoniously have they mingled. And because of the warmth with which the echo has ever been received, it finds a fit habitation. And as that soul grows, so that echo strengthens its mature strength within that heart. And as the growth becomes greater, so the strength becomes stronger. The hunger is not felt, because the heart has found the food

with which to satisfy the craving appetite and make it ever joyful, for it joys in all things which are good and beautiful. It seeks not for mysteries, for simplicity has no mysteries but those which simplicity will unfold. And Nature's works are all grandly, majestically simple in their all-primeval beauty. Oh! that child-like spirit which seems to thee untutored, is Nature's child. Oh! that eye, that heart, may drink in all joy, even here, because it has received the echo by answering and freely embracing the kindred spark when it knocked at the door of its heart. How chaste! how pure! how beautiful it looks in its pure light of love! Oh! cast down your gigantic structures, erected to the service of the Most High God! Go forth under the wide canopy of his smile, and receive with heartfelt joy, the echo!—the spirit-echo!—the kindred spark, freely, which shall cause thee to respond, How great! how glorious art thou in thy majesty, O God!

Oh! ye children of earth, sing his praises, and your echo shall gladden your hearts. It shall meet you; it shall embrace you; it shall fill you with love, with joy, and with peace unutterable! Oh! the unsophisticated mind is indeed capable of high development!



BEWARE OF DESPERATE STEPS.

DESPAIR not of the day, for on the morrow.
The sun may dissipate the clouds of sorrow;
The gloom that shrouds thee may give place to light,
And all the darkness of thy soul grow bright.

Despair not in the hour of doubt and danger,
Nor dread in every form some dire avenger;
The cloud of war will vanish in a while,
And o'er harmonious scenes sweet peace will smile.

Do no irrevocable thing—remember,
The year goes never back to its December;
Onward march all things—therefore let not fall
The word or deed thou never canst recall.

Despair not of the best—the ill will vanish;
Time in a while will e'en its memory banish;
Over the present, now so full of gloom

CORRESPONDENCE.

[As I perused this letter how I was struck! Word by word, sentence by sentence it was my own experience. I too had been led, by the inconsistent and contradictory teachings of the priesthood, to the very verge of infidelity. I too, impelled by an inward feeling, had contemplated joining some church, but had turned away in disgust from doctrines and practices that warred against my reason and conflicted with my notions of a God. I too have been led from my darkness by the undying affection of one dearer to me than life, who had gone before. I too have had opened to me, through her instrumentality, the windows of heaven, from which has poured upon me, in unceasing streams, the light of truth. I too have found in the intercourse to which she has introduced me, consolation amid the deepest grief. I too have had my doubts dispelled, my skepticism washed away, and certainty and repose substituted in their stead. I too have had the being of a God and my own existence hereafter so demonstrated to me that I can say "I know." I too have been lifted above the scoffs of ignorance and the persecutions of bigotry, and imbued with strength to stand erect and proclaim to the world the truth as it is in God. And I hail the experience of my fellow-laborer as the product, in his case, as it was in my own, of an intelligence purer, brighter and holier than aught which mortality can fabricate. With a cordial greeting I welcome him to the fold of regenerated man. I know full well to how much of toil and trouble and temptation he is about to be introduced; but I know, too, how much of strength, how much of happiness, how much of pure and holy delights above what the earth can give, is in store for him.

I bid him, in God's name, to be of good cheer, to falter not and faint not in the race that is before him, for the goal can most certainly be attained.

And to others I commend his case as a solemn admonition, not only of what spiritual-intercourse can do for us, but what it demands of us. J. W. E.]

CINCINNATI, June 14, 1855.

JUDGE EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—During my life, which, as yet, has been but short, I have frequently looked around me and asked myself, "Where is true Divinity?" Echo answered, *Where?* I several times seriously contemplated joining church, and once even wrote a letter to a clergyman, but never sent it. I listened to the leaders of different creeds; I read the Bible; but could not understand them! How could I believe white was black and black was white! I did feel the truth glimmering within myself, but it could not penetrate the darkness woven around me by those who would be my teachers.

On the 22d of February last I lost her who was dearer to me than life—a fond and affectionate wife—one who had been to me all that devoted affection could make her. We had been united but five short months. Oh! how could I have borne it had not something whispered to me sweet promises of something to come—an indistinct happiness that awaited me! I felt a total change in my feelings, words of encouragement seemed to be impressed on my mind, a new light seemed to irradiate my soul—how, I could not tell. I felt like lifting my heart to God. I prayed that he might give me light and understanding, that I might know his divine will; for I had looked in vain to man and to books for it, and prayed to God, too, but those prayers were too much clogged with man's unharmonizing principles. I now let my voice ascend to God free from the chains that would bind it to earth. I looked within myself. Now mark me how those prayers were answered; and oh! who could portray the sweetness of the fruit thereof!

Previous to her death—no, not death—previous to her being born to a new life—I had been unwell, and afterward I became much worse; my whole system seemed to be diseased; daily I threw up more or less blood, and I was fully satisfied death would soon end my earthly travels. My friends, too, thought I would soon be laid alongside of her who had gone before me.

Soon after her spirit left the form, something seemed to whisper to me "Spiritualism." This was daily sounding in my ear. It seemed strange to me, or I had always treated the subject as of no consequence. And why? Because I had not examined it. A week or two passed on; still I heard the sound, and frequently impressions came to me on matters connected with after-life; and, on stepping into Mr. Bley's book-store one day, I felt an uncontrollable impression to look at a spiritual book that lay on the counter. I think it was Mr. Ferguson's. I resisted at first, but finally was moved to pick it up. I commenced to read, and every word seemed remarkably interesting to me. I had been in the store hundreds of times, and never, in one single instance, to the best of my knowledge, opened a spiritual book or looked at the numerous spiritual papers and pamphlets, or even felt a desire to do so.

A few nights after this I had a remarkable dream. My wife appeared to me; we sat and conversed for a long time. It seemed to me that I knew she was dead, and she knew it, yet we could converse together. She told me some incidents attending her death. She spoke of her spirit leaving the form, and pointing with her finger, said, "It floated away like a cloud to a better world." Then she seemed to dissolve from my view. I arose

in the morning with the whole dream deeply impressed on my mind. Still I thought I had no business to think of Spiritualism, supposing it humbuggery. As long as this impression was on my mind it seemed to be sorely troubled, and I could scarcely eat my breakfast. As I was going to the store, as quick as a flash of lightning the impression came to me that this dream was to show me that I could converse with the spirit of my wife. From that moment my mind was not only calm, but a thrill of pleasure seemed to raise my very soul.

Still at times I tried to reason myself—very foolishly—into the belief that it was wrong to have anything to do with it. And why? Not because I had not an inward feeling dimly glimmering in words of gold, *Progress!* but because those feelings were smouldered by circumstances surrounding me. I knew that my relatives and friends would hold up their hands in horror if they thought at that time that I entertained the slightest idea of the truth of Spiritualism.

The next link in the chain of my experience was this: A circle was held in this city about a week after my dream, and just as they were dispersing, Mrs. Lupkins, the medium (who had never seen or knew either myself or my wife), said, "There is a spirit here who says, 'Tell him Carrie is here!'" There was one lady present who was impressed that this was my wife's name, but she was not certain, as she had never known her. Word was sent to me with an invitation to attend the circle on the following Sunday evening.

Time passed on, and Sunday came around. About half-past ten o'clock in the morning, all had left for church, and I was just ready to go. No one was there but myself. I thought in my own mind I would ask the following questions if I had communication with my wife's spirit that evening: 1st. Are you happy? 2d. Can you be with me? 3d. Will you give me a test by which I may know it is you? Just as I thought of the last question, I heard a rap apparently on the table a few feet from me. I was startled at first, but after a few moments I thought it might be the furniture cracking; but again I heard it louder than before, and then it came in quicker succession, until there were perhaps fifty raps given, some remarkably loud. I could not be deceived, for I was the only one there, and I know I retained my senses as perfect as ever.

Evening came, and I met the circle at Mrs. Lupkins'. I was informed by Mrs. Chambers on my way there, that during the week Mr. C. had proposed to take Mr. M. (a skeptic) there the same evening, when she was immediately influenced to say "No! no!"

"Why?" asked Mr. C.

"Because we do not want too many skeptics there when he (meaning me) goes."

"Who are you?"

"I am Carrie's father."

"How long has it been since your spirit left the form?"

"About ten months."

They did not know how long it had been; but the answer given by the spirit was correct.

Before we sat around the table there were raps on it. When we sat down it was asked who rapped, and Mrs. L. was influenced and wrote, "It was Carrie."

Some one asked if she wished to communicate with any one present; and Mrs. L. was again influenced, and wrote out the following:

"My dear husband, I did rap for you. I will rap again when permitted. I want you to believe that I am come to see you and be with you. Oh! I am so happy; my home in the spheres above is. Wait; at some other time I will come and write more to you. We dare not influence the medium much to-night. Written by your absent wife—absent in body, not in spirit.
CARRIE KOHL."

You will notice that the answers to the three questions I merely thought of in the morning, and which I knew could not be known unless it was some power that knew my thoughts, are embodied in this communication.

Mrs. Peck, from New York, was present. She could not have known me, for she had just arrived in the city; and as to her knowing I was sick, there were those who did not believe in Spiritualism, acknowledged I showed no signs of being unwell; yet she went into the clairvoyant state, and not only said I was sick, but described my disease and my feelings even better than I could. In some points I had never complained to any one, yet she described all minutely.

A prescription was given me by the spirits. I took it as directed, and in two or three weeks I believe I was as well as ever. In connection with what I have stated, I also had a very disagreeable and severe cough. This too had left me.

I soon began to have raps in my room every evening, and I attended also three or four circles, and the communications were very correct, whether I asked the questions mentally or otherwise. She answered queries which I knew it was impossible for any one present to answer to my satisfaction.

I was told from the first I would be a writing medium, and several other promises were made me which have since been verified.

The next step was as follows. I started out one afternoon to go to the house of a friend; but just before I arrived there, I got the impression to go to Mr. B.'s. This was a place I had never called at on Sunday, although I knew him. Still I thought I would call at my friend's, and go to Mr. B.'s afterward, when the impression came that I must go on or I would be too late. I did so; and just as I arrived there, Mr. B. was going out to a circle, and I was asked to accompany him. At this circle I asked what professed, or what I believe to be the spirit of my wife, whether she would manifest herself to me in my room that night. The answer was "Yes." When I retired to my room, I sat down to read the SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH, and while reading I felt impressed to lay my hand on the table. I did so, and continued to read on. Presently I felt a curious influence in the hand lying upon the table. I looked at it, and it was raising up in the middle, without any will or power of my own. It raised up just so the points of my fingers rested on the table, drawn close together. I was then moved to get pencil and paper, which I did, and placing the point on the paper, my hand was moved by some power other than my own, I knew not what. Five or six lines were scribbled off, but nothing could be made out of them. It seemed as though it was for mere experiment. The pencil was again put on the paper, and it wrote out slowly, "Carrie!" Here I dropped the pencil, for I was not thinking of that name being wrote then. Thus she fulfilled her promise of manifesting herself to me that night in my room.

On the next evening I felt influenced, and took my pencil and paper again, when it wrote out, "May I believe my own eyes?—CARRIE KOHL." This was written out without its being impressed on my mind. I did not know what it was until it was written out.

This evening we conversed in this way until twelve o'clock, although she repeatedly urged me to retire, saying I was injuring my health; and finally would write no more until I promised to do as she desired after a few more questions. She spoke beautifully, and her language was characteristic with her conversation while in the form, using many peculiar expressions which she was in the habit of using then. For instance, I asked her to rap on the table. I listened, but did not hear it very distinctly, when she immediately wrote out, "Can't you hear it? You can't be very sharp if you don't." Now this is an expression she often used in a jocular manner.

Since that the spirits have manifested to me in various ways, clearly and

satisfactorily, that they *are* spirits that *once lived in the form*, and that they *can* communicate with us on this earth; and if man disbelieves after a thorough investigation, he must disbelieve his own senses.

One evening I retired to my room, when I was impressed to put out the light. I did so, and was immediately impressed that I would see a light in the room. Presently a very bright light, of a reddish hue, appeared directly over me. It was about the size of a dollar, with rays extending from it all around. It remained stationary for a few moments, and then passed on to the wall on one side of the room. It then disappeared a few moments, and then appeared on the wall, and flew around there a short time. The room was tight, and there were no lights in the house, as the rest of the family had retired some time before. Beside, it was impossible for the reflection of anything to fly around as that did.

They say they will also make a clairvoyant medium out of me. Although I have been developed as a writing medium but a few weeks, I am controlled to write several distinct hand-writings. When my wife first controlled me, she said I would soon be controlled by higher spirits—that I had already been selected as an instrument for high and holy purposes. Well, this has been already partially verified, for I am daily controlled to write better articles, and many of them above my brain, as I never was noted for extra powers in composition. I can now write more intelligent articles than formerly with great ease, as I receive assistance by impressions even in writing my letters. As to many of the prophecies which have been made in regard to my writing, I don't know whether they will come true or not, but I have no reason to doubt them. I am content to wait and see.

They told me at the start to get a book, and write all in it, as I would wish to refer to it hereafter. To use their own expression, "Gather up the pearls by the way, and distribute them to the human family when you become convinced they are genuine."

I have just been controlled to write the following:—

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

The mind of man is becoming trained to the realities of an after-life. To the accomplishment of such ends is the chief point of our labor directed for the present, in order first to bring back to the glorious path of God those who have become lost in the dark and superstitious ideas that have enveloped them as in a fog. When this is accomplished, the foundation is laid for a still greater reform. Man must be enlightened as to the spiritual life after it leaves the form. This to us is not a task that

As soon as I became convinced of the truth of Spiritualism, I felt that I need care for no one. I openly announced my feelings, and was called infidel, crazy, etc., but it all had but little effect on me. I felt assured, and was strengthened within myself with the conviction that I was right, yet very imperfect. Daily I received by impression explanations of matters I could not understand. Sometimes, when controlled to write, I feel an influence come over me that is heavenly, and which no one can imagine unless they experience it. Oh! what a consolation it is to me. I am pleased to see, too, that those around me are quite softened in their denunciations of this great work that is spreading throughout the land. I look upon those who denounce it without examination, with pity. I feel like assisting instead of pushing my brethren further on, by sounding their faults to the world. Oh! may others experience that happiness I now enjoy. May I be a willing instrument in the hands of God to work out his will as far as I can be made serviceable. I care not for anything else than to do right, and assist others as far as I am able.

Respectfully yours, in love and truth,

WM. M. KOHL

Since writing the above, the following has been written out by some spirit:

"Do you not see how the chain of living light has been welded together, each link growing brighter and brighter until it came to the last links of love and truth. Then thine eyes were opened; then thou tasted of the fountain of all love; thou hast asked in humble prayer at the footstool of thy Father, and been freely answered! You may be called infidel, insane, or over-excited; but what matters that to you when you see the windows of Heaven opened to you, and bright angels inviting you in! Rather seek to dispel the darkness that surrounds them. They may tell you it is the work of the Devil; but think you God has deserted you when you have sought him in sincerity to give you light? Think you the Devil comes clothed in the cloak of harmony? Does he give you the happiness you now enjoy? Does *he* tell you to look up to God, and *God only*? Does *he* control you to write out prayers to your Maker? Does *he* quench your thirst from the cup of joy? If so, methinks it is contrary to the character the pulpit has given his Satanic majesty. Ah, vain, idle talk! with what feebleness thy arrows of error are hurled with their poisoned points against the battlement of truth. They only fall back to retard thine own progress.

To you I would say, "Look to the one great cause of all; and, secondly,

seek consolation in the gentle whisperings of that loved one who is ever watching over thee. She is ever faithful to thee; then be faithful to thyself. Hear you not her sweet voice lulling your troubled breast with soothing words of encouragement. She it is who has kindly taken you by the hand, led you on, and placed you in the hands of higher teachers, before she was willing to go on herself. Fond affection binds her to you. Let her entwine the arms of love around you; it will sweeten the cup of your sorrow, and strew your path with flowers of truth.

CINCINNATI, June 14, 1855.

FRIEND EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—I have read your works and others, and gleaned therefrom much that has been of service to me. The enclosed is a simple but strictly true experience of my conversion. I send it to you, and if you can make any use of it, in a way that it may be useful to others, it will then be a pleasure to me to have you do so; but whatever you do with it, will you please, when you have time, send me a few lines expressing your ideas of the manifestations I have? and any information you may think will be of benefit to me, I shall be thankful for. Address me freely, if you wish anything done here I can do, and it will be cheerfully attended to.

Respectfully yours,

A seeker after truth,

WM. M. KOHL.

This city has turned out a great many converts lately.

DETROIT, April 24, 1855.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

Dear Sir—I venture to intrude upon your valuable time, for the purpose of communicating an interesting fact, with which you are yourself connected. Some few months ago, in a half sportive humor, I undertook to psychometrize a letter; I shut my eyes, and began talking off at random the ideas which came floating into my mind. This was something I had never tried before, and I placed no confidence in what I was saying. Judge, then, of my surprise when I was informed that my description of the wri-

ter's personal appearance, character, etc., was truthful and correct, in even the smallest particulars. Having thus found out my powers in this respect I often employed them, for the two-fold purpose of convincing others of the truth of psychometry, and of gaining some ideas of its philosophy by a close analysis of the operations of my own mind while thus engaged. Some six weeks ago I was at a circle, and I took a letter of *yours*, and began to psychometrize it. After giving an outline of your character, moral, mental and social, a new phenomenon exhibited itself; a bright cloud seemed to overshadow me; all about was light. This continued for some time, and then the waves of golden light parted, and I seemed to look out upon a glorious landscape, the chief feature of which was a *fountain*. During this week I have been reading your second volume, and, as you may suppose, I was surprised and delighted to read on the one hundred and fifty-second page of your book an exact description of the vision which I saw as I was psychometrizing your letter. Thus, dear sir, has psychometry afforded to me the most conclusive evidence of your truthful character, and demonstrated, to my mind, at least, the fact that you do actually behold the vision which you describe in your book. It did not require any such evidence to convince me of your honesty; for I did not before entertain any doubts regarding it; but the fact which I have related interested me so deeply that I could not refrain from communicating it to you.

Yours for truth and true religion,

ROBERT H. BROWN.



If a great person has omitted rewarding your services, do not talk of it; perhaps he may not yet have had an opportunity, for they have always on hand expectants innumerable, and the clamorous are too generally gratified before the deserving; besides, it is the way to draw his displeasure upon you, which can do you no good, but make bad worse. If the services you did were voluntary, you ought not to expect any return, because you made a present of them unasked; and a free gift is not to be turned into a loan, to draw the person you have served into debt. If you have served a great person merely with a view to self-interest, perhaps he is aware of that, and rewards you accordingly: nor can you justly complain: he owes you nothing; it was not him you meant to serve.

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

LETTER FROM GOOSE ISLAND.

ON GOOSE ISLAND, LAKE HURON,
September, 1836.

"I am monarch of all I survey!
My right there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the savage and brute."

IN somewhat plainer English, I am playing Robinson Crusoe on a desolate island in the lake. The climate, however, prevents the fun of the romance of the thing, for it is confounded cold. It rains most generously, and the north-west wind—and a north-wester up here is no joke—is whistling round my tent, fighting and struggling for an entrance. I am lying flat down on the ground, with my blanket for a writing-desk, and listening, when I can't help myself, to the roaring of the winds and the waves, and trying to eke out the time by penning this epistle, from a lonely island in the midst of these great waters, which I can not by any effort of imagination convert into a Juan Fernandez. It is Goose Island in spite of all I can do, and I am a goose for being caught on it. But let me not anticipate. L—— has just come in from the fire, and is essaying his ingenuity to keep the wind out. He succeeds, and so I go on.

Yesterday he and I started on our voyage to Lake Superior in a bark canoe, with a crew of eight hardy fellows, part Canadian French, part Indian, and all Wolverine.* The weather was fine, and we dashed over the lake at a great rate; our *voyageurs* (so they are called) singing lively songs, one taking the lead, and all joining in the chorus, and striking rapid and short strokes with their paddles, keeping time with the music. This, with the

* This last name is applied to inhabitants of Michigan, the same as Indians men are called Hoosiers; Ohio men, Buckeyes; Missourians, Pukes, etc., etc.

rapidity of our motion, the smoothness of the water, and the transparent clearness of both air and water made the voyage delightful.

We are bedizened off in great style. Our canoe is long and narrow, built for fast sailing, and is painted white, with a bright red streak. The American flag is floating from its stern, and each *voyageur* has a red feather in his hat, not worn upright, but nearly horizontal, stuck into the hat-band, something as we have seen our Dutch neighbors carry their pipes. The captain, or the *gouvernail*, is perched in the stern, paddling and steering. In the bow another is posted—the *avant canoe*—who acts as the pilot, and governs the strokes of the paddles. Behind him sit two others, then L—— and myself, flat in the bottom of the canoe, and behind us four others. They strike from fifty to sixty strokes in a minute, and this rapid motion they will keep up for hours together. They stop for a few moments, once in an hour or so, take a drink of water, jabber their barbarous French, and at the word *Ho! ho! avant!* on they dash again, singing and paddling like very furies. They sit on seats suspended from the gunwale, and use a small short paddle. It is the trained *voyageurs*, the Frenchmen and half-breeds, whose manner I am now describing. The Indians use long paddles, sit flat on the bottom of their canoes, and pull a long stroke.

We left the Island of Mackinac yesterday at 3 P. M., and at 7 o'clock we had got twenty-five miles on our journey. We then stopped at one of the hundred islands which are found at this end of Lake Huron, and pitched our tent. We found there some Indian families, on their way from Lake Superior to the treaty. They had been many days on their journey, and supported themselves by hunting and fishing on their way down. They were engaged, for some hours after our arrival, in fishing along the shores of the islands. Their fires made an animated and beautiful scene; but, poor fellows! they were unsuccessful, and were relieved from their wants only by our contributions of corn and bread. They at first took us to be traders, and were very importunate for whisky; but when they learned from our crew our true position, they came up and shook hands with us, and were very civil.

There is a continued surf rolling in on this lake. When we neared the shore, our canoe was kept off the beach until it was unladed. L—— and I rode to land on the backs of our men. Our baggage and provisions were then taken out, and the canoe was lifted from the water by three or four of the men, and borne to the shore. Our fire was then lighted, our supper dispatched (and never did a cup of tea taste so good). L—— and I lay down in our blankets in our tent, and our men outside by the fire, and so passed the night.

Having concluded to postpone our visit to Lake Superior to a later period, we sat out at early dawn this morning to return to Mackinac, in the hope that we should be able to reach that place before the storm which was evidently approaching. But in vain. When about six or seven miles from the end of our journey, and out in the lake some three or four miles from land, the storm broke upon us in its fury. The lake was lashed into a foam in a surprisingly short time. The waves increased in size, and became more angry every moment. Having been accustomed to be on our eastern waters in all weathers, but in larger and stronger boats, I apprehended no danger, so I pushed on despite the storm. Canoe sailing was new business to me, and I did not advert to the danger arising from the peculiar construction of our frail vessel. It was made of slips of birch bark, sewed together over a slight frame-work of thin cedar ribs. It had no keel, of course, and no support lengthways except the strength of the bark and a very narrow gunwale. With ten persons in it, together with our tent, baggage, cooking apparatus and provisions, we were so deeply laden, that there was continual hazard that we should split in two, on the crest of some of the rising waves. All this I did not know, or rather I did not think of, and so I urged on my men to renewed exertions. For about an hour we struggled against the storm, but without any apparent progress. I observed that my crew had ceased their songs; but this did not surprise me, for who could sing in the face of a sturdy north-wester, with a violent rain driving into your very teeth? I soon, however, noticed that they did not even converse, and paddled very steadily without their usual pauses; and looking round to address some remark to my *governail*, I saw by the pale faces behind me, that my crew were frightened. I asked him, if he thought we could make the island. He answered me very promptly, "No, by no means." "Then turn about, in the name of all that is comfortable, and make the nearest land." But this was easier said than done. Hitherto, we had not the swell, but now we had to go a mile or two in the trough of the sea, which was by this time running pretty high, and then three or four miles before the wind, for you must know that during my silly efforts to make head against the storm, we had drifted out to sea a mile or two. The prospect before us was dreary enough, but the reality we found fully equal to the anticipation. It was several hours before we could make land, or even get under its lee. Drenched to the skin, and chilled by the northern blast, I was almost frozen.

In the midst of all these annoyances, I could not help noticing how beautifully our canoe rode the swelling waters. Now on the summit of a wave, having a delightful view of the commotion of the lake, and anon in the trough of the sea, beholding nothing but the walls of water around us and

the sky over us. I would frequently see the foaming crest of a wave rolling toward us, and almost without thinking put out my hand to push it off, deeming it inevitable that it must break upon us and send us to the bottom in a moment. But our canoe would rise on the wave, tremble a moment on its foaming crest, and plunge again into the hollow.

Thus did we journey for four mortal hours, my *voyageurs* never during that whole time intermitting a single stroke of their paddles. No slight labor, this; but it had one advantage—it made them warm, while I was perishing with the cold. At length, however, we made the lee of this island. The instant we struck the calm water, my crew, who had been silent enough, with the usual cry of *Ho! ho! avant!* and an Indian yell, broke out into one of their liveliest songs, and we soon were on land again. And thus ended a voyage which was characterized afterward by those who knew more of such navigation than I did, as a very hazardous and fool-hardy piece of business; at least I should judge that my crew thought so, for I never could get one of them to go with me again. But how should I know? Sailing in a canoe on Lake Huron, in a storm, was new business to me.

We landed on the beach, and were soon drying ourselves before a roaring fire. This island has been used as a fishing-ground. There are several barrels of salted white-fish now lying about; and when we landed, my olfactories were somewhat disturbed with the offals and entrails of the fish, which had been driven on the beach by the surf, and which had enjoyed the benefit of two or three days' exposure to the weather; and while sitting by my fire, I was designing as one of the first things to be done after pitching my tent, to have that offensive matter buried. I was saved that trouble, however, as you will see.

A canoe load of Indians landed on this island about the same time that we did, weather bound as we are. They saw the smoke of our fire, and two squaws, apparently mother and daughter, came to it to warm themselves. They looked miserable enough. They were thinly clad, and while standing in the very midst of the smoke, choosing, as it seemed, to endure the suffocation for the sake of the warmth, they looked the very image of famine and want. I took pity on them, though not perhaps in the best way. I poured out about half a pint of brandy, and gave it to them. It was fourth proof; but they poured it down without dilution, and the elder matron pronounced it to be as good as sturgeon's grease! Jupiter Ammon! what a comparison! She intended it, however, as great praise, for that was to her doubtless the very cream of luxuries.

Several other Indian women and children came down to my fire, and

after warming themselves they gathered up all the fish offals which had offended me so much, and carried them off. I had the curiosity to follow them and see what they did with them. By this time they too had made a fire. The only cooking utensil they seemed to have was a flat iron pan with a long handle. Into this they put a *quantum suf.* of this filthy stuff, and fried it. As soon as any one of the party thought it sufficiently cooked, he dipped from the spider with a piece of bark, and laying himself on his face on the ground, with his hands filled his mouth with this delightful viand. The sight of one dose was enough for me, and I soon left them alone in their glory.

I did not, however, get rid of them so easily. The taste of my brandy brought the whole camp down upon me; and while lying in my tent reading this afternoon, its curtain was pulled aside, and in came man, woman and child, old and young, to the number of a round dozen, and by very earnest gestures gave me to understand that all wanted a taste of my "good as sturgeon's grease." I refused them, of course, having no particular fancy to spending a day and a night on a lonely island with a dozen drunken Indians. But they paid very little attention to my gestures, and my language they could not understand. There was no getting rid of them. Tired out, I called my interpreter.

"Jean Baptiste (this was the universal name; you could hardly miscall a man, any more than you could John, Tom or Dick at home)—Jean Baptiste, what do these people want?"

"They want whisky, Monsieur."

"But, God bless you, I can't give them liquor. Tell them to go away."

And then ensued a rather animated discussion, in which vehement gestures, the guttural Indian, bad French and worse English played prominent parts. At length said Jean Baptiste—

"They take you to be a trader, Monsieur, and want to buy some whisky, and will give you a rabbit for it;" and thereupon a squaw held up to my enraptured view the carcass of a rabbit, which one of the boys had just killed, and which, half-skinned and uncleared, was still reeking in the smoke of its own blood. Half-starved as they were, and just arisen from their banquet on putrid fish offals, they were willing to exchange this their only remaining article of food for the all-destroying potion.

"I don't want their game; tell them to feed their children on it. At all events, I will give them no more liquor. They must go away, and not annoy me so."

"Then Monsieur must tell them who he is, and put up his flag."

"Hoist the color then."

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XIII.

SPIRITUALIST.—In the various discussions we have had upon our theme, I perceive that I have to combat more an antiquated prejudice generally existing on earth, respecting the spirit-world, than any solid reasons. I allude to the idea generally entertained, that in the next stage of existence there is a constant series of miracles wrought on behalf of each individual. In heaven God is supposed to care for the good spirits and supply all their wants, and in hell the devil is supposed to attend to the tormenting of the wicked. What are your ideas on that subject, my friend?

SKEPTIC.—I own I have thought that what we call *human life* ended here; that anything like this kind of existence would never recur. I have deemed this life a probationary state of existence, intended by God to try us and enable us to be converted, and to come to Christ and be saved. Here also we are to be tempted by the devil as Christ was, and if we resist him he will flee from us—if we yield to his seductions we shall be lost forever; we shall go to the place prepared for the devil and his angels. Those of us who believe that Christ was the Son of God, and equal with God, and who experience a change of heart, will go to heaven. I have thought that blissful abode to be a vast city—for so the New Jerusalem is called—inhabited by the souls of the saved; that the streets are of gold and the houses of amethyst, topaz and crystal; that the employments of the ransomed would be to praise and exalt the Lamb forever and ever, in a state of extatic bliss, that words could not convey nor the mind of man conceive of.

Sr.—This is the general idea. Tell me now your reasons for believing that spirits have nothing else to do but to offer praises to Christ?

SKEP.—I find it difficult to give my reasons. I have always thought so, and anything to the contrary seems ridiculous.

Sr.—You have been told so in your childhood, and the ideas have grown within you until they are a part of your nature. Had you been born and reared in the Orient you would have been as firm a believer in Buddhism.

SKEP.—Yes; I should probably have been a benighted heathen. But I

thank God that I was born in the light of the Gospel, and that I was early in life brought to the saving grace of Christ.

There are many reasons why we should spend our eternity in praising God and Christ. Assuredly, we want a more perfect state of being than this. The sheep must be separated from the goats—we must not have the contaminating presence of the wicked. Besides God will reward the good for their faith, by giving them an eternity of bliss, and will punish the unbelievers by casting them into the abyss of torment, where they will wail and gnash their teeth forever.

SP.—Let us come to practical facts. What good will it do for people to sing praises to God and Christ forever, as an employment?

SKEP.—Your question is almost blasphemous. What good will it do? It will please God, and will be our proper service.

SP.—You think then that the Almighty would love to be praised for what he has done? I do not think so. I think that it is well to utter our gratitude to God and to Christ, whether here or in the spirit-world; but not that God will, like a vain man, be flattered by the praise. We shall always utter our joy and gratitude as much here as in heaven. Therefore, there is no good reason for making praise the *employment* of eternity. God created us to be *useful* beings—useful to ourselves, useful to mankind, and thus useful to him. If we aid him in the work of developing and elevating one human being, (oneself, for instance,) we are serving him well. If we aid him in elevating and purifying many of his creatures we do still better. That is a more worthy employment than hymns and prayers.

SKEP.—But you speak of our being *useful* in heaven. The idea is preposterous. What use can we be in the presence of God—in his very household? And surely we could do nothing in the abode of the arch fiend.

SP.—What could we do in the presence of God? We could labor as he labors. We are now, at this moment, in his presence, and as near him as we shall ever be. I perceive that we differ on this point—the *usefulness* of another life. You seem to think it use enough if the good are happy and the others in torment. I have other ideas of the purposes of God in creation. I see that even the brutes labor, some of them, with unremitting industry. I see that God is ever at work, personally present, in every particle of matter. He is within you and within me. He is at work within us, or we could not live a moment. He is as much at work within the form of a spirit or an angel as in a mortal. He is as much at work in the form of the brute, in the tree, or even the crystal as in us. He works in all matter, and works ever according to fixed and immutable laws. Shall we, his children, stand idly by and look on? Shall we not aid him?

SKEP.—It sounds strangely to hear you talk of aiding God, as if he needed our assistance.

SP.—Yet he does. Probably God could do anything that is good or useful, and is, in fact, almighty so far as his labors come within the course he has prescribed for himself. But he is not almighty enough to break his own laws—at least he will not do so.

I wish to discuss the practical nature of the spirit-life. Let us recur to it. In former conversations I have stated my opinion, from the instructions I have received, that men carry on all the trades, arts and employments found on earth, and many others not known here. This you are not prepared to believe.

SKEP.—No; I can not believe that when I go to heaven I have got to work and drudge as I do here. That is a more perfect life. When we leave this earth our labors are ended.

SP.—And, as a consequence, we must be idle through all eternity. We have arms which are useless, organs of the brain which might as well not have been made. Practically, we have been made in vain, since few of mankind do anything of importance here. Here is the great point on which we differ; for, if you admit that *anything* is *done* in the spirit-world, you must admit all. If a garment is made it will involve all the other trades; and if trades are carried on at all, there is no reason to suppose they do not excel in them. If men work for others they must be paid, and that involves business and commerce.

SKEP.—I can not go to that length. Business in heaven, money-making, money-lending, usury, thrift, cent. per cent. profits, all the miserable details of a swindling business—is that worthy of heaven?

SP.—You have said it. If there is anything to *do* in the spirit-world it involves all these things—all or nothing. If there is labor it must be rewarded, since men would have to be changed by a great miracle—indeed, lose their identity—before they would work for their neighbors for nothing. If they were paid there must be money. If money dealings are had, there must be banks and brokers, warehouses and shops, factories and mills—indeed, all that beautifies or disfigures this earth.

SKEP.—This is a shocking faith. That would not be heaven to me to go to such a world. I have had enough of such a life here.

SP.—The laborer, at the end of his hard day's work, thinks he has had enough of labor, and would be glad to rest for the remainder of his life.

scribed as heaven, you would be more miserable than those you imagine to be in the torments of your fancied hell. No one can be happy here without labor, and as death makes no change in us, all that is *ourselves* goes to the spirit-world; as we then have the same wants, the same propensities, the same loves, hopes and fears, we must be actively employed, or else neither mind nor body could be healthy.

SKEP.—Perhaps we may be active enough in our studies and our self-culture to prevent the stagnation of our faculties.

SP.—Could we study without books?

SKEP.—Yes; wiser spirits would personally teach us.

SP.—What would preserve the records of the wisdom already gained?

SKEP.—The memory. Would angels forget what they had learned?

SP.—I think they would. What is more, I think that there would be very little study, very little learning, and very small means to convey instruction, if there were no means of writing or printing a book.

SKEP.—Probably there would be means of writing, and thus knowledge could be conveyed.

SP.—And this would be, probably, on immaterial paper, with immaterial ink and with an imaginary pen. Come, you must give up that antiquated idea of the nothingness of spirit-matter. The spirit-world is material as much as this; but it is of refined matter—the essence of matter. Being like this in all respects, except that it is refined, there must be the same *uses* as we have here. As men are the same, they will work at such employments as they incline to, and thus make a living, or accumulate a fortune.

SKEP.—Accumulate property!

SP.—Certainly—why not? If men work for wages, they may lay up their earnings.

SKEP.—This is more preposterous than all I have yet heard on the subject. I know not in what terms to express my repugnance to the idea. I have ever looked forward to the time when a higher state of things would exist—when the tricks of trade would be but something of the past, whose end was a subject for rejoicing. But here I find that you offer but a repetition of this miserable world, instead of the glorious Heaven I have been looking for.

SP.—This "miserable world" is one of God's worlds, and seems to me to have been intended for the purpose of showing the necessity of a higher world.
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God were ordained for the universe. As they govern us here, so they must govern us there.

SKEP.—Your remarks that there would be commerce in the spirit-world have startled me somewhat; and, the more I think of the matter, the more am I astonished at the assertion. What! must I enter my shop again, and haggle and bargain, and buy and sell to eke out a miserable existence?

SP.—Not unless you choose to do so. There is no compulsion about it. If commerce does not suit you, you can try some other employment. There are the mechanical trades, the various arts of design, the professions, teaching, agriculture, authorship, etc. If none of the employments of spirits suit you, perhaps you will be so situated as to have no necessity of labor. That would perhaps suit you better.

SKEP.—I don't know that it would. I could not sit down in the midst of an active world and be idle. I should work too. But I don't believe there is a labor there for any one. In that blissful abode we "rest from our labors."

SP.—Idleness is not rest. It would be the most fatiguing thing possible, and no human spirit above the brute could desire it or endure it. Why, there will be no time in all the ages to come when even the brutes will be idle. Idleness is stagnation, and that is an impossibility in God's creation, where he works in all things, and where all things work with him. While a man thinks himself idle, he is hard at work at mischief generally. He may be philosophizing, or musing, or praying, or praising, but all that is labor; the mind is at work. All labor is of the mind. The hands but execute the behests of the spirit.

SKEP.—Mental labor I do not object to. I expect to think when I get to heaven, though there will be no need of thought; that will be only a pleasure. What I object to is the vulgarity of working like a drudge after death, when the labors of life ought to be over.

SP.—I do not see why they should be over. Our *life* is not over, nor even interrupted by death. Our life, and all that was the man still lives, unchanged and the same. What has happened that should exonerate man from the great duty of action?

SKEP.—Why the man has gone to heaven or to hell, and "there is no device in the grave."

SP.—Of course there is no device in the grave, for no one goes there to live. But you say the man has gone to heaven or to hell, and you think that one of those places is too good to work in, and the other too bad.

SKEP.—I find it difficult to overthrow all my ideas of that abode of celestial peace, and suppose it filled with the turmoil of business; I could better suppose it in the other place.

SP.—I perceive your difficulty ; it lies in your fanciful ideas of those places. Suppose that in heaven all were idly happy, as you would have them, and that in the other place they had to labor—*drudge*, if you please, at whatever employment. It would not be long before the denizens of that imaginary dark abode would make a heaven of it, while the reverse would be the case with the idlers of heaven. Yes, they would change places. Now, if I believed in a place set apart for torment, I can easily see how it could be got up so that the highest degree of torture should be attained for the miserable occupants. It would be only to *give them nothing to do*. Then there would be “weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.” I can conceive of no greater misery than to be compelled to live in the kind of place you have pictured out as heaven. In the first place, you give us no form or body. We should have only a thought, a feeling of existence, without a covering to hold it. There would be no material shape, and consequently we should be invisible to each other, and inaudible and intangible. To say nothing of the absurdity of there being a manifestation of mind without matter, your condition would be a most *lonely* one certainly. In the second place, having no organs or form, the luxury of eating and drinking, smelling and tasting, would be lost forever, and all we should have would be the aggravating memory of the time when we enjoyed those senses. In the third place, we would have no local habitation or name ; each of us would be one of the invisible particles of *nothing* in the universe. Then we could not paint, nor sculpt, nor read, nor write. All art, all poetry, all eloquence, would be gone forever. Pray tell me what there would be left of us, or for us, in the condition which you imagine we shall be after death.

SKEP.—You have rather caricatured my idea in your *argumentum ad absurdum*. When I said that we should have no material body, I meant, not one like this ; we should have, of course, a spiritual body, but it will have none of the wants of this.

SP.—Will that spiritual body be visible and tangible ?

SKEP.—Of course it will.

SP.—Then it will be material, and it must be clothed.

SKEP.—I suppose it will find itself clothed in robes of light.

SP.—Will it need sustenance ?

SKEP.—Of course not.

SP.—Then the senses of taste and smell will be lost, I suppose. Will that body be like this ?

SKEP.—Perhaps somewhat so. It will be a glorified body.

• SP.—Explain the word glorified.

SKEP.—It will be gloriously beautiful.

SP.—How, then, shall we recognize our friends, some of whom are very ugly?

SKEP.—I don't know, but I am sure the ugly forms and faces I see can never enter heaven.

SP.—Have those bodies lungs, viscera, nerves and muscles?

SKEP.—I should think not. They will have no use for them.

SP.—Where do you find the authority for thus destroying the identity of the man? For if you take that pious, holy, good, but excessively ugly working man we see yonder, and make him in form and face beautiful and glorious, and take from him his muscular and nervous system—take from him his lungs and his internal organization—it would seem that there is nothing of the man left. You have taken away the being of God's creation and substituted one of your own getting up.

SKEP.—Well, I do not find it easy to explain my ideas upon this subject. Indeed they are not quite clear. I have not thought much upon it. Do you think we shall be raised with an incorruptible body of the same make as that we now wear?

SP.—Why not? Can we make ourselves over again? We have been once created, and that is for eternity. We shall have no other form, however many changes we may undergo, for the form is a part of the identity; the body we wear is the *shape of the mind*. To change it would destroy the identity. By the form I do not mean the flesh and blood, for this gross matter is only a protecting covering gathered round the spirit-form, to enable it to grapple with the gross matter of the earth on which it resides. The gross matter is no part of itself; and when, being no longer fit to wear, it is thrown off, the form is the same within and without. Because a man disrobes to bathe, has he changed his form? The man is the same, whatever clothes he may wear; and whether, by the God-given inherent power of his nature, he clothes himself in the gross matter of this earth, the sublimated essence of matter of the spirit-world, or the still more refined essence of matter fitted for the celestial worlds, he is still the same man, and in no respect changed. He has only changed his garments, at each new abode putting on a finer suit. While his external form remains the same, his internal construction is also identical. He has his lungs for breathing, his heart and blood-vessels for circulation, and his viscera for digestion. Nor are there any functions of his body lost. There is no act of this life that may not be repeated in any future condition of the man.

SKEP.—Then you still insist, as heretofore, that we must eat and drink

in a spirit-world, or starve, and that there will be miserable wretches begging from door to door for the crust that would sustain existence.

SP.—Yes, there will be beggars there as well as here. There will be the thrifty and the prodigal, the industrious and the idle, the wise and the foolish, the well-behaved and the vicious, the spiritual and the sensual, the religious and the impious, the believer and the infidel, the rich and the poor, the great and the little, the famous and the insignificant, the strong and the weak, the sick and the well, the temperate and the intemperate, the dandy and the sloven, the chaste and the unchaste, the sinner and the saint, the philosopher and the simpleton; indeed, whatever you find upon earth in human shape, is certain to arrive in the spirit-world unchanged, there to go on in its earthly track; or, if disposed to reform, re-commence life with newer and better resolutions.

SKEP.—You have given a grand catalogue of conditions, but they are all of a piece. If you have there a material form, organized as it is here, and in action, of course it must be nourished—that implies the necessity of agriculture and commerce, and in fact all the mechanical trades; and if we admit any labor we shall have to admit all. If some men labor and others do not, there will be thrift and poverty of course. All this question turns upon the point, that the body is *organized and in action* the same as here; for if that be the case, and if it must be fed, the conclusion must be admitted that there is work to be done to provide food. If we admit agriculture, there must be tools and machines; if we admit the material body, it must be clothed; if we have similar tastes, we shall desire to read books and to look on works of art. All—all must be done if anything. So the question is narrowed down to this: *Do spirits have organized bodies?*

SP.—The affirmative reply to that proposition seems reasonable. I will leave that to be elaborated in your mind by quiet reflection. Among the things which seemed absurd to me, when first propounded, was the *commerce* of the spirit-world—the business affairs, the buying and selling, the banking and coining. I thought that all that would be over. I had always thought that I had only got to make a living *here*, and I have often looked forward to the time when I should be sure of a *living* without the trouble of earning it. But a little reflection has convinced me that the arrangements God has made for us are infinitely wise. I now feel pleased at the idea that I shall have the privilege of labor forever, for I perceive that it is *the ladder of progress*. Upon that I shall mount to excellence. The climbing may be hard, but the direction is upward. Step by step, labor by labor, I shall rise, till I can mate with angels. Assuredly I can not rise by

any other means. Idleness would not give me progression. If I stand still I can not rise to the plane of the great and the good. This is a certainty—nothing comes of nothing. I must study, if I would learn; mere idle reverie will not cultivate my intellect—I must think, I must work. Would I know the languages, I must study them, and travel among the people who speak them; would I gather the ideas of a people, I must read their books and associate with them; would I learn the sciences, I must study for centuries upon centuries, only to find at the longest conceivable period of time that I have only entered the threshold of the temple of knowledge. If I would cultivate my taste, I must not only see the works of art of all nations in many worlds, but I must do something in art myself, to enable me to understand the beautiful and the true. Suppose I would cultivate my taste for music, must I not hear music, and ought I not to study music? Suppose I love history, must I not read an indefinite number of works, and search far and near for facts. In philosophy, or in literature, must I not read and write *ad infinitum* before I could begin to think myself adept? Think, for a moment, my friend, is there not *work* to do in the future stages of existence?

SKEP.—I begin to think it possible that there is. I have never doubted that we should think and learn there; but I supposed we should have no wants, because God would give us all that was necessary for us.

SP.—So he does give us all that is necessary for us. He gives us muscles, and the power to use them. He places within our reach all that we need, and bids us stretch forth the hand and take. Some will not do that, but require that God shall place what they want in their hands, or in their mouth. You admit that we shall wish to *learn* when in the spirit-world; we must then have books, and there must be printers and binders to make them. If there be printers, there must be type-founders, and as you know, all the other trades are involved. If any work is to be done, all the trades are necessary to do it.

SKEP.—Well, I must change all my ideas radically, and begin anew before I can get in the habit of thinking of rising in the morning, as a spirit, to take a bath, dress myself (perhaps get a button sewed on), eat my breakfast, go to my store and try to sell my goods, return home to dinner and help eat a turkey, or a loin of beef; drive out in the afternoon to take the air and look at the beautiful scenery; return to take tea, to walk into the drawing-room, ask Mary or Carrie to play on the piano or sing, to set the young people dancing till weary of it; then, perhaps, to join in a walk out for ice-cream at some saloon, I with my wife on my arm and the young people carrying on their flirtations; to return and set down to whist and

backgammon ; and, finally, retire to my bed to sleep and to dream. There ! that is the life you offer in exchange for the blissful rest of heaven, for the holy service of God in prayer and praise, for the striking the golden harp at the footstool of the throne !

SP.—Have you ever learned to play the harp ?

SKEP.—No, but that is a figurative expression.

SP.—Do you sing ?

SKEP.—No, but that power would be given to me, seeing it was to be exercised for so good a purpose. I am not entirely clear myself as to how we should manage in heaven, but we should be happy.

SP.—Yes. Those who carry a heaven within their own breasts will find one in the spirit-world, not otherwise ; though their condition will be bettered by the improved condition of things. Besides, they may find a heaven after they get there, if they seek it with an honest purpose ; but it will not be in idleness. Remember, heaven is a condition of the mind, not a place ; and one can be in heaven while on earth, as well as after his arrival in the spirit-state of existence.

SKEP.—Then what is the use of dying, if we can be in heaven here ?

SP.—There are many uses of dying. I don't see how we could do without death. This earth would be the hell you have imagined as the abode of the wicked, if people could never get out of it. Would you have the same dynasties reign forever ? Would you have the Demidoffs, the Rothschilds, and the Astors go on accumulating forever ? Would you have the rich grow forever richer, and the poor forever poorer ? This alone would spoil the beauty of earth. If a man lost his limb, or his teeth, would you have him go on for ever and ever, thus deprived of them ? Is it not a luxury to get rid of this earth after one has become weary of it ? And when, from the peculiar circumstances in which one is or may be situated here, he can not well rise or reform, is it not a great privilege to be effectually separated from this condition, and enabled to begin his life anew, and enter upon the pursuits which are congenial with his nature, and thus rise in the scale of being, and achieve that happiness which was forever denied him here ? Suppose a person were unhappily married, would you have no death to cut the gordian knot ?

SKEP.—Yes ; I perceive that death is necessary for us, and is in truth the greatest blessing, for it opens to us the gates of immortality, and leads us to the abodes of bliss, where disease and death are known no more forever.

SP.—Upon that we will speak hereafter.

W.

TO MY SPIRIT SISTER.

How bright soe'er be sun or star
On mount, or stream, or shoreless sea,
A ray is o'er me, brighter far,
Sweet sister, in the thought of thee.
Though friends be near to charm or cheer,
And wit and song my soul enthrall,
I think of thee, my sister dear,
As brightest, dearest, best of all!
And thus I long for that blest hour
When I shall clasp thee to my breast;
And when, in some immortal bower,
My weary heart may hope for rest.

I love thee with a holy love
That could not change or pass away;
I love thee with a truth above
The passions found in human clay.
To thee I turn, when low reclined
Upon my couch at midnight deep;
I deem thine arms are round me twined,
And that thou lovest me, while I sleep.
And up and on, in fancy's car,
My thoughts to thee forever climb.
Thou art a star, whose course afar
I follow to the end of time.

Fair spirit, 'tis to such as thou,
And only such, my soul could turn;
To none, less pure, my heart would bow;
For none, less bright, my heart would burn.
The flame ascends, and at thy feet
Would an eternal homage pay;
But mortal loves, however sweet,
Would quench its holier fire for aye.
But ne'er from thee to earth it turns;
To no clay shrine I bend the knee;
Oh let the spirit-flame that burns
So deep within be worthy thee!

My earth-love^{ever} has been vain—
 On many a quest I've bid it start ;
 But back again from o'er life's main
 The dove comes weary to my heart.
 But in the love I feel for thee
 There is no stain of mortal birth ;
 'Tis pure and warm—'tis proud and free—
 'Tis all that Heaven would ask of earth.
 And in my soul it shines for aye,
 Watched over by an angel band—
 A fire by night, a cloud by day,
 That guides me to the Promised Land.

Then leave me not, my sister dear,
 To wander from the path away—
 The end of earth to me is near—
 Already 'tis the dawn of day !
 A little while, and o'er the pall
 That shrouds, I shall be soaring free ;
 Soon shall I hear thy joyous call,
 And, guided heavenward, mount with thee.
 Then over earth still on may roll,
 With whelming surge, the flood of time,
 For, far above its crest, my soul
 Will ride a billow more sublime.

W.

APPARITION.—In a letter to Dr. Bentley, from the Rev. Thomas Wilkins, curate of Warblington, in Hampshire, written in the year 1695, wherein he gives an account of an apparition which haunted the parsonage-house, and which he himself and several other persons had seen, he particularly mentions that, thinking it might be some fellow hid in the room, he put his arm out to feel it, and his hand seemingly went through the body of it, and felt no manner of substance, until it reached the wall. "Then I drew back my hand, but still the apparition was in the same place."

Yet this specter did not appear above or near a grave, but moved from place to place, and gave considerable annoyance to the inhabitants of the rectory.

THE MAN OF EASE AND FASHION.

FRIDAY, Sept. 16, 1853.

THIS evening the Circle of Progress met, and then, through Mrs. Sweet, it was said :

This is a jolly sort of a world any way, but I'm tired to death. I don't know what to do with myself. I've traveled all over the world, searched out every object of interest, gone into every nook and corner, and now I have returned home. It is a dull and tedious world to live in. I hate reading, poring over your dry, musty books ; trashy novels are worse yet. I'm tired of smoking. My constitution is worn out and I can't stand strong drink. There is nothing here fit to eat ; confound 'em ! Why don't they have decent cooks here ? Nothing tastes good. Well, it is a weary world. I wonder what a man was made for ! I've plenty of time and money, and my friends say, " Why don't you enjoy yourself ? "

Those devilish horses like to have broke my neck the other day. Well, I'm becoming more and more disgusted with the world every day. Then what'll become of a fellow when he dies ? Never mind, I aint a going to die yet.

They say I ought to take a wife ; that would be only a slight change. But women are such insipid toys, men-trifling little dolls, they must be complimented and praised forever or they are pouting and looking so dismal. I shan't get married. I think more of my horses and dogs than of a wife, a damned sight.

Where shall I travel to ? I've been to Paris, and London, and all the big cities, and danced and waltzed and done every thing a fashionable young man should do, and a little more.

I just happen to think that while I was in Italy, walking along one day quite discontented, in a secluded street, I happened to meet a grave-looking personage, and I thought I'd speak to him, to while away the time, it was so confounded dull. We got to talking earnestly. He questioned me a good deal. I told him I felt life a stale sort of matter, and I'd about as lief step out ; enjoyment had lost its meaning with me. Well, he asked me if I had ever done any good with my money, any thing that would lead to a good end ? I said I thought I had, for I had spent a good

Now I'm all alone, with that cross old nurse, and that stern old doctor with his nasty, poisonous drugs. I'm becoming very feeble. My lawyer visited me the other day. I think of making my will; I can hardly stand. My limbs are so trembling that they refuse to support me.

I don't know who to leave my money to. I've plenty of poor relations; but they'll only spend it. They are vulgar people, and don't know how to use it. I guess I'll leave it to the Club; there are some noble fellows there, and they will appreciate it. How my eyesight fails me!—yet I'm young—not yet forty.

I don't see why I should be so weak; I haven't done any labor; I've lived an easy life. What has worn out my constitution? The doctor says it is extreme debility, want of muscular energy. Strange one of my age should be worn out already!

Doctor, you know that old nurse the other day talked of sending for a minister. What could I do with one? I've never done any thing bad. I don't want to be shrived for my sins. If the minister could restore my lost health! But he would only make long prayers, and ask me to remember his church in my will. I won't see 'em; I'm gloomy enough now—if it's time for me to pass away, it's just as well without a minister as with.

Here Mrs. S. went through the death-scene, during which he muttered a prayer for forgiveness of his sins, and then she added:

Is that my body? Pagh! I've left that; it seems I've died. I've left that world and waked up in another. After all, I am right by my body here. I don't want to leave it. I don't know where to go; I'd like to get up above it if I could, but I can't. Strange! I see people around it fixing it. They don't see me. Up above there is another kind of people. Down there they don't seem to be much. They're beckoning me to come up to them. I see people above me and I'll try to go to them; but I seem very heavy, not adapted to walking on air; yet I'm afraid to go away from my body, for I don't know where I'm going. There is no sympathy or companionship below, and beyond all seems uncertainty. It's very disagreeable traveling when one takes one step and don't know where the next is going to be. I can't see clearly. As I leave my body in the distance I seem to be going into a different atmosphere; still, it's not clear, not light—very dim and uncertain. They are still beckoning to me. I should like to go there.

Here are some people approaching me; they're strangers I never saw before, very common-looking people. I think I won't speak to them. They're coming right up to me. They tell me they will lead me to the place prepared for me. Very singular—a place prepared for me, and I

don't know nothing about it ; I now remember what the minister used to say of the glories of heaven. It's there they are going to lead me. I think they might send some more intelligent, genteel guides ; however, I presume I'll find it all right—and apartments furnished sumptuously, and servants perfectly drilled, and the cooking of exquisite order. I really feel quite elated. I'll accept the services of these common people ; perhaps they couldn't spare their better servants to come such a distance. I deserve a place in heaven, I know. I never murdered nor robbed, but I did two or three things not quite right ; but they overlooked such things on earth, and why won't they here ? Shall I meet that female here ? But I've no idea she can enter such a place. The child died long ago ; and so it is quite forgotten now. Still it makes me feel unpleasant and hesitate ; but among refined people it is only a youthful folly. I'll not trouble myself about it.

Strange, those people don't address me. They seem waiting for me ; but I suppose they are diffident, so I'll speak first. " Well, friends, are you waiting for me ? Are you sent to conduct me to that beautiful place called heaven ? " They're not waiting for me. What does that mean ? Have I been deceived ? Is there no such place as heaven ? No such beautiful place as the minister used to talk about ? Yes ; then why not do your duty, and lead me straight there ? They tell me I must go another way. Are you not servants ? No. And you are to be my companions ? That's a mistake. Can you lead me to my friends who must be waiting to receive me. My father and mother must be inhabitants of heaven, for they were bright and shining Christians. My brothers, and sisters, and other relatives must be in this vast country somewhere. I'm not accustomed to such treatment as this.

They stand and look at me, and make no reply ; strange, I don't understand it. Is it possible I am to have no other companion but these common, though coarse people, yet they look honest and friendly ; but I can't associate with them. Their manner of living must be so coarse. One asks me to listen to him. Very well, but speak quickly, for I'm weary of this long delay, of this gloomy place, which is not half so good as earth.

He tells me they are sent to instruct me. Preposterous ! These coarse people sent to teach me !

He tells me my life has been very worthless—devoid of usefulness to myself or my fellow-creatures. My course was altogether idle and profitless, and pregnant with sin and folly—a life which brought me down to this level here, and beneath the rudest and most unrefined of God's creatures. Can this be so ?

He tells me there is no heaven for me until I earn it by the sweat of my brow, that is, with the labor of mind, that not one step can I ascend only by the greatest amount of self-denial, of labor, of humility and love to all below me, and a feeling of equality, and a wish for instruction, that I may progress out of my ignorance and moral deformity. Oh! can that be so? Am I ignorant—indeed ignorant?

He tells me I must begin as a little child, and learn the first lessons of wisdom; must climb step by step, purifying and expanding my inner being, until I shall attain to the level of these minds, which are intelligent and improved by the knowledge of this country. Oh! what a dreadful, weary task it must be? How shall I begin? I never was able to perform labor. It is not such labor, he says, that will be required of me, but of a kind that will act on my spiritual body and my spirit itself. Now, he says, my spiritual body is unseemly and deformed, by the imperfections of my former character. He says I could not mingle with those who are soaring above me, who look so light and clear in the distance. My body partakes of the color of my mind, and that is very dark and unseemly. How very new all this seems to me! And I must begin to study, to labor to live and mingle with these coarse people. I must begin down here.

Yet they seem very kind, and reproach me with pitying looks; they take me by the hand—say they will help me. They tell me my mind is all a blank, and is capable of having beautiful characters of virtue, and love, and long-suffering, and gentle persuasion, and heavenly aspirations written on its tablets. Oh! they weep for me and pity me; can it be I deserve their pity? Yes, their sympathizing tears seem so much more welcome to me now than the deceitful smiles of my earthly friends. Yes, I must cast aside the stubborn pride and feeling of superiority and dignity, so long the ruling characteristic of my being. I must humble myself, and begin on my humble knees to learn wisdom as a child. And now, when I signify my willingness to be taught by them, how kindly they speak to me! How could I think them so coarse! Their language is, to be sure, plain and simple, but pure in tone; their faces show an intelligence I did not before discover. There is about them a certain dignity, an air of self-possession, of firmness in all their movements, which seems to endow them with strength, to beautify their faces, to make their actions gentle, their words soft and kind. Oh, I was mistaken in their appearance. Now I feel how superior they are to me; yet I do not judge 'em so much by appearance as by words and gestures, their actions, all their movements. What is it that makes these common-looking people seem so harmoniously blending with grace, and look

so gentle and dignified even in their coarse apparel and in their rugged looking country? There is some mystery about it I don't understand.

Now a female speaks to me, and her tones are soft and low. She says: Brother, persevere; begin your labor with a cheerful heart; give away all the sins and follies of your past life by killing the remembrance of them here by good works; and when you shall have become strong and manly in your development of mind; when you shall have indeed become a true man, fit to take your place in the spheres of wisdom as an individual spirit, then shall great strength and power be given you; then shall bright and shining attendants take you by the hand, and with heavenly instruction cause your face to shine with knowledge, and wisdom, and pure love.

Then shall you be fit to enter that celestial land called heaven, where all is pure and holy, where the very atmosphere is laden with the whispers of love and of joy from the hearts of angels, who, ranging in their eternal course through the illimitable space of worlds, are glorifying God in their songs of joy and holiness.



ANCIENT OPINIONS OF HEAVEN.—“The gods shall send you to the Elysian plain, and the extreme margin of the Earth, where men lead facile, joyous lives. No snow is there, or wintry cold, or storms of rain; but Ocean evermore sends music-breathing zephyrs to refresh those who dwell there.” (Odys. iv. 563.)

“These happy heroes dwell devoid of care, by the deep-eddying Ocean, in the Islands of the blest, where thrice each year the bounteous Earth pours forth for them delicious fruits.” (Hesiod, Op. & Dies.)

“They came at length to delightful regions and charming verdant places, amid happy groves, the seats of the blest. Here the more widely expanded ether robes the plains in purple light; they have also their own sun and their own stars. Some on the grassy sward exercise their limbs, emulous, in various games, or wrestle on the yellow sand. Some perform the choral dance, chanting, while they beat on the earth with their feet. * * * Here dwell the mighty heroes, Ilus, Assaracus, and Dardanus the founder of Troy. At distance he admired their shadowy chariots; their javelins stood fixed in the earth, and everywhere at will their unharnessed steeds cropped the grassy meadows. *Such pleasure in their arms and chariots, such care to feed their shining war-horses, as they had in life, the same they feel in their present abode.* (Æneid, vi.)

THE OLDEN TIME.

The jutting rock, the winding stream,
The wild o'erhanging wood,
Where life enjoyed its morning dream,
As slept that quiet flood ;

The whortleberry, tinted blue,
And where, beneath the beach,
The winter-green, in scarlet hue,
Seemed hiding from my reach ;

And from the rocky, shady nook
The blackberry scrambled forth
To tempt the youngster's longing look—
To gain the hazard's worth.

The garment torn—the thorn-scratched limb,
Glimmer on mem'ry's brow,
And bring back joyous days to him
Whose sun is growing low ;

When in that rude log-scalloped boat
He paddled across the lake,
And fastened it to an aspen bough
The fishing-rod to take,

He watched it float, as from beneath
It lured its guileless prey ;
Alas, too, like the deeds of death
Performed in upper day !

Then gathering nature's sweet bouquet,
As floating near the shore,
The nymphs' shining leaflets play—
Type of that passing, passing hour.

The Indian pipe—mysterious flower—
Springing from out the root
Of some old tree's decaying power,
Allured the urchin's foot.

LIFE HYMN.

The *Lonocera*, too, was there ;
 And *Clematis*, the bride,
 Oft twined her fragile tendrils where
 'Twas wrong she should confide.

These all are dreams of other days,
 Like cities of the dead,
 That sleep beneath the glassy waves,
 Within their oozy bed.

AZOR HOYT.



LIFE HYMN.

Oh, thank God for life!—'tis a glorious boon,
 Though squandered too often and wasted too soon ;
 Though made oft a burden by sin and by shame,
 And used up with never a purpose or aim.

Oh, thank God for life and a home upon earth,
 And to the great end of thy being go forth.
 There is work to be done—for a rough gem is given
 To cut and to polish and fit it for heaven.

Oh, prize this earth-life—'tis the first step we take
 In the progress we all through eternity make.
 In the first great step let us not go wrong ;
 Let us start aright and then urge along.

Affections are given—they must be refined ;
 And culture is requisite, too, for the mind.
 If we try, we can beautify wisdom and love,
 Till both shall be worthy a home above.

Be grateful for life, for it gives us room
 To learn the high faith that despises the tomb ;
 To banish our errors, our sins and our fears,
 And fit us for higher and holier spheres.

It is God's first gift—oh, despise it not,
 For life shrines the soul and the flower of thought !
 Oh, prize then this life, but be ready to rise
 Any time to a better beyond the blue skies.

H.

THE SLAVE.

December 26 1853.

The Circle of Progress met, and through Mrs. Swann it was said :

You have been talking of flowers and love, and beauty and joy, this evening, and perchance you think there is nought else than such in the spirit-world. O! if such is your idea, a poor wretch such as I must be most unwelcome, who has come to divest your minds of all these beautiful fancies in my own sad history. I was born amid slavery and wretchedness, fed on food which was not even offered to the dogs that belonged to my master, and I was daily lashed—my poor flesh laid open to the bone—to please the passionate whim of a brutal owner. No! I had no comfort, save when I had arrived at manhood, they gave me a companion. How tenderly I loved her, and she the little one! But they tore her away from my arms after scourging her with many stripes; and my innocent babe was taken from me, and I left alone in my misery to grovel on the earth, to groan aloud in my agony, and then to be lashed for so doing.

I wished to die, for I knew not how to pray; never knew the name of God, save in execrations, which even now chill my life-blood within my heart. And all of kindness and love in my heart turned to gall and bitterness, and I, who would have been thankful to labor for one kind word—I became a lying, wicked, thieving, selfish slave. They cultivated nought but my bad propensities, and those they strengthened, and brought forth everything black and repulsive which my nature was capable of producing.

I feared no higher power than that which had bought and paid for my vile and loathsome body, and soul, too, as it seemed to me, and all I cared for was death; the forgetfulness of the grave was all my spirit groaned for in its hour of agony.

At one time my passions, raised by the violence of my master, I struck him down. It seemed as if a devil possessed me. I must tread upon the body of him who had spurned me as a worm. But now the worm turned, and his cruel and cowardly soul was forced to leave its body; and now I was satisfied. My soul had drank its vengeance, and I cared not what became of me.

And so they beat me to death! What a happy release was that! They

could no longer bruise my spirit, though they might cast my body to the crows—and I was free! Oh, what a gladsome hour was that when I first beheld myself free! Strange people came and spoke to me—spoke kindly—asked me if I was not glad to be released from slavery of body, and told me I should now be released from the dark slavery of ignorance and sin of mind. I did not understand them. I only felt I was free from the power of the oppressor, and like a bird which would fain soar, but cannot because of weakness.

I saw such a vast space around me, above and beneath me, and they led me away, away, far into a large city, and there I beheld thousands, who, it seemed, had once resembled me in appearance. They looked so happy, and labored so briskly, and sang so cheerfully, that I felt as if I must be in some good and beautiful place, which had never been heard of. Heaven I had heard of, but knew not what it meant. I associated it with something good and pretty, and these people, I thought, must be in heaven, for everything looked so different from anything I had seen before. Their color was different; they had been of the same hue that I had once been, but their faces were so white and shining. Some looked light, and some darker; and I noticed that those who seemed to be the wisest among them had lost almost all traces of their former dark appearance; but still they were of the same race as myself. They told me they were all here being prepared to inhabit a country peculiar to themselves, where they should in turn become educated, and fitted for higher duties, and then ascend to a more distant country. They were of a race of people whose mental development had been of peculiar growth, and they were but passing through a lower existence while inhabiting this earth, and would, in the next sphere, become kings and masters, so to speak, in their proper sphere of mental enlightenment.

You ask what I did when I first entered that place? People took me and showed me how to labor—taught me the true use, value and dignity of labor; and having taken away all my old and bitter prejudices against a life of labor, they cultivated my mind, and taught me, in simple and easy lessons, to love the great good God from whom my spirit had sprung. When they told me of his goodness and mercy, my heart filled with love inexpressible—so filled that there was no room for any of the bad passions which had caused me to become such a wretch. And how earnestly I labored, with both soul and body, that I might become as one of those guileless and benevolent beings, who daily taught me such lessons of love and kindness. When they spoke to me of earth, I shuddered, and feared they would send me back; and often have I knelt, and with tears implored

them not to send me back to wretched earth again. There was nothing to desire there. I had no wish to return again to the scene of my former sufferings; but I often wept as I thought of my wife and little one. I knew she was still in the hard, cold world, and I prayed them to go to earth and bring to me her and the little one I loved.

They told me my desires could not be granted; I must wait until, in the course of nature, or through the forcing of nature by cruelty, they would be able to make their entrance as I had. And gradually I began to see things in a new light. My mind began to expand; I stood erect, and gazed on the works of God, and my heart filled with awe and love.

December 29, 1853.

At the Circle of Progress, through Mrs. SWEET, the history of the slave was continued.

Notwithstanding the many beautiful things which I daily saw, my mind would still turn back to earth; and when I thought who had misused and ill-treated me, there were still revengeful feelings and bitter hate towards the authors of my misery. The spirits who taught me lessons of love and truth told me these feelings were wrong—that I could never become pure and good, or a fit inhabitant of those blest spheres of beauty, unless I forgave those who had been my former enemies. But it seemed an impossibility, and as if I only wanted to be avenged, and then I should be ready to feel no other emotions than those of joy and happiness. A kind and lovely spirit came to me, and led me to a dreary, dismal place, and there showed me the spirit of my tormentor. Oh, how miserable he looked! gnashing his teeth with fury and baffled rage; laying about him and striving to lash poor creatures around him; but the strokes only fell on empty air. How he howled and yelled, and would not hear one word from a grave-looking person who stood near, trying to reason with him on his folly and madness. Oh, I looked upon him who had formerly so severely punished me, and my soul was filled with sadness! I could not wish a greater revenge than this. And then the spirit who had brought me there asked me if it was pleasant—if I loved to see that wretched man in such suffering and misery—if I loved to see others suffering ten thousand fold the agony I had undergone?—for this was greater punishment than mine, and I felt how deeply I merited this gentle rebuke; and then I turned and fell on my knees, and begged that spirit to intercede for my tormentor. His state was so much worse than mine, how could I help pitying him!

He led me back to the place we had come from, and said to me, My son, thou hast shown a spirit of repentance—a sorrow for the suffer-

ings of thy tormentor, and the work of regeneration has begun. And now thou shalt be able to travel upward rapidly when thy spirit becomes filled with love and forgiveness to thy former enemy, for none are pure in spirit—none can be progressed in love where feelings of revenge find a resting-place. No selfishness or anger must reside in the heart which gazes heavenward. And a mighty calm came over my hitherto troubled spirit—not tossed like waves, first agitated by love and gladness, and then by revenge and wickedness.

Oh no! these had all passed away, and now how earnestly I hourly prayed that the sufferings of my tormentor might cease. He was to be pitied while I was in such a lovely place—a heaven, it seemed to me, 'twas so green, the flowers so fragrant, labor so sweet and pleasant. No harsh words—no heavy blows, but all accents of loving-kindness, gentle encouragement, and peaceful rest. And when my soul needed instruction, then would some gentle being draw and point upward, and lead me away where I might gaze on the worlds far off which were to be my future dwelling, when I should become developed in wisdom and knowledge so as to be a fit inhabitant of that lovely place. They told me I should there find those whose minds would assimilate with my own—those who had long before me died on earth and emerged from darkness and ignorance, and bondage worse than even I had conceived of, and had entered the spirit-world with the same feelings which I had, but had been led on and taught the love of God, and had become bright and pure, because divested of all their grossness and materiality. And when they had become so pure in their spirits, spiritual light had soared away from this lower abode where I now dwell.

The thought was beautiful. It seemed too great a joy to believe that a poor, ignorant slave like me, who had scarcely heard of the great and glorious God, and of all these beautiful worlds which were rolling around me in the vast firmament, should, after having committed a dreadful crime, and entered the spirit-world with all my sins and ignorance upon me, be permitted to see so much of heaven, and learn the mercy of God so soon. And they told me that I should be permitted to inhabit a country where there were none but those of my race and kindred, if I was so minded. They told me I need not be a slave or servant here, but might mingle with the best and purest as my soul advanced. Oh! there is no such thing as feeling lost or deserted in the spheres where I now dwell. Every one has kindred and friends—every one has home and joys greater than earth ever beheld. And if a poor, sinful wretch like me can be so happy in my low estate, what must be the state of the pure soul when it leaves the body! For if the earthly life of the poor slave is one of suffering and bondage, if his soul and

body are bought and sold here, it does not reach beyond the grave. No, no ! thank God, the poor slave's soul is free as air from the bondage of man when it leaves the body ; and it is only the chains of ignorance and darkness which bind it here. But gentle spirits come in clouds and take him by the hand, as brothers and sisters, and wipe away his tears, and lead him up to that heaven where naught can dwell but goodness and love.

I am very thankful for this privilege of coming to you. I had to speak slowly, and they told me what to say, as I have said it. I have to-night taken one step higher in my heavenly journey ; for have I not come back to earth and given a lesson of encouragement for my poor fellow-slaves !

Thanks, and good-night !

 TO A PROPHETESS.

LADY, thou hast upon life's journey started,
 Endowed by heaven with power of doing good ;
 And thou hast labored well and willing-hearted
 To give thy brethren spiritual food.
 All self-denying—offering thy labor
 Constant to one and all, with ready will ;
 Thou hast well done thy duty to thy neighbor,
 And yet thou wilt thy life-long task fulfill.

Thus hast thou won th' approving smile of heaven ;
 Thus hast thou gained thy many friends' regard ;
 And, for th' unselfish toll, so freely given,
 Doubt not of thy exceeding great reward
 For thee it is enough to do thy duty—
 That will reward thee—for thy soul will rise,
 Brightened and purified, to perfect beauty,
 Ready for its high station in the skies.

'Tis not to praise thee that the poet's numbers
 Are breathed into thine ear—'tis to incite
 To labor still, till every heart that slumbers
 Awakes to hail the Gospel's glorious light.
 Go on thy course of noble self-denial ;
 And know—though in thine all unselfish quest,
 Thy earthly life have many a painful trial—
 There is a world of everlasting rest.

W

A WORD FROM VOLTAIRE.

New York, July 26, 1855.

At Mr. Sweet's—Mrs. Sweet was influenced, and the following communication was given. It purported to be from Voltaire:—

I STAND upon the summit of a lofty mountain; I am enveloped in a cloudy atmosphere; none are near me, and I stand alone, in silence and solitude; a sense of the infinite power and majesty of God pervades my entire being, and a fervent desire goes out from my spirit to the Spirit whose unutterable breathings are all around me! I ask for wisdom from on high; I ask that the power of Infinitude which I am made to feel may not overwhelm me, but that I may, as an humble and loving little child, receive that which my spirit is able to grasp, and lo! before the prayer had left my heart it was answered by a beauteous sight presented to my view. I saw approaching me four spirits; they all came from different directions, and some were exceedingly bright. The light radiating from them dazzled my vision as they approached closer to me. The others were not of so fair an appearance; but they wore a pleasant expression, which seemed to say, peace be unto thee, child of earth; we come to teach thee a lesson; because thou hast desired wisdom, thy prayer shall be answered.

They stood before me so that I might behold them all together, and I observed that each one was clad differently from the others. The entire being bore that distinction which would mark a different nation, yet physically they were the same, because they were kindred in kind if not in spirit. One of them now addressed me, saying—

Child of earth, we come to thee, each from a different state or sphere—each one representing by our appearance the degree of development to which we have attained in our spirit progress. Gaze upon us closely, and thou wilt see a marked difference in each one. Behold, the first who comes near thee is a dweller near the sphere in which thou art still a dweller. Thou wilt perceive that there is much of earth's surroundings still about him. His sympathies with earth are strong. His desires tend yet as much earthward as up—as heavenward. His vesture, the limitation of thought and feeling, are yet upon or assimilating much with, the earth plane. There is

a strong and ardent longing to mingle again in the scenes which he left. The time hath been so short since his removal that he doth not yet sufficiently realize his new position, but thinks he would be happier if his earthly joy, his cares and friends, were with him; because "where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

And now look upon the next. You observe a more hopeful expression of countenance, a lighter raiment, less inclination to look downward, and more wish to soar up. This spirit is more thoroughly weaned from earth. He hath cast the trammels off him. He hath left the plane or state which kept him near earth so long, and he is rising above those who have lingered by the wayside, plucking only fading flowers. His ear hath become accustomed to the sound of spirit voices. His eye lights up as it looks upon spirit-forms, and he feels that he has cast off earth's mantle for ever and ever. Thus his spirit is new-born and buoyant, and he listens attentively to all teachings which are presented to him. He hath not lost his love or affection for his earthly friends; but it is purified, and now, when he approaches them, he goes upon errands of duty rather than sympathy, because he feels that he has done with things inherent to the flesh, and now he liveth to become wise in the spirit. He is now seeking what he may do, and how wisely he may do it. He now feels the meager supply of knowledge which once satisfied him. Inadequate to last his hungry soul for the space of but one day in his spirit life, so pleasantly and profitably do the hours now glide by, with no drawback to his happiness save his regret that he did not live on earth to know himself and what his capabilities were, or wherein that which would have made his earth-life but as a laborious dream in comparison to the real enjoyment which his spirit now revels in with so keen a zest. He is but a child yet. He is pleased and happy, because he hath entered the state where he feels that he is striving by his studies to prepare himself, and become assimilated to his eternal home. No earthly regrets or longings take away from his spirit's peace, for he hath ceased to remember his earth-life, save when the spirit is brought into communion with a kindred affinity, and the sympathetic chord still reaches him and vibrates to the loving voice. It gladdens me to look at his face, for it is hopeful; and when hope and faith go hand in hand, I know that he will soon become brighter, higher, wiser and purer.

And now behold the next spirit. He is one who is not often drawn earthward. His pathway lies among the sparkling worlds which dot the brow of heaven. Look at the comeliness of his face, at the brightness of his eye, at the sweetness of his smile, and hark to the music tones of his voice! And yet he once trod upon the same dim sphere, and breathed the same

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air-given breath which you do now. But long since he hath risen above it. His garments float round him light and zephyr-like—ethereal as the atmosphere in which he lives. He is one of those who have labored upon earth and labored in heaven. His works, they followed him, because they were prompted by love; and verily they did return to the source from whence they sprang, and lighted up his pathway, making strange places seem familiar by their pleasant fancies. His spirit soon becomes fitted to mingle with the wise and the good who had passed to their homes long before him. And he labored earnestly and manfully, because great thoughts had found a birth-place in his soul; and still the prayer of his heart was, more food—more, O Father, I hunger still! And the chalice was often held to his lips, and he drank deep draughts. He bore great burdens; he agonized in spirit that he might benefit humanity, and spirits came and held counsel with him that he might teach them to walk in the way of wisdom. With all he was ever gentle, ever meek and lowly. As he cast off earth's grossness and put on the habiliments of light, he became angel-like, because his spirit's purity shone upon all who surrounded him. Earth seems to him but a dot in the firmament of glory, because his eyes have beheld unfolding immensity, and his ears have heard seraph voices, whose tones penetrate not to earth. They can not be heard below; the spirit must ascend, yea, purified, to hear the music which only toucheth hearts attuned to hear its melody. And lo! he standeth before thee, majestic and calm in his developed beauty. And what dost thou think can be the employment fitted for such as he? I'll tell thee what it is. He is a teacher, set before many spirits who are striving to become wise. He is doing the will of his Father, because he hath labored and hath striven. Through trials and sufferings he hath become fitted to teach those beneath him great and soul-saving truths. He is a guide. He is a loving and kind counselor to those who are far beneath him. His power doth reach far; his wisdom doth sink deep; and the influence which emanates from him strengthens and gives aid and hope to those who are struggling to do that which will enable them to mount up higher, and look abroad upon the land which their eyes have not yet been permitted to look upon. And behold! he visiteth places unknown to the sons of earth, and he telleth them of deep mysteries which their spirits could not penetrate. He is a messenger of joy, because he goeth from place to place, and words of joyful import resound throughout the

COMMUNICATION.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET, JUNE 5, 1855.

THE rays of the morning sun bathe with golden light the mountain-tops of the spirit-land; the dew yet glistens upon the flowers, mingling sweetness to their purity and loveliness to their tints; the birds are caroling their morning songs, and soft and holy is the hour, as happy spirits come forth from their habitations, and, joined hand in hand, they ascend to the top of some high mountain, or enter the depths of some deep valley, with uplifted hearts, to render thanksgiving to God their Father, to gaze upon the fair inheritance which hath been given them, and to ask what their labors shall be, in what employment they shall pass the day, that their works may glorify and give honor commensurate with the privileges within the reach of each one in performing their daily task. They do not toil nor sweat, but they labor, and develop their energies, ever fresh and new. Curious and wonderful seem the mysteries which are constantly being unfolded to their searching spirits. As the buried faculties are called forth one after another, how surprised and delighted are they to find within themselves that gift or power, as it may be, which they had supposed to be possessed by others but not within themselves; how thankfully and proudly conscious does their immortal spirit become, when, after having lived its earth-life but a mere child in knowledge, it takes its initiation into spheres for which it is spiritually fitted, and then it becomes gradually awakened to the true strength and power and stature which it possesses as a progressive spirit; and with this knowledge come duties, but so pleasant and satisfying to the soul, that it never wearies, but presses on, led by an irresistible desire to fathom that which is unseen—which is for and in the future. There is ever a bright light inviting the asking spirit to come up higher, to dig deeper, to ask for more, and more is always given; but the immortal soul is ever hungry—ever stretching out—reaching beyond. Each place which the spirit may call its home is pleasant and fair, but there is ever a fairer one to be obtained by labor; there are always more beautiful scenes than the eyes have yet rested upon; there is always sweeter music than the senses have drunk in; there is ever a void asking constantly for more.

Children of earth, it is not enough that in your spirit-home you sing the praises of your Father—that you mingle with the pure and the holy; it is not enough that you feel happy in the re-union with those you love. That place which your spirits yearn to inhabit is made fair and beautiful by the presence and the harmony, and by the loving labor of those who inhabit it; for those who would be happy must first earn their right to happiness; and then, indeed, who may wrest it from them? Do not think that all memory of the past will be forgotten in the joy to which you are going, but live upon earth as the child of God; live as though you were separated from that Father only for a season, and remember his loving-kindness has prepared a mansion to receive you when you shall have finished the tasks which you have begun upon earth; rough or unsuited, or cheerless and cold as they may have seemed, yet it is but a day—an hour—a fleeting moment in comparison with the life which is before you; and they who struggle and strive to do their Father's will, will be received in that land of love and holy joy with rejoicing and gladness. They will have crowns placed upon their heads; they will be clasped in the embrace of radiant beings, and they will feel that one hour in the courts of heaven is worth a whole lifetime of suffering and self-denial. The earth is not man's abiding place; then why should he seek so hard to assimilate his soul with its grossness? why should he do violence to the immortal spark within him? why crush it to the ground until it ceases its struggles, and, like a wounded bird, lies still and slumbers, not to awake until it has burst from its prison-house of clay? He but comes here to undergo one of the many changes which the spirit has to pass through; and when the spirit can escape from its clay covering, how glad it is to make the exchange, to mount up into its native element, as it were, having thrown off the heavy encumbrances—for soon does it feel and know that the loves and affections which it felt on earth were those of the spirit, and not of the clay; therefore the spirit has no more love for the clay after it has once cast it off, but it looks upon those who are left behind, and wonders how they can bear about so cumbersome a body.

The spirit is a great and unceasing traveler, and so it will continue to be until in its journeyings we shall lose sight of it forever, for as they pass from before us and beyond us, we know that they are fulfilling their immortal destiny. And still we stand at the gates, knocking loudly at the entrance, that we may teach mankind how to enter upon the world, and the light which we have entered—how to prepare to take his part in its labors and its duties. We would not have him come among us ignorant and debased; we would fain have *all* developed morally, and intellectually fitted to mingle with those who are able to teach them, and whom to associate daily

with will raise them higher in the scale of progression. We would have man redeem himself while here from the impurities and errors which false teachings have cast about men's souls; and we would come simply and lovingly; we would ask him to hold communion with us, to hear our voices, that we might be as brothers and sisters coming from our Father's house to help him through with his earthly tasks—to fit him to come and dwell with us, mingling our songs of thankfulness together for evermore.



THE OUTCAST'S DEATH.

BY MISS ANNA M. HOYT.

"DEATH IN THE STATION HOUSE.—A woman was arrested in the street late last night, and conveyed to the ——— ward station-house. She was found shortly afterward by the officer, on her knees, quite dead."—*New York Paper*.

Put on thy robes, immortal soul,
For thou art freed to-day!
The links are broke whose strong control
Bound thee to human clay.

Vanished the spell, the mist, the dread,
The weary days that bound thee!
Hard times, hard hearts, hard words, have fled
The glad airs that surround thee.

No more with weary feet and brow
Thou com'st with tear-drops falling;
No harsh voice can recall thee now
To bear thy load appalling.

Oh, spirit! thou art asked first
To the celestial wedding;
Stern hands which spurn thee here "accurst,"
Reave the courts thou'rt treading.

Thy h light with joy and pride,
Life burden breaketh;
But t! have flung aside
Go taketh.

APPARENT EVIL.

AND GOD SAW EVERYTHING THAT HE HAD MADE, THAT IT WAS GOOD.—*Genesis.*

I OFTEN hear the questions asked: "Will that world be no better than this? Will there be all the depravity of human nature in heaven that we see on earth? Will bad men go to the same region that good men go to? Who is the author of the evil that is in the world?"

These questions involve much, and could not be fully discussed in this place. I satisfy myself upon the state of this world when I remember that it was created and is upheld in infinite wisdom. God knew what the world would be when he began it, and he never repents. There is in him "no variableness or shadow of turning." He is "the same yesterday, to-day and forever," so far as his purposes are concerned. Therefore, what the earth is, God intended it to be. Thus, satisfied that all is right, I look round for an explanation of what seems wrong.

I assume that *there is no absolute evil*. All is comparative good. To illustrate: Suppose a thermometer of indefinite length, reaching above our vision and below it. In the middle space we see the mercury which marks the degrees of temperature. We can see down some forty or fifty degrees below zero, and we see above it several hundred degrees; but we also see that the scale extends beyond the power of our accurate vision in both directions; and we know that increase of caloric makes the mercury rise in the tube, and decrease of caloric causes it to sink. There are no degrees of *cold*—they are all degrees of heat. When the mercury has sunk to forty below zero there is yet an indefinite and incalculable quantity of caloric in it; and how much further the decrease of temperature could be marked by a proper fluid we can never know. It is just so with the human soul. God made it good—for it is a part of himself. He put no evil in it, but he gave infinite degrees of goodness; some seem to have exceedingly little, and others seem to be possessed of much. But we only see the middle of the scale. Above, there is an infinite range of degrees; below, the range is equally infinite.

When we speak of a *bad man*, as the popular phrase is, we forget that the difference between him and his fellows is small. A great many points of his character may be good, and but few be bad.

Suppose a man in a fit of rage or revenge has committed a murder. We consider him a bad man, and some portions of our religionists pronounce

him irredeemable, and fated for eternal torment. Yet that man's life may have been in the vast aggregate comparatively good—much better perhaps than that of some of his saintly neighbors. The murder that he committed was a sin only so long as he meditated the act or was committing the crime. All this may have occupied him but a few hours, while comparatively good acts may have filled up the many years which make the residue of his life.

Take the worst man that can be conceived of, and he can become worse, just as well as the best man can become better. As in the thermometer, so in the moral scale ; there are no limits in the rise or the fall.

The tendency of all that God has created is upward. One of his creatures may sin for a long time, and sin deeply ; but in so doing he will act *against the tendencies of his nature*, and soon or late he will reach a limit and turn.

Much that is done by mankind is the result of irresistible impulse. Every one acts according to the combined influence of circumstances upon his organization. Each one is accountable just so far as he is fully conscious of the nature and effects of his act. That which is a sin with us may not be a sin with the Hindoos. That which is a virtue on earth may be a vice in the planet Saturn. All virtue and vice are relative, and are to be estimated according to all the circumstances. The act which is sinful in a man is blameless in a child.

Every human being created is intended to be a *perfect character*, and unlike any other character existing or to exist. He will stand out upon the plane of the far-distant future distinct and individualized, one of that higher portion of God's family which are as infinitely diversified as they are infinitely numerous. To casual observation, that looks upon the acorn and despises it because it is not an oak, and forgets that it ever can be such, this is not obvious. There is in the world a vast number who seem to be everything that is vile, ignorant and brutal, and it seems difficult to conceive how God could have made such for any important purpose. But let us look at the case.

The child is born, perhaps with a good head and a healthy frame. He is nursed by one who lulls him to sleep by violent rocking, or by whisky or paregoric. When old enough to understand anything, *fear* is instilled into his mind. He is told that some awful monster is coming to eat him up. When he does not yield a prompt obedience to the commands of his nurse or his parent, he is struck, or flagellated, or shut up, or denied some expected gratification. Thus fear, the most debasing of the passions, and anger, the most ferocious, are created in his mind.

The boy is turned into the street. He unites by sympathy with any and

all boys he finds there, and they play together. Everything he hears, he remembers and imitates. He is thus studying in the school of vice. In this school he is sure to have his combativeness roused, his destructiveness stimulated, and his secretiveness awakened. If he do not become a bully, a mischievous rowdy and a thief, it is not the fault of the training.

When the boy does mischief, as he is likely to do, he is flogged, of course. He therefore begins to lie and to invent excuses. By and bye, in all this training, he is what is called a *bad boy*. He will lie and cheat and steal, thinking it something to brag of. He will fight on any occasion, because he would be ashamed not to show a proper spirit; besides that, he is constantly in the company of those who fight and converse about fighting. If the boy go on it may be safe to predict that he will land at the State-prison or the gallows.

Will any one say that this boy became vicious from his original organization? Will not all at once see that his education was at fault?

Look at the other side of the question. Suppose there is another boy, in every respect the same at birth, so far as we could judge. Let him be reared by a mother who is fitted for the task of educating a child; let him be properly trained, not denied opportunity of play, but kept away from bad associates. Let him study *everything*, no matter how many studies he has, even if he have so many that he can not get a lesson. Let him *study* upon every conceivable subject. Let him be lectured upon everything that has a name, and be allowed to see everything and every person that exist, if possible. Then his studies will have served their proper purpose—which is *to put into active exercise every organ of the brain*. As to lessons and to facts, the boy will learn them fast enough, and in due time. It is neither words nor things that he has to learn, as his most important duty; it is mental culture—the discipline and exercise of all his faculties, moral and physical. In the language of the trades, he has to acquire the use of tools. He has to be thoroughly master of his business. When this is the case, he can easily get the *materials* to work upon. In ordinary cases of education, the man has gathered materials without gathering the art to work them.

Let the education go thus on through the acquisition of a profession or trade, or, still better, half a dozen of them, and the man will at death reach the spirit-world with an unusually well-balanced organization. He will have an approximate idea of what is his natural bent or preponderating quality of mind. In that world he will go on his career, choosing occupation that is congenial, and still further developing his faculties, till in some distant period of time he will be found to be a *perfect character*, worthy of his Almighty Parent.

With equal development of the faculties there is no danger of a man's becoming vicious or in any way bad. If he have large combativeness, he will argue and battle with opposing ideas or with the obstacles to his success; and his destructiveness, however large, shall do no mischief, but merely give him the executive force to achieve a triumph. The ideality, which in an uncultivated mind would have led to falsehood, makes him a poet or an artist. The quality which, uncultivated, would have made him a sensualist, now makes him the reputable head of a family.

People that speak of the world as depraved and vile, and well deserving a universal conflagration, often adduce as proof of it the wars which have widely wasted the results of labor, and sent myriads of millions to an untimely grave. Let us look at the question. War *may* be an evil, and yet it is possible that it does more good than harm. Let a nation be hemmed in by inaccessible mountains for a thousand centuries, and it is probable they would make but little advance in civilization. The more prosperous their condition in an uncivilized state, the less likely are they to rise. Let some foreign foe break through the mountains, and slaughter half the people, and subjugate the rest, and take possession of the country, and the stock of ideas of the people will be doubled, and a great start will be given to their civilization. Where the nation has a dozen wars with as many different races, its progress is proportionably great. I should therefore say unhesitatingly that the wars of the Greeks and Romans laid the foundation of the present great enlightenment of the European world.

But, says my opponent, think of the bloodshed. I do not think of it, because it is of very little consequence. The material of which armies are mainly composed can well be spared by the world—little is lost by their destruction. It is possible, though, that in the spirit-world they may object to our sending our paupers by the thousand to their brighter shores.

Conflict is ever necessary to develop strength. Without the conflict of litigation half of our great men would now have been unheard of; they would not in this life have grown great enough to be seen by the world. Without the conflict of the sword, vast numbers of the useful inventions would be unknown, and all nations would be less civilized, and commerce would be scarcely known. Some suppose that if there were no war all would be harmony. So perhaps it might be with civilized communities, but not with the uncivilized. Like the Japanese, they would jealously shut themselves up and refuse sociality with any outside barbarians. Thus people must be enlightened before there could be much commerce.

If, to support the converse of my general proposition, it be stated that cannibalism, feticism etc., etc., be evils in the world, I should reply that a

Fejee eating his father because he was old and helpless, was no more in that savage region than a theft would be in New York. By themselves it is not accounted a sin, and therefore the act does not debase the character.

The inferior races, such as the Malays, Mongols, Hottentots, the savage islanders of the Southern and Pacific Oceans, the Esquimaux, aborigines of America, etc., etc., were probably created the earliest of the human race (unless races inferior to them shall have occupied the world before them), and held possession of the earth while it was in process of development and in preparation for the Hellenic and other of the superior races. In the comparative chaotic condition of the earth in the early ages, inferior races, like the natives of Africa, were the best occupants. The Caucasians would not have been able to cope with the difficulties of barren soil, sickly climate, wild beasts and scanty subsistence. The finer organization of the more intellectual races would come more naturally upon the earth after it had been prepared. All this is proved by the result. No sooner did the cultivated Europeans set foot upon this continent than the aborigines began to fade before them. So it will be over the whole earth. The inferior races have nearly fulfilled their destiny, and before many centuries shall have passed, they will have faded from the earth. They were the pioneers of the great army of pilgrims, and they will have gone on before to prepare the way for still higher progression.

Is God the author of evil? is often asked by the casuist. No, but he is the author of all that exists. He made races of men, who, through a hundred or a thousand centuries, dwelt in savage life, incapable, from their organization, of rising, at least while on earth, to any high civilization. Yet they fulfilled their destiny. What is a hundred thousand years in the history of a race to God? *Time*, the great element in creation, moves slow. The earth, the destined home of angels, is not ready for them, and will not be so for thousands of centuries; but it is ready to receive a partially developed race of men, and they will enjoy life, however barbarous or however savage may be their condition. In due time the superior race comes upon the earth which has been prepared for them, and which has not been useless in all the countless years of its preparation.

What is evil?—what is sin? Some might consider the questions easy to answer, but to me the problem is a difficult one, for the answer must vary with an infinity of circumstances. With regard to the question as applied to one man, it would be more easy to make an approximate answer. A man can sin in manifold ways. He can sin against wisdom, and this is called committing an error. He can sin against the moral sense, or against all the virtues. He may sin against himself or against

his neighbor, or against society at large, or against the letter or the spirit of the law. The amount of the sin must be weighed entirely by its *effects*, whether upon the one who sins or those sinned against. Generally the worst effect of the sin is upon the sinner. He sins against God when he sins against the better instincts of his nature, for that is the God within him. He sins against his neighbor when his act, however remotely, will injure the world.

If it be asked, Is there no evil in the world? Of course, yes, as the word is understood and applied. There are around us everywhere human beings to teach or to aid. There are barren intellects to enrich and to cultivate. Ourselves are ever craving cultivation, and there is an endless variety of work to do for all, and our great sins are not so much what we *do* as what we *leave undone*. Labor is the great command, and we stand idle.

Progress being the condition of all creation, and probably of God himself, there could be none if there were no imperfection. Were we *perfect*, we could not progress in wisdom or in anything; all sciences and arts would be forever the same. There would be nothing to do. Now it seems to me that true happiness lies in laboring for the advancement of oneself and one's neighbor—in the rising, in the growing better, stronger, wiser; in a word, it consists in progress. But many people think we ought to have been made infinitely wise, infinitely good, and infinitely happy at once—that is, made gods instead of men.

Absolute happiness—by which I mean the being perfectly *content* with the existing state of things—is incompatible with progress. No one in that condition of mind could labor in any way, or receive knowledge in any way. He could not even love, for that is coupled more or less with desire. He could not read or write, or even look or listen; almost any *act of the mind* would prove that the contentment was not perfect, for if one were perfectly satisfied he would not do any act whatever.

Those who are so dissatisfied with the world are rarely fond of mental or bodily activity. They think God has made it wrong, and think they know of a way in which it would have been much better. With such people the wisdom of God is measured by a very humble standard. However, all these ideas of dissatisfaction grow out of an imperfect theology.

God is not the author of any evil, but he is the author of infinite degrees of good. At the creation, says Genesis, he pronounced good everything he had made; and even now, amid all the imperfection and apparent confusion to a mind that, from an elevated plane of thought can survey the great plan of creation,

"WHATEVER *is* IS RIGHT."

W.

REVIEW.

MODERN MYSTERIES EXPLAINED AND EXPOSED. By the Rev. A. Mahan, first President of Cleveland University. Boston: John P. Jewett and Company. 12mo, pp. 466. For sale at PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN'S, 342 Broadway, New York.

OPPOSITION to the strong and steady advance of Spiritualism has brought into the field of controversy quite a large number of the orthodox clergy. The above work is one of the most pretentious that have appeared. The author has written out at length his title at the head of his work, to inform the public that he speaks *ex cathedra*. We are glad of an opportunity to hear the worst that can be said of "the communion of saints;" for it is to be presumed that no one, cleric or laic, could say more or worse against the beautiful communion taught and practiced by Christ and his Apostles, than our author. As he may be supposed to represent his class—those whose business it is to be spiritual guides, and who are not a little annoyed to see the people going to the fountain head of truth, instead of kneeling to them—we can deal with all the opposers of our faith in dealing with him as represented in this work.

His first attack is upon A. J. Davis, the seer, and his work, "Nature's Divine Revelations." Here he brings up and exposes some errors which in his after works Davis himself acknowledged. At the time that work was written, under spirit-influence, the spirituality of it was not understood. It was supposed that in the state of ecstasy the human mind was sublimated or else set free to range the universe, and see and know all things. The advent of modern Spiritualism soon after the appearance of that work showed the matter in its true light. So far as Mr. Mahan quarrels with this book and others by Davis for any *materialism* he can find in it, or any of the *free love* taint, we shall not interfere; but in reading over what he says of the work at the commencement of his book, we do not see anything which possesses the dignity of argument, but much that is puerile. His description of what he witnessed while in the smoke-room (see page 26) on ship-board, is a little undignified. Indeed it would not take much learning or much talent to write a much better criticism of "Nature's Divine Revelations."

The more important part of the work of our author is "The Phenomena Explained and Exposed." It will not be difficult to understand how he has done this when it is known that he has discovered (as thousands had dis-

covered before him) that there is an *odillic* force, or "polar force, not yet distinctly recognized in philosophy." By this force or power the writer explains all the phenomena of modern Spiritualism. If a table, in the midst of a circle, be taken up to the ceiling, untouched by the company, or borne aloft into the next room, and then returned and replaced in the circle, it has been done by the "*odillic* force." If *raps* are heard all over a room, however loud, and by their means long communications are spelled out (often, as we all know, embracing unknown facts) the detonations are the *odillic* force, controlled by the will of some one in the circle. If a table be moved all about the room, obeying mental directions as to its course, or be set turning, or tipped to spell out long communications by the alphabet, still the motive power is the *odillic* force. If a medium be put in a trance (and the writer admits the genuineness of the trance), and in that unconscious condition delivers a discourse, perhaps in a language of which he does not even know the name, and detailing facts unknown to all present, it is merely the *odillic* force in one of its manifold operations. If a child or adult, in all respects reliable, pretends to *see a spirit*, still there is no dependence to be put upon the statement. If he describes accurately twenty spirits unknown to himself, and unheard of, it is only the *odillic* force, which has enabled some other mind (in a mortal body) to act upon the medium. This mystic force is stated to be sufficient for all the physical manifestations and for all hallucinations seen in the mediums. If a man be elevated into the air or carried round a room by invisible power, the *odillic* force has done it. If a great prophecy be made, and the fact verified, the *odillic* force must have the credit of it. Indeed, in the author's mind there seems to be little else than *odillic* force.

Among ancient fables is one giving an account of the creation of the earth. When it was made, it became a question how it should be sustained in space. So the Deity is represented as placing it upon the back of an elephant. When the question arose as to what the elephant should stand upon, a great turtle was provided for the purpose. Our author has a world of errors to sustain, and the *odillic* force is his elephant. When the elephant is deemed insufficient, he constructs a turtle out of imposture and delusion.

The author makes the sweeping assertion that *no new truth* has been given to the world by spiritual manifestations, and deems this sufficient proof that there is no intelligence outside of the mediums and other mortals of the circle. In making this assertion he shuts his eyes to millions of facts. But suppose no new ideas had been given to the world, what would that prove? Certainly nothing to the point. *All ideas extant and de-*

veloped in the spirit-world are daily and hourly infused or inspired into the minds of mortals. Men take to themselves credit for their new ideas, and many of them are original, but nearly all new inventions and nearly all new ideas in philosophy, theology and science generally originate there. Whatever might be useful to mankind on earth is brought them. At the side of the inventor stands the spirit who is guiding the current of his thoughts, and often with much labor and difficulty leading him to the object of his search. But the world does not recognize the fact that spirit communication has done anything for it, and still unthinking skeptics exclaim, "Why don't they give us some great truths?"

Our author has thought proper (see the section ending page 290) to charge upon Spiritualism the sins of those sensualists who have stolen the cloak of our faith to cover their own moral depravity. The doctrines of *free love* have nothing whatever to do with Spiritualism. The disciples of that style of sensualism have seized upon the name of a pure faith as base and worldly men join a church for the respectability of it. Would Mr. Mahan like to have his faith judged of by the unworthy members? The charge of *free love* proclivities upon Spiritualists is entirely gratuitous, and is false. The reverse is true. Our faith, in name and nature, is the very opposite. It can gain nothing to an argument to make unfounded charges.

Our author adduces the experience of J. G. Whittier, wherein a falsehood was told him by a spirit. Does not Mr. Mahan know that it requires human intelligence to tell a lie? Does he suppose that the millions of liars who leave earth at death, are forthwith regenerated and changed into well-behaved and truth-telling Christians? He must have had exceeding little experience if he does not know that false spirits can communicate as well as true, and that it is our duty to sift the good from the bad—the truth from error, and in the words of the Holy Scriptures, "try the spirits." Some false spirit read Mr. Whittier's mind, and answered accordingly. A very little experience in Mr. W. would have made all this clear, but it is no unusual thing for men to take one step in this great inquiry, and then to suppose they have gone through the entire course. They assume to themselves the miraculous power to fathom the mysteries of the spirit-world at a single glance, and they take it for granted that what they can not in that single glance see and comprehend, no one else can in years of investigation.

We can not in this brief sketch make an argument for Spiritualism, and it is unnecessary. Our object was to give our readers an idea of the book. We hope all Spiritualists and all skeptics will read it. It will hurt nobody. The author admits the truth of all the important manifestations, but gives

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XIV.

SKEPTIC.—Since our last conversation I have talked again with our pastor on this subject, and I have talked also with several of our most eminent scientific men, and I think I have come better armed with the proper arguments to defeat your mischievous and erroneous theory.

SPIRITUALIST.—I am glad to hear it. *Fiat justitia ruat cælum.* Let us have the whole truth, whatever be the consequences. If this doctrine can not stand in its own unaided strength against all attacks, fair or foul, then let it fall. I do not wish to see it stand a day, after one sound unrefutable argument can be brought against it. The *truth* is great, and it will prevail. The good will eventually triumph over the bad—virtue will overcome vice. The pure will live when the impure has passed away. All good things will eventually triumph over the evil, even though unassisted; but shall we stand by and see “Truth crushed to earth,” and not aid her to rise again? ’Tis true she will rise, unaided, in time; ’tis true that “Error, once wounded, will writhe in pain and die among his worshipers;” but may we not lend a helping hand to dispatch him? Though I am full of the belief in the natural progress of truth, I think it judicious to aid it with all my might.

You have come prepared to combat Spiritualism, and have brought newer and better weapons. I am glad of it. It is hard, as the homely proverb says, to kick against nothing. Thus far the arguments against Spiritualism have been “*nothing*.” There is not, as yet, the first word of truth uttered against it. Who can gainsay the truths of the Gospel? Who shall meet Christ upon the mount and there controvert his sermon? Who shall go back to the sacred records of the Bible and blot out the numberless accounts of spirit intercourse? Who shall tear out the great page of history, which records the millions of cases of spirits’ intercourse with mortals? Who shall presume to build up an adamant wall to bar from mortals the return of their departed friends, where God has made a highway?

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I do not fear any harm that zealous sectarians shall do, as long as they shall not try to warp this pure and simple religion to base purposes. So long as they will combat it, it is safe; but their embrace would be the greatest calamity that could befall it. I know the time will come, and that before long, when sectarian divines, borne down by the overwhelming flood of proof of this truth, shall seize upon it, as upon an ark, and endeavor to save themselves by it. They will seek to vary their tenets a little, and still keep up the grand and mighty institutions in whose lofty seats they had planted themselves, and thus gather at their feet the great fold of Spiritualism, and seek to rule over them. That is the day of trial of our faith, when our opponents shall come over to our side, seeking to ride upon the whirlwind and *direct* the storm—to mix themselves with the mighty numbers of the new faith, and sway them as an army of which *they* shall be leaders. That is the day to be dreaded. But while divines oppose it, and “the world, the flesh and the devil” are against it, it is safe. Therefore do I say I am glad you have come armed with arguments, newly wrought, to oppose this doctrine.

SKP.—I conversed with my pastor, as I said, for nearly a whole day. He made everything clear to me. He told me that this was one of the heresies foretold in the Scriptures, under the head of false Christs and false prophets. He counseled me to let it alone, for if let alone, he said, it would soon die of itself. He said that there was an understanding among all orthodox sects in the United States to be *silent* upon the subject, and to go on as if there were no such thing. They have the hearts and the consciences of their flocks in keeping, and are safe. The grand institution of the Church is in no danger. Here and there one will drop off; but thousands more will be added. As long as they have the *Sunday-school* they have the *Church*.

SP.—Well might your pastor point with triumph to the mighty Jesuit engine of the Sunday-school, where they seize upon the soft and flexible infant mind and warp it to their will. On what else do they rely for their safety?

SKP.—Well, there is a dignity about the established Church which gives it strength, and upholds its consequence with the people.

SP.—Yes; the dignity of the Church is an element of strength.

SKP.—It is a grand institution, overshadowing the length and breadth of the land. When has the earth seen aught so respectable?

SP.—The true Christian Church was more respectable. The Church fresh from the hands of Christ was pure. It was what the Spiritualists seek now to make it. We war only with the sins and corruptions of the Church. But tell me what next they rely upon.

SKEP.—You know well the potent sway of custom. The world's ideas have long run in a channel, and you will find it difficult to turn them aside.

SP.—We may find the task difficult, and there will then be the more need of our hearty labor.

SKEP.—The roots of orthodoxy are deep-laid, and they spread over the whole soil. You can not uproot it.

SP.—At least we will try.

SKEP.—See the hold we have upon the minds of the ostentatious and wealthy. Remember, it is *fashionable* to attend an elegant church of established form. *Worship* is one of the institutions of elegant society. It must be done with dignity and according to prescribed rules. It would not do to have no church edifices—no cathedrals for grand ceremonies—no extensive organizations. How could the great business be carried on?

SKEP.—Not easily, I admit. Cathedrals are necessary where titled hierarchs must be enthroned. If the people must be slaves and will bow the knee to the class of men who most love *power*, then you must have the grand institutions of the corrupted Church. But go on with your sources of strength.

SKEP.—Look over the civilized world and see the countless millions that have been given by the pious to endow the Church. See what a broad base we stand upon. Those endowments are in *perpetuity*, and so upon that basis is the Church perpetual.

SP.—May the true Church be perpetual, only cleanse it of its impurities. What more?

SKEP.—We, as a Church, appeal to the *actual* as seen and understood by the people. They can see their pastor while teaching them, and they can understand him. They can not see the spirit who offers to teach them; and hence they can not understand or receive the doctrine. Besides, it is easy to receive the explanation of the minister, as of one in authority, and it is considered safe to follow his advice. He is the conscience keeper. If they act by advice of counsel, they can not transgress the law. Here we have a great advantage over you. We listen to the good and learned clergymen; they are the anointed of God; they may err, but they should be obeyed, as the law may be harsh but it must be respected. If we do as our proper teachers tell us, though we may err in a point of doctrine, we are nevertheless safe, and nothing more can be asked of us. You, on the other hand, offer an intangible authority. We can not see the one that speaks, and the great presumption is against the reliability of the teaching, and we could understand it.

numbers who are willing to be of the *rank and file*—who are just fit to receive the word of command and to obey. But there are nobler spirits on earth; there are men who will not humbly kneel to a fellow-man and ask to be guided and led on, but who prefer to stand up and assert their right to an individualized existence—to the right to see and think for themselves—to judge and to act for themselves, and who know that the would-be leaders are “blind leaders of the blind.” Yes, there are men, and in mighty numbers in this free land, who dare to think for themselves—whose eyes are opened to the important fact, that the men who clothe themselves in clerical robes, and stand in the pulpit, and tell to the people (for so much a year) what sort of a place the spirit-world is, do not know the first thing upon the subject they talk of, and are therefore unfit for teachers—that they not only do not know the matter they treat of, but they are so obstinate in their blindness that they will not seek to know, nor suffer themselves to be informed. Such are the people you worship as your pastors.

SKEP.—You are severe upon the good shepherds. I believe my pastor to be good and honest. He is thoroughly sincere and true. He wishes to convert us and have us all become faithful members of the Church.

SP.—I think your pastor and almost all pastors honest and sincere. As a rule, they believe the doctrines they preach. They follow a highly respectable profession, which always ensures them, during good behavior, the respect of the community, the highest position in society, and with rare exceptions a good support to the latest day of life, so that they have few casualties to fear. In the great towns the clergymen are paid fat salaries; they receive many valuable presents; they are sent traveling in Europe; they keep their carriages, and hold the highest seats in the synagogue. Is it to be wondered that they should prize highly the institution which elevates them to influence and to power—which gives them all that ambitious men seek for in their struggle with the world—luxury, power and fame? Well may they cling to their places. Their offices are worth holding.

SKEP.—Do you speak of a priest as an office-holder?

SP.—Why not? Is he not the holder of a salaried office—an office of power and importance, and whose sure emoluments generally last for life?

SKEP.—It is a sacred office, and you should treat it with more respect.

SP.—I respect the office of the teacher. When the priest preaches humility and love, and enforces his precepts by his example—when he is humble while he teaches humility—when he is himself willing to learn while he is endeavoring to teach—not blindly led by dogmas insidiously instilled into his mind in youth, while he asks his flock to give up error and preju-
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of that too general type who choose, or have chosen for them, *divinity* as a *profession*—as the *business* to be pursued for a *living*, and to that end study the dogmas which go to sustain the *sect* they adhere to—who read and study diligently the Bible with the express purpose of fortifying themselves in their position—who take the best means to get the pastorship of a church—who labor diligently and ably to propagate, not especially truth or religion, but the *doctrines* of their particular sect—“who compass heaven and earth to make one proselyte,” and find their triumph in the numbers they collect round their pulpits, and in the size, cost and magnificence of the edifice which is their temple—who blindly plunge on in a chosen path without once in a life-time pausing to ask themselves the question whether or not what they preach has any foundation in truth, or whether the basis of their dogmas has any stability. They are emphatically themselves willfully blind, and as willfully determined to lead the blind multitude.

SKEP.—Your chief objection to priests, then, is their ignorance and their bigotry? I am glad that you accord to them sincerity and willing labor.

SP.—Yes, they work hard and most willingly, for they are pursuing the business that gives them bread, and in which eminent success leads up to fortune. All I would ask of the sincere portion of them is that they would open their eyes and look Spiritualism in the face. They would then see that the Church which Christ founded has long been lost sight of, and that they have followed an *ignis fatuus* which has led them to a miry region.

You were saying you had consulted some eminent scientific men upon our subject, and had come back stronger for what you had heard from them. Let me hear their arguments.

SKEP.—As to *arguments*, they did not condescend to use them. They treated the matter with contempt and ridicule, and spoke of all you Spiritualists as crazy heads, like the Millerites and Mormons.

SP.—We are obliged to them for their compliments. So they considered the matter beneath argument! The doctrines asserted by the patriarchs and prophets of old; the usages practiced by Christ and his Apostles; the faith adopted by *two millions* of Americans, who have given up their cherished religious opinions (finding them untenable in the advancing wave of proof), and embraced a new and common sense doctrine, as opposed to mysticism and the dogmatism of teachers—all this is unworthy of their self-styled scientific selves. They could look at the fixed stars and determine a parallax, but they could not look at a new truth lying at their feet. They

determine its orbit before the light from it had ever reached a human eye, but they could not see a truth which lay directly before their eyes. Oh, what a farce is science that ever disdains look to at a new truth! It is ever thus—the self-styled scientific men are truly the most unscientific—if science mean knowledge; they tread in a circle, like a mill-horse. Well may they speak of the circle of the sciences. Out of their circle they rarely venture. All new discoveries, as a rule, come from those who make less pretence.

When this great movement began it was confidently hoped that men who claimed to be best fitted for such a labor would investigate it and give the world the benefit of their researches. Who of them has done so? As a rule they have disdained to look at it, as they have ever disdained to look at all innovations. They have affected to believe it a bubble that would soon explode. To their distinguished honor, be it said, there are a few who have become the exceptions; and though they have manifested an excessive caution, yet they deserve all praise for coming out from the bondage of set rules and looking at a new truth.

SKEP.—You allude to Profs. Mapes and Hare!

SP.—Yes. They have done themselves infinite honor. They stood amid the first in the ranks of science; they have now taken a long step in advance.

Do not, from what I have said, understand me to be wanting in respect for science or its seekers. The greater part of my own studies for a tolerably long life have been in scientific pursuits—and so much have I loved them that I have been an enthusiast in a small way. I watch the proud advance of knowledge, and look forward to its future with buoyant hope. I shall see the achievements of science, though I may not be on earth in the flesh. I shall see, too, the devotees of a pure philosophy search into mysteries which now they affect to consider beneath their notice, but which in reality they have not yet risen to.

SKEP.—I think with you that our learned doctors should enter upon an investigation of the causes and effects of magnetism and clairvoyance, as the key to all modern mysteries.

SP.—Yes, and all ancient mysteries. Medical men would seem to be the fittest for the task, and yet they are not. They fear they shall be accused of quackery, or something else undignified. They have, too, a strong tendency to infidelity; vast numbers of them do not believe in the immortality of the soul. Their studies into the construction of the animal system lead them to believe that *life is the result of organization*. They do not tell the world of their belief—for this would make them unpopular, but the fact of their general skepticism is well known among themselves. This may

be one reason why only the more progressed portion of the profession have investigated the nature of extacy and other abnormal conditions. They begin by believing there is no soul, and they think there is no use in seeking causes of its abnormal manifestation.

SKEP.—I was not aware that surgeons and physicians were so generally infidels.

SP.—They would not be likely to tell you. To recur to our subject. There are ways and means known to the ancients of producing, by the administration of drugs, an abnormal condition of the body, rendering it eminently passive, so that spirits could easily obtain control of the minds, and thus identify themselves. Why do not our medical men look into these matters, and re-invent the means of producing such effects?

SKEP.—It will be necessary first to convince them that any such effects were ever produced. They will pronounce all those old accounts mere fables.

SP.—Let me hear what other arguments you have brought from your conversations with cleric and laic professors.

SKEP.—My clergyman took hold of the matter and explained it, showing me by the texts he quoted from the Word of God that this kind of sorcery is an abomination to the Lord.

SP.—Had a Spiritualist been present he would not have got along so easy. There is the source of the chief triumph of divinity professors. They stand in the pulpit and utter their argument, and as there is no one to oppose them, they have it all their own way. They set up the pins (the opposing arguments) where they want them, and then easily bowl them down. If they were at the bar, where every word they uttered would be controverted—where their premises would be denied and their conclusions scouted, they would soon grow more modest. It is not to be wondered that the Law produces ten great men to Divinity's one. In the practice of law there is constant cultivation of all the faculties, and their consequent development in a high degree. In divinity, there is little or no controversy, and a tendency to rest satisfied with things as they are. In that profession men grow bigoted and opinionated. It would be otherwise, if they were constantly compelled to take different sides in controversy, and maintain them by the best arguments. Thus it is proverbial that lawyers always bear in mind that there are two sides to a question, and are therefore not so bigoted.

But you were going on to say what further you had learned against Spiritualism.

SKEP.—Well, my pastor, having so well satisfied me upon the point, I did not care much for further inquiry, though I own he adduced arguments that I fear you would have overturned with a word. I regret to notice

that our clergy prefer a *one-sided argument*, and thus give some reason to the world to assert that they dare not come out in open discussion. I attribute their course to a disinclination to enter into the turmoil of public controversy.

SP.—Where their labor would be more arduous and their success doubtful—where there would be everything for them to lose and nothing to gain!

SKEP.—I do not understand the almost acrimony with which you speak of the priesthood.

SP.—I have no such feeling. I blame them much for refusing to come out in a bold controversy and defend their doctrines. It looks like the consciousness of a weak cause. It savors, too, of a Jesuitical system, that prefers to work by a covert influence. Our faith is bold, and does not fear the searching light of investigation. It is God's own truth. It is Christ's own Gospel. We challenge examination of our tenets. If the Bible stands, our faith must stand. We challenge the world to show a purer, higher, nobler faith than ours. We follow close in the footsteps of Christ, and we defy our adversaries to show us that our path is not the way to heaven.

SKEP.—That is rather stealing our thunder. We hold that we are disciples of Christ, and that your works are the works of the devil.

SP.—I know of no other way you could oppose our doctrine than by falsifying it. You know, for we all assert it (and we must be as well allowed to define our faith as for you to define yours), that our religion is that of Christ. We take his sermon on the mount for a fair exposition of our doctrine. We claim that our religion is founded in the law of love, and that St. Paul has fully described it in his chapter on charity, 1 Cor. chap. 13. Let me see what you have to say against the doctrines I have described.

SKEP.—I can say nothing against them; they are my own sentiments. But there are professed Spiritualists who do not entertain so pure doctrines. I do not quarrel with Spiritualism as a faith and a religion (as explained by you); I object to the claim you set up to your ability to talk with spirits, to your denial of the existence of a devil, to your denial of a local hell, and to your preposterous doctrines of the laborious and drudging life to be led by us after death, instead of the blissful rest which we hope for.

SP.—If of the *elect*, of course your blissful rest can be for an infinitesimally small number, the conditions of salvation laid down by you shutting out an immense majority of the human race.

You object not to our religion, nor to the lives it would cause us to lead, but the holding philosophical opinions different from the world at large. Why, then, not treat us as philosophers who advance new ideas, and examine our tenets patiently and see if there be any truth in them? You can not

say the subject is of no importance, for it holds the *first place* in the minds of the majority of mankind. The truth is, your clergy do not like the subject. They view it as an opposition *business*; and though they are confident of their strength in their time-sanctioned institutions, they yet hate the new doctrine which silently and irresistibly encroaches upon them. One after another of the more enlightened portions of their flocks is seen to drop off, and thus they look upon the meek and love-fraught faith of Spiritualism as a terrible heresy that they ought to hate and anathematize.

SKEP.—I don't know that all orthodox Christians *hate* your doctrine. They think it a great error, and they pity your delusion. If they came out and preached against the doctrine, it would call still more attention to it, and make the harm still greater.

SP.—They have taken the safest course for themselves. They could not stand in a controversy, and therefore they dare not engage in it. But let them not flatter themselves that Spiritualism will die out. Already we count our numbers by millions, and every one has formed his faith upon investigation, and he will therefore adhere to it; and all this has been achieved while we have but just started. What will be our numbers and our strength when we have been able fully to organize and systematically to prove the truth of spirit-intercourse? There is a proverb which says: "Do not underrate your adversaries." The orthodox party will find they have underrated our numbers and our strength, and ere long they, with all their competitors combined, will be in a minority.

SKEP.—I own I am astonished at the rapid spread of your faith. It surpasses that of Christianity in the first centuries after Christ.

SP.—Yes; within three years more persons have been converted to Spiritualism, than there were in three centuries after the crucifixion of Christ converted to Christianity, which was at that time what Spiritualism is now. The world is more enlightened now, and we have the mighty engine of the Press to scatter our words over the world.

SKEP.—Please explain how it is that you Spiritualists do not agree in all the points of your doctrine. There ought to be unity of opinion, as your ideas all come from one source, if there be any truth in the assertion that your faith is given by spirits.

SP.—I can explain it, as easy as you can explain why orthodox Christians differ on a thousand points. It is an error to suppose that we get our faith from the same source. We get it from spirits, 'tis true; but spirits are numerous and diverse. In the world beyond us there are adherents to Romanism,

point they all agree—that there is an existence after this life. On some others they generally agree, to wit: that spirit-life is one of uses like this, and that there is no locality for heaven or hell, they being mere conditions of the spirit as it regards its happiness and elevation. The discrepancies you have alluded to, and which afford a handle to our opposers to misrepresent us, are the result partly of diverse teaching and partly of the difficulty spirits find in conveying to mortals their exact words. Moreover, spirits have thought best not to attempt to convey at once to mortals the exact state of the spirit-life, as it is so different from what they have been in the habit of thinking, that it would be impossible to make them understand the new ideas. They therefore give us the truth in small doses, even when the spirits all agree upon what they will declare to us. But the orthodox Christian will find spirits who, when on earth, sympathized with him, and who now will tell him that he is right in his doctrinal belief; who will assert that Christ was God, and that there is an arch fiend whose business it is to seduce mankind from the path of the truth. The Sensualist will find spirits of *debauchees*, who will preach *free* love to them. The Atheist may be told that the spirit is not yet certain there is a God, or that man is immortal; that he has not seen God, nor Christ, nor the Apostles, and can find none who have seen them. Thus all persons will find sympathizing spirits, who will agree with them mainly in their present doctrines; but no spirits will preach irreligion, or any disrespect to the Deity. All will counsel love and charity—all will urge us to labor in the development of our faculties and for the good of our fellow-man. Thus our *doctrine* is the doctrine of nearly all spirits, because it claims no specialities of faith. The basis is so broad that nearly all spirits can stand upon it. We claim that communion with saints is the normal condition of the Church of Christ—that it was started on that basis, and remained upon it until the corruption and love of power of the priests banished spiritual intercourse from it, as something that embarrassed them. So, in an earlier day, Saul the king conversed with spirits through the prophet Samuel, until the gross sensualities of the king drew upon him spiritual reproof. He then discarded Samuel, that he might not be annoyed. We claim that it is philosophically true that a departed spirit can, though with some difficulty, show himself to a mortal, and that he can hold intelligent conversation with him, and tell him of his condition as a spirit. We claim that Christ and his Apostles were Spiritualists, and they are our great exemplars. We claim that Spiritualism is the doctrine taught by Christ—that it is the law of love and universal brotherhood—that it enjoins the strictest purity as opposed to sensuality—that it commands honesty in all dealings, conscientiousness in all actions, gratitude to God for his mercies.

devotion and prayer, thanksgiving and praise, almsgiving and kindness, forgiveness of injuries, labor for our own and our neighbor's good; and, in fine, goodness and truth, meekness, patience and justice, and all the virtues recognized by the Gospel of Christ.

SKEP.—I don't see how any one could find fault with the catalogue of virtues which you claim as enjoined by your religion. If you live up to half of them you will do well.

SP.—I wished only to show you that ours is a *pure religion*, and that none need fear to embrace it, whatever its enemies may say of it. W.



THE SPIRITS' GATHERING.

A VISION.

BY LIEUT. GEO. W. ROSSIES, U. S. N.

THEY are gathering proudly round me,
The spirits of the brave,
From all earth's fields of glory
And many a storied wave—

Of every age and nation—
The sons of every clime—
Who've twined the deathless laurel
Around the brow of Time.

No banner floats above them,
No warlike shout is there—
They march, as march the stately stars,
'Thro' pathless fields of air!

What charm hath broke the sternness
Of your long and dark repose,
Where the warrior's arm forgot at length
To grapple with his foes?

The war-cloud burst above ye,
Unheeded in its wrath;
The car of Triumph rushed along—
Ye dreamed not of its path!

Why bide ye not the Spirit's tramp!
'Twill shake the earth and sea;
And all the armies of the dead
Shall hear that *Réveillé*.

NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

SKETCHES BY THE LATE DR. L. F. WARREN.

THE DISLOCATION.

I PASSED a few of the first years of my practice in the New York Hospital. The reduction of a dislocated limb, in a person of muscular frame, is one of the most fearful and difficult operations in surgery. But in a lad or a female, there is much in the attending circumstances to excite the interest as well as the sympathy of the spectator. To hear the bone *click* as it returns to its place—to witness the relief which is almost immediately experienced—the happiness so vividly depicted in the countenance—the instant inclination to lie down and repose: every feather seems to be a pillow to some overstrained and exhausted muscle. One can not help cordially uniting in the feelings of the restored sufferer; nor could he, if he wished, restrain the smile that irresistibly comes over his features, and is reflected in the lineaments of the surrounding surgeons. The exhibition is of this nature only when the muscles have just that elasticity which will yield after a moderate extension; and though the writhing of the youthful limbs may betoken a degree of suffering scarcely compatible with the continuance of life, it is trifling in comparison with the seemingly total annihilation of pain which instantaneously follows the reduction.

In a strong man, however, where the muscles are rigid, and every fiber seems to be converted into a wire to resist the force exerted on them, the ceremony is one of distressing cruelty. The Inquisition can scarcely furnish anything more appalling, and certainly not the practice of surgery—there is not an operation in the whole course of it attended with such severe, protracted agony on the part of the unhappy subject. The pain of an amputation may be more acute, but its very acuteness assures you that it will soon be over—the edge of the knife itself is an index, keen as the scythe of Time and faithful as his march, of the progressive succession of the moments of trial—a fiery monitor which every instant sinks deeper, and will soon, very soon in the reality, but late, as it always must be, in the reckoning of the sufferer, reach its unswerving limits, the bone. And here the pain of the operation in a great measure ceases; for, it is hardly necessary to state

"It will be well to keep them out till the surgeons come. You stand by, as we may want you to lend a hand."

"I know what a dislocation of the thigh is, doctor; I have been in this house fifteen years, and have seen D—— try—"

"Well, be careful and have everything ready."

"O, I'll look out, doctor."

Soon his voice was heard at the further end of the hall summoning the nurse of one of the neighboring wards—a fellow whom Dr. R. would have pronounced an O'Rang O'Tang, though he was neither an Irishman nor a monkey in appearance.

"I say, No. 13, have you carried that water in yet?"

"No, but I will directly," replied the subaltern.

"Well, while I'm gone down to the old lady's after some fresh blankets, take care and have it done."

How far this chain of ranks extended downward, I can only conjecture. But it is probable that No. 13 did not consider himself the last link, and gave orders in an authoritative tone to one of his *inferiors*, to be careful and bring him a pail of water from the pump while he stood on the steps to arrange his thoughts and shoe-strings.

I stopped down into the apothecary's shop and procured a couple of drachms of tartar emetic. This I mixed up in a bowl of water, and gave a part of it to the patient, setting the remainder in a convenient place in the theater. On a side table, here, was spread out a pocket-case of instruments, containing scissors, scalpels, and everything else that might be needed on an emergency.

The proper hour having now arrived, the disabled man was taken out of the bath, wrapped in a blanket, and supported into the theater.


On a table in the center of the pit was placed the apparatus for reduction. The patient was extended on it on his left side, and the young aspirants were called upon to exercise their skill and ingenuity in attaching several silk handkerchiefs above the knee of the dislocated limb (the right) with a clove-hitch.

Surgeons are no sailors, and a knot which a cartman puts a hundred times a day over the front post of his cart puzzles the juvenile professor excessively, and great is the honor bestowed on the fortunate achiever of the exploit.

Phrenologists might find in the retentive faculties of this knot a desirable subject for investigation. The tighter you draw upon the two ends looped together, the more securely is the limb grasped; and a timber-head hitch, as it is sometimes called, may be fastened to the tapering extremity of a

slippery hackmatack log, and it will hold fast with the gripe of a drowning man, and allow you to drag it, for aught that can be averred to the contrary, half way round the "rook-ribbed" earth.

Those who wish to understand this knot, the mystery of which, unlike that of Gordianus, is in the tying, not in the untying—in which it differs also from most tales, wherein the denouement is generally the most difficult as well as the most interesting—may perhaps be able to do so from the following highly lucid description, taken from Luis Vives *de nodibus non notendis*.

To tie it with one hand is the great feat, and this is the manner of proceeding: Grasp the middle of a flexible rope two or three feet long as you would the handle of a pail, that is, with the back of your hand up. Then turn your hand one quarter round on its axis, so that it will be in a state between pronation and supination, with the thumb up, like this cut  which has been executed to order for the purpose of illustrating the inappreciable text of the author; but with the pertinacity of that class of persons the engraver has persisted in making the index finger stick out where it should not be in a well-shut fist:—however, the sleeve should be turned up as it is.

Then move your fore-arm bodily, or rather brachially, along the table, your fingers hovering like a hawk over a pullet above the extremities of the cord, which lie disjunct and perdue like the tails of a true lover's knot which binds the bouquet of roses on the frontispiece of an annual, and clinging to the thread of the subject, reader, when the cord has been converted into a figure of eight by this maneuver, suddenly pounce down upon that extremity of the rope which is at the right within six, eight or ten inches of the end, and, securing it firmly in your talons, make off with it '*mente et manu*,' (as Dr. S. says on his lecture tickets—a very good motto, too, for a surgeon; and on the same card is a head which is very much like that of the doctor, though it was intended to represent Galen), regardless of any cackling on the part of the bystanders. This is the termination of the falco-chicken simile.

If the reader hasn't got the clove-hitch now, it is because he hasn't turned his hand just before the final grab from the totally supine to the utterly vertical position, with the thumb toward him and the little finger threatening the tip of the string; then let him draw up all he has hold of as he would the bottom of a work-bag or the toe of a stocking into which he wishes to induct his pedal extremity, and, the two tails hanging down, he infallibly has a knot which, if tied about his cranium, would in the ordinary course of human events be a timber-head-hitch. Thus ends the document.

A broad belt was next passed along the os ischium and up over the head,

where it was fixed by a strong cord to the wall. Another was placed around the middle of the dislocated thigh.

To the nooses in the end of the handkerchiefs a small but strong pulley was attached, which was made fast at the other end to a staple on the side of the partition toward the patient's feet.

In this situation, he seemed much as though stretched upon a rack and waiting the application of the torture from his stern inquisitors. The theater was pretty well filled with students, and the arena of exhibition itself occupied by a sufficient number of persons, either to assist or to remain inactive spectators.

The three chief surgeons stood about the feet of the patient, consulting on the best mode of proceeding, and occasionally addressing a few words to the subject of their deliberation. The walkers, house-surgeon and one or two professional men were arranged in convenient situations to afford aid. The nurse par excellence was also there, where his sailor-like promptness of hand in managing the rope was all important. But as the reader does not know what a nurse is, *hospitaliter et male loquendo*, (that is, as applied to males in hospital dialect,) so well as his humble servant, I shall just peninsulate him in a short paragraph, in order to hold him up to all eyes in his true and veritable colors.

Nurse! thy burly form would throw into inextricable confusion all ordinary notions of that soft and womanly occupation. To think of an advertisement like this, "Wanted a wet-nurse with a fresh breast of milk," and of thy applying for it! Thy brachial extremities were far better adapted to embracing a cannon than clasping an infant. Thou wert six feet three, leaving out the curve in thy shoulders, and wert called Featherbody, as if to show off thy unparalleled muscular development to better advantage. In fine, thy long chin—decisive mouth—nose of good magnitude—well-set eyes—rather superciliary eye-brows—low forehead and matted hair, were sufficiently characteristic to have made thee remembered, had not thy extraordinary adaptation to thy office, so different from that which most conceive it to be, rendered thee an object of admiration to all that witnessed thy skill and prowess.

The patient thus extended upon the table, the bandages were taken from his arm; the bowl was held and the flow of blood watched to catch the first signs of failing strength. The vessel was already beginning to brim when he sickened and vomited. It was now that the extension was put on.

The sturdy iron-armed nurse seized the stick around which the end of the pulley-rope was wound to give a firmer grasp to the hands, and began slowly and leisurely to bring the convolutions of the cord to a state of tension.

His force, not trifling of itself, and now tripled, was not an eighth of it expended when its effects became apparent. The cord began to strain—the belt at the head tightened—the patient was lifted from the table, and became suspended between the two fastenings.

The surgeon, with his left hand upon the patient's ankle, and his right upon the upper end of the thigh bone, while his knee, elevated by a stool, was placed under that of the *culprit*, as it hung over the end of the table, awaited the escape of the bone from its preternatural position. At the same time a young colossus stood upon the table astride the unfortunate man, ready to lift up his thigh and apparently tear it from his body if it would not otherwise yield.

The man's groans now came thick and deep. He begged for a moment's intermission—*rest* as he emphatically called it; and he never felt the full force of that word before, racked though his limbs had been repeatedly by the severest toil. The only consolation which they vouchsafed him was in the form of such sympathizing greetings as these:

"Do you feel sick, very sick?"

"Very." His face was the picture of an emesis in embryo.

"'Tis just what we want."

The distressed man, though he could not safely deny the expediency, felt, gutturally, as if he could reject the conclusion *ab imo pectore*,—that is, so far as comfort seemed to be implied in the words.

"Would you like to vomit?"

A look of unutterable squeamishness about the region of the stomach left no surmises in the mind of the *anxious* inquirer that, could the patient have ventured at that moment to unseal his lips, he would have answered "yes."

"We don't want you to do that."

"But I am exceedingly tired—wearied to death."

"We have been endeavoring to make you so."

"I shall faint."

"Faint away, and we shall soon have the bone in."

"Doctor, *I can't stand it.*"

"Then *lay it*, friend;" a favorite expression with one of the distinguished who officiated on this occasion.

"Whisper to him, *Parcels*," said Aster, who made his brightness particularly apparent in perpetrating puns upon the Latin vernacular—"whisper him, by way of consolation,

—Non, si male nunc, et olim
Sic erit."

"That is, I suppose,—if you are ill now, it is no sign that you will be sick by-and-by."

He was a brave man, and even under these circumstances he took what was offered him to increase his prostration; he chewed up a cigar, and gulped it down; he drank swallow after swallow of tartar emetic solution—a most nauseating and relaxing preparation.

But still, though deadly sick, the sweat pouring out of his forehead in clear drops, and though seemingly stretched on this Procrustean bed at least three inches beyond his natural stature, his muscles would not surrender their grasp upon the bone. The surgeons exerted all their strength upon the passive and suspended limb, but it was without effect. They spoke a few words to each other, and concluded partially to remit the extension for a few minutes in order to recruit their energies by rest.

It was, indeed, not only necessary for them, but for the man also, whose frame it was feared would not bear such unremitted torture. In truth, he seemed reprieved by even the trifling respite that they granted him, and looked at the herculean tar (that was before he became a nurse, thinking that his tender mercies might be better exerted in the sick room than on board a ship) as he walked up toward the block with steps that yielded only inch by inch the play that he had been leisurely accumulating upon the rope—he regarded him, I say, with a grim satisfaction, not unmixed with a tiger-like expression about the eyes and corners of the mouth, which bespoke anything but pure and cordial affection. But far from gaining the so-much coveted disenthralment to the full of his newly-awakened desires, the cords were but slackened, and he was barely allowed to catch a glimpse of that freedom which would have been to him

——Welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land.

He might have lain about as much at his ease as Satan on the fiery plains of Tartarus, when bethinking him of his late discomfiture, and planning new schemes of vengeance.

I had seen many operations and exhibitions—but in none that I assisted at was I ever so struck with the utter inefficacy of the measures resorted to, which seemed all of the most appropriate and potential kind. I knew that there was no fault in the operation, and that every expedient was strictly in accordance with the rules.

"He bares that stretching well," said Parcels, one of the junior assistants. "The dislocation must be into the ischiatic notch."

"It is," replied Berry. "The thigh should be pulled up more. Rhodes,

instead of sending you up there again to straddle over this poor fellow, we'd better put you at the halyards, and let Featherbody mount the rostrum."

"It will take nothing less than the devil or a handspike to lift it out. My handkerchief round the upper end of the thigh was a fulcrum to the mortal bodies of four surgeons, and served as a pivot to balance two of them on his extremities and two at his head."

"Do you observe," said Berry, "the doctor himself looks a little puzzled. C. and R. are no better off. I thought M. would break the thigh bone more than once."

"That bone is just at this time encased in an impenetrable mail of rigid muscles," replied Parcels. "If you broke that, you would break an iron bar of equal size."

"In truth, the relaxing medicines and bleeding seem to have had little effect in weakening them. How much blood did you take, Parcels, before he was brought in?"

"Two pounds."

"He has lost two here, and I should think he could lose three more."

"Yes, and three more to the back of them, for all that the bone would be not reduced," replied P.

"You have no faith in nauseating mixtures and debilitating remedies—*Heresia*."

"No—while they apparently reduce the strength, they seem not to take a whit from the power of the muscles to *resist* extension. There is a kind of galvanism residing in them which emanates from the brain, and all bodily remedies, while they leave the mind in a state of intense action and excitement, can have no beneficial effect."

"Ego cynus!" said Aster, in a kind of Latin which must be taken literally to be understood—"I swan! this is the most untractable member of a leg that has come under my notice. We shall have to subscribe for a high-heeled boot for the other leg if we carry this out much further."

"Another trial of doctoring, I think, will shortly break off the matter in debate."

"Another *dual*, you mean—it is a set-to between the man at the pulley and the patient."

"You will have to exhibit the contents of your tobacco-box again."

"*Quid!*—oh, in due time, *per perque*—as soon as the surgeons are done consulting there. They seem to wish their heads were in the acetabulum as snug as that of the femur. But, *subula grando!* all hail! the doctors are coming."

They now for a second time drew him into mid-air. The nurse, who had

stood looking on with his hawk's eye, and wiped the sweat from his brow with one hand, while with the other he grappled the end of the pulley-rope, again applied his strength—the blocks drew nearer together—the surgeon, using the dislocated limb for a lever and his knee for a fulcrum, exerted his whole force upon the limb in one strong effort to pry it out—but it gave not, although it was anticipated that the bone would break. The assistant upon the table, drawing upward with all his might, endeavored to entice (somewhat as the Irishman *remonstrated*) the upper end from its hiding place—while the surgeon availed himself of this opportunity to make a purchase of the leg. But it would have been easier to all appearance to have raised the world without Archimedes' lever, than to have displaced this little globe from its new socket.

The surgeons regarded each other with evident indecision and inquietude, and began to remit or grow more abrupt in their exertions. The students looked incredulous, and exhibited a disposition to depart. But, resolved not to incur the mortification or disgrace of a failure if it could be averted by any human means, the operators determined to carry their exertions in a final attempt as far as was consistent with the patient's safety. They loosed the bandages from the arms, and gave him an additional dose of the nauseating solution.

In this state of things, a young man leapt cautiously over the partition into the arena, stole his way unnoticed among the surgeons, and approaching the table stealthily, took from it a scalpel, or operating knife, of large size. With this passing in front of the man, he suddenly started it up before his eyes and seemed ready to plunge it into his body. As he made this gesture, the man started up in horror. Although pale from the loss of blood, he blanched still whiter at this sudden demonstration of a design to slay him.

"It is necessary, my friend," said the young man steadily and clearly, "to cut down to your back in order to get out the head of the thigh bone which is lodged there."

Hereupon he made as if he was about to lay open the bowels at a single rash stroke from the stomach to the hip. Every arm was raised to arrest him, but taken as they were by surprise he had ample time to execute his purpose. Leaning over and pressing his hand upon the side of the abdomen, he drew the knife rapidly and violently along the naked abdomen from one extremity to the other. Then hastily rising and throwing the knife on the bloody floor, he darted from the midst of the attendants—contriving, in the course of the action, to cover up with a corner of the blanket the work he had committed. The patient who had at first struggled, sunk back, the spectators ran to his side, the students started from their seats, and

the bone slipped into its place with an audible click. They hurriedly drew off the blanket from the patient's body, when, lo, there was no wound ! They went up to his side and endeavored to arouse him from his stupor and make him sensible that he was not hurt—in which they soon succeeded. The straps, pulleys and bandages were undone, and he was laid at length upon the table.

The young man had well observed the powerfully-depressing effects of fear on the human system, and had been incited to the ingenious expedient just described by witnessing the obstinacy with which the bone had resisted all the measures for its reduction. In a few days the patient recovered entirely from his fright, and was seen walking about the halls of the hospital.

PROPOSED SURGICAL CURE OF CONSUMPTION.

Such have been the improvements in surgery, that there are some hopes that a cure for consumption may at length be effected by its aid. It is a line in which no efforts have as yet been made with a view to the absolute alleviation of this all-pervading disease. The attention of medical men has never been directed to so apparently hopeless a resource as a means of arresting the career of a malady hitherto regarded as exclusively within the province of the physician, and not having even a remote bearing to the remediate virtues residing in the knife. But such will probably be the turn which things will take, and under this conviction I am induced to lay before the public the following plan for the cure of this, unhappily, too common disorder.

In order to render this matter intelligible to the mass of people who are most deeply interested in the discovery, it will be necessary to make them, in a measure, acquainted with the opinions which have been hitherto entertained by physicians in regard to the nature of this disease, and to give a brief description of the structure of the lungs, and the manner in which they effect the vital function of oxidizing the blood.

The lungs are bodies of a loose or spongy consistence, contained within the chest. They are placed in the right and left sides, and are separated from each other by a membranous partition, running from under the breast-bone directly to the back-bone. The lung of the left side is the smaller, from the heart being situated in that cavity. The windpipe goes down the neck, and dividing into two branches, enters into the back part of the lungs close upon the spine.

The lungs lie loose in the chest, like a bag or bladder, whose orifice is at the windpipe. We will suppose it to be a bladder inside of a bellows ;

if we stop up the hole or valve in the bottom board of the bellows, and suppose the mouth of the bladder to come out at the nose, it is then in precisely the same circumstances that the lungs are within the chest. Raise the handles, and the air passes in at the nose and fills the bladder inside the bellows—depress the handles, and the bladder is emptied. But let us open the valve underneath the bellows, and the air, when the handles are elevated, will rush into this opening, instead of the smaller orifice of the nose. The lungs are in the same relative situation. *Make an opening in the side of the chest*, and when the ribs are raised in the act of breathing, the air is drawn through this new passage in preference to passing by the more circuitous way of the mouth and windpipe. As the air is drawn in upon the exterior surface of the lung, the latter (which we will suppose the bladder again) is pressed down, and more and more emptied by every breath, until it is reduced to its smallest size, and all the cavity *outside* of it is filled with air.

The lung (for these are cases which are not speculative, but of almost daily occurrence) is compressed in this manner to a body not larger than the first, which shows the exceeding sponginess of its structure. This opening has sometimes been made by accident, sometimes to give issue to matter or air collected within the cavity, and for various other purposes. It is practicable as a curative means only, from the fact that the lungs are contained in two separate and distinct apartments, divided as before stated by an impervious partition. If they were both in *one* cavity, and the air were let in upon their outside, there would be an end to life, as no breath could gain admittance to the inside of the lungs. But as it has been proved in numerous instances of disease, and where operations have been performed, that a person can live by the breath of one lung, and allow the other to lie idle, the idea originated of attempting to cure a disease in the *one lung*, which is under your *mastery*, while the other goes on with its functions. The *only way* in which consumption is ever cured, is by the collapsing or *drying up of the lung*, the cessation of breathing in it, and the sinking of that side of the chest. The other side of the chest generally becomes enlarged. Consumptive people live on for years, when to all intents and purposes they have not *half a lung*. And a distinguished writer has expressed the opinion that one-twentieth part of the air usually taken into the lungs at one respiration is sufficient to sustain life.

The system of cure here proposed is founded on a careful consideration of these facts. If the lung can be placed at rest by the admission of air to the cavity of the chest, the great obstacle to the cure of consumption is removed. So long as it is kept continually in motion by the passage of the air through every portion of it, an ulcer or any other disease which may

exist can not possibly heal. If the motion did not aggravate the complaint, the state of distention in which the lung is kept and the *separation* of the diseased or ulcerated surfaces maintained by this distention, would prevent the union of the opposite sides of the ulcers. A wound will not unite unless the edges are kept together—and a sword wound of the lung is only cured by the instantaneous sinking down of the wounded organ and the consequent contact which is produced between the sides of the cut. Thus nature seems to have pointed out this means of cure, and to have placed consumption, as it were, under an impossibility of being removed by *medical* remedies, or by any other means than the knife. It is like the hip complaint in this respect. It is impossible to produce a perfect state of rest in that joint—as in any position in which the patient may be placed, sitting, standing, or lying, every movement of the body centers in the head of the thigh bone, and continually aggravates the existing disease and renders it incurable.

Now, the object of the operation for consumption is to make an opening into the side of the chest, so as to allow the air to enter freely and compress the lung—to give Nature an opportunity (while the lung is in a state of rest) to absorb the diseased matter, or to heal the ulcerated parts by cicatrization, and to afford the surgeon an opportunity to resort to the ligature or knife where it may be beneficial. In the first place, the surface on which Nature has to act in her curative attempts, is very much reduced; in the next place, there is no interruption to her efforts, occasioned by the process of breathing, or by the irritation of the hectic fever, which seems to be simply an indication of her struggles and her inability to conquer a great disease—since we invariably see it manifested when the body is laboring under a very extensive external sore, or an internal disease or abscess, where there is no possible chance for the escape of the matter or the consolidation of the parts, as in the case of the liver and the lungs. In the next place, the matter, or pus, instead of compelling the lungs to violent efforts for its expulsion through the windpipe, and the want of strength to do which is frequently, if not generally, the immediate cause of death in this disease, finds a ready issue by the artificial opening. Again, the parts can not so well become callous in a state of quiescence, and if they have already become so by the constant motion, as in fistula, the compression to which they are subjected will promote their union, as in ulcers on the leg—their collapse alone favors this result. To be brief, where applications, incisions, inspections, etc., are required, they are easily made. If it is found necessary to remove any diseased part, it can be effected.

It is not necessary to enter into the details of the operation. It is not as severe as one half of those daily performed in this city; and as to its

Secondly, nature sometimes effects a cure by drying up one of the lungs, and this is the only method in which she ever does effect a cure.

Thirdly, the operation is neither difficult nor dangerous.

And, fourthly, the diseased lung may be wholly removed if necessary.

I have a few more remarks to make, which may be generally interesting, as I perceive that in many of the public journals favorable notices have been given of my plan of cure, and in most instances it has been pronounced perfectly feasible.

One lung is adequate to existence.

The cavity of the chest may be opened with impunity, and when so opened, the lung collapses and ceases its function of breathing.

This state of the lung favors the healing process from *coaptation*, from rest, and from compression.

The lung can be cut without pain or danger, as it has but little sensibility.

It is attached by a narrow neck (one of the branches of the windpipe) to the spine, and can be separated by ligature or the knife.

Wounds in this organ heal with rapidity.

These propositions are incontrovertible, and need no argument.

Consumption is marked out in an especial manner for *Surgery*. Where else, or in what other part of the system, do we find a disease, or laesion, of structure, yield to medicine? Does an ulcer in the intestines, an aneurism of the aorta, a cancer in the stomach? On the contrary, if the hand of Surgery can not reach them, are they not almost invariably fatal? So it is with tubercular consumption. But yet this disease is not beyond the reach of surgical measures. The organs affected lie in a cavity which can be more safely entered and opened to the air than any of the other visceral regions. How immeasurably beyond this is the operation of tying the common iliac, the removal of an enlarged ovary, and amputation at the hip-joint, etc. The precincts of the abdomen have hitherto been almost unanimously regarded as inviolate. Yet there is now scarcely an organ in it which has not been subjected to the knife.

It is a necessary evil of surgery, or rather it is an inevitable consequence of that law of Nature which renders all the parts necessary to a perfect action of the whole, that when the body is deprived of any one of its members, or any of its organs are mutilated, the system loses a portion of its primitive vigor. We cut off the decayed branch of a tree to save its life and preserve a share of its utility. When a limb is severed, the human body suffers a reduction of its strength and powers during life. The intestinal canal would seem very important to subsistence; and yet an artificial aperture has been made for the passage of its contents from the body, by

which a large portion of it has been thrown out of use, and the person has lived, with care, for a length of time. Nay, even the stomach has been opened, and the food discharged directly, before it had undergone a tenth part of the changes necessary to adapt it to the nourishment of the system. And without the services of the stomach, persons have been for a while kept in existence. The main artery which carries the *vital fluid* from the heart to the arm, head, and all the parts above the collar-bone, has been tied (by the celebrated Dr. Mott) for the cure of a disease in one of its ramifications. The artery which supplies all the blood to the lower part of the body and extremities has been tied in the abdomen. One of the kidneys has been destroyed by atrophy, without affecting the health. Other viscera and organs have been wanting. But as numerous as are these instances, they are not one-hundredth part as frequent as are the cases in which the body has been deprived by disease or injury of the services of one of those seemingly indispensable organs, the lungs. Innumerable examples are recorded in which one cavity of the chest has contained from a pint to three quarts or a gallon of fluid, and the lung has been compressed to a degree which allows no chance for supposition that its function was not completely suspended. But without any further arguments on this point, it is enough that any man of common intelligence, who has watched the progress of a case of tubercular consumption, must have observed that existence is continued long after the sick person is deprived of the benefit of a large share of both lungs.

The only question which remains is this, whether the disease is ever so exclusively limited to one lung as to render the operation of avail. Those who are familiar with post-mortem examinations of consumptive patients, will answer in the affirmative. In the great majority of cases but one lung is found to have advanced to a state of disorganization, while the other is frequently studded with small points or tubercles, indicating a tendency to the disease. These, when they are inclined to develop, require a long period to become a source of inconvenience, or to occasion death. In many cases they do not exist at all. They may be averted, suspended, eradicated by a change of climate and the use of proper remedies. If the motion of the lungs does *not* hasten their maturation, then they are no more liable to attain an incurable development after one lung is removed than before. How many thousands there are who exist with tubercles in their lungs, which are never discovered until after their death from some other cause. Finally, it is an objection which would stand in the way of no intelligent surgeon, were he satisfied of the feasibility of the operation. Allowing that a man's life can be prolonged for a year, there are none but would grasp at the proffered truce on these terms.

Morton relates a case (in the Illustrations of Pulmonary Consumption, Philadelphia, 1834) in which the ribs were drawn in, and the right lung incapable of performing its office: "The left was replete with tubercles—not half a cubic inch was free from them." And yet this person lived for a length of time, the larger lung entirely destroyed, and the other nearly useless. Another author asserts that a twentieth part of the lungs is sufficient for mere continuation of life.

In fact, some hints may be drawn from these facts. Laennec (the great authority) says that consumption is a disease *sui generis*. But none deny that purulent matter is expectorated. Is pus secreted by anything but an inflamed or ulcerated surface? Does a cancer secrete pus? If it is *sui generis*, then it is very much like other diseases in this respect. He says that the pus arises from the *melting down* of the tubercles. But pus is a secretion. Hectic fever, for the most part, may be defined a symptomatic affection indicative of an irremediable *suppuration*. Baron Larrey (chief surgeon in Buonaparte's army) designates the hip-complaint by the name of *articular phthisis*. One of the first surgeons in this city, Dr. Alexander H. Stevens, has expressed the opinion that the chief source of the obstinacy of the hip-disease originates in the incessant mobility of this joint, and the impossibility of remedying it by any mechanical contrivance. All authors ascribe the incurability (without operation) of fistula in ano to the laxity of texture and constant motion of this part.



ANGELS WITH WINGS.—The idea of spirits appearing like angels, with wings, etc., seems to be drawn from these relations in the Bible, when messengers were sent from God to man; but those departed spirits are not angels, though probably destined in the course of ages to become so: in the mean time, their moral state continues as when they quitted the body, and their memories and affections are with the earth.



DR. ENNEMOSER, in his very learned work on magic, shows us that all the phenomena of magnetism and somnambulism, and all the various kinds of divination, have been known and practiced in every country under the sun; and have been intimately connected with, and indeed may be traced up to, the fountain-head of every religion.

THE FUTURE—A DREAM.

I stoon where spread a sea-girt bay ;
Its winding shore in sunlight lay,
And on its bosom far and wide
The world of commerce seemed to ride ;
While, as the whistling winds passed by,
It tossed its billows to the sky :
There, outward bound, a mighty bark
Swung on that deep, like Noah's ark,
As though its vastness might contain
The products of a world's domain ;
Then from the wild and swelling surge
The crew her mighty anchors urge,
Till loosed, she feels her iron chain
Once more admits her to the main.
Why spread she not the white broad sail ?
Or, waits she still a favoring gale ?
Yet see! what impulse doth she feel ?
Whence the swift wake that marks her keel ?
No curling smoke of steam is near,
No dashing engine's noise I hear ;
But lo! as if with lightning speed,
She skims the bay as storm-bird freed.
Far out at sea the glass discerns
The distant speck : the dream returns,
And hugest monsters of the deep
Amid those waters seem to sleep,
Till roused, they mark their keeper's hand,
Attent to listen his command ;
With simple lute, upon the shore
He points to where the breakers roar,
While quick as thought I see them there ;
Through rocks and surfy waves they bear
A cable line that holds a ship—
A mooring that no power can slip.
Yoked to that line they bring her near
To where a city's marts appear,
Then gambol with unwieldly play
Upon the bosom of the bay.

No harpoon hung upon the prow,
No whaler's oil was needed now,
For all was peace ; on land and sea
The cannon's roar had ceased to be ;
All were for all, and each for each ;
No creeds had selfish ends to teach ;
And those that lived, were those that loved ;
While fearless through the forest roved
Birds, reptiles, tigers, lions, men :
The law of use prevailed again.
The traveler found the tiger's lair,
And sunk in peaceful slumber there ;
While, to requite his watchful zeal,
The traveler's song would o'er him steal,
With dreams of wider, vaster plains,
Where peace and plenty ever reigns ;
For e'en a tiger hath a heart
That yet shall bear a noble part
In the bright future of our race,
When use shall gain its destined place !
Then o'er Sahara's desert wide
The jackal's scent may be our guide,
And the hyena's hideous cry
Be changed to Nature's lullaby,
The ostrich fleet, upon its back
May help the slow express man track
The pathless zones of Afric's shore,
Where white man never trod before ;
And carrier birds of every wing
Shall wait earth's messages to bring ;
Nor mountains height, nor cavern deep
Shall back the foot of Progress keep ;
The world is man's, for each, for all
No lord as his its soil shall call,
No fences guard its golden fruit—
A store-house, free to man or brute,
The long and dreaded shades of death
That erst have deepened with each breath,
Are known as only by-gone dreams—
An ice that covered distant streams ;
Now melted by the genial ray,
The gliding current meets the day,
So death, the past of ages past,
Becomes a gentle rill at last,
Upon whose fragrant banks the flowers
Perfume with sweets the passing hours.

June 29th.

AZOR HOTT

FREE LOVE.

BY A. HOYT.

WERE a man disposed to write seriously against the crime of murder, it might perhaps entitle him to become a candidate for a writ *de lunatico inquirendo*; and to offer a single remark on the subject of our heading that might be considered argumentatively to contest its claims to notice, would be equally absurd. When the Gipsies' millennium shall arrive, it will be time enough to take down our hedges and make the fruits of the earth common property; but till that delectable time I fear our courts of judicature will inflict penalties upon poachers whatever may be their creed.

Meum and *tuum* are not as yet abstract entities, and therefore it would seem as though I had a right to some protection against night prowlers of whatever sentiment. But especially I protest that they shall not effect their schemes of spoliation by any assertion on their part of acquaintanceship. We may unfortunately know them as the house-breaker is known by those he would rob. We may have seen them slyly passing our windows or looking over our fences; but to allege more than this is a slander.

Spiritualism, as such, can not recognize the Free Love theory as other than a glossing over of the licentiousness that always has existed. If the crafty can entrap new victims, they have ever been as ready to assume the garb of religion as any other, and it can not surprise any that spirit phenomena should be assailed in its early history and branded, as were the followers of Christ, harlots, publicans and thieves. But no man, not himself an abettor of these vices, would join in the outcry.

What does Spiritualism teach by its phenomena? Why, that our friends who have departed this earth-sphere still linger about our path in sympathy. Is that idea promotive of impurity? It teaches us that they can and do follow us to our bed chambers. It instructs us that our future depends on the refinement, the elevation of the spirit over the bodily appetites, if we would aspire to intellectual joys.

No sensualist can be spiritual, though his mediumship should be really transcendent; which, by-the-by, is never the case, our enemies having demonstrated over and over that the influences, whatever they are, rise no higher than the plane of the medium.

Tipplers, rappers and talkers may affect to be recipients of spirit afflatus, but it will be an afflatus from those who inhabited the purlieus of vice when here, and have not progressed beyond sympathies for their former associations.

We are really surprised at the apparent coolness with which our costly police pursue the poor cyprians of the pave, while dens of libidians and lascivious *gentlemen* and *ladies* are suffered in our most public thoroughfares, promulgating among the simple, under the guise of respectability, the most flagitious sentiments. It is high time this matter were looked into, if we mean to protect our sons and daughters from the designs of such harpies.

That men of uncontrolled impulses should abet this is not amazing, but that any honest woman should be caught with such bait as free love is past our credence.

True, were society in such a state that women could palm themselves on good and virtuous company after this brand of infamy had scathed their foreheads—if women could have the world, why then it were perhaps bravely if not virtuously done. But when the fact is just the reverse, and while these male demons visit our saloons and posts of honor, and sit in holy places as exemplars of good taste and polite habits, their poor victims are damned to the infamy which ought of right to set the mark of Cain upon these heroes of the meanest and most selfish exploits that were ever concocted in darkness.

Could severity of remark probe deep enough to effect a cure on the diseased, I know the reader would excuse any warmth of mine. But I have no such hope. My appeal is for the benefit of the unseduced—a disclaimer, once for all, of any winking at the enormity of free love theories. We abhor almost the blotting of our page with anything so monstrous. And had we not Scripture warrant for believing that men of our earth can be rendered capable of even worshipping a beast, we might have cried out “impossible! impossible!” Yet it is true that communities and companies are formed and forming in our midst, where many a decent, perhaps respectable family, will sacrifice domestic purity, peace and comfort to this *ignis fatuus*.

But as Spiritualists are not voyaging on any such dark seas, we take leave of our subject by announcing that, if we ever did lie at the same wharf, we have changed our moorings. There may have been a Korah, Dathan and Abiram in the camp of Israel, but we wish you to bear in mind that hereafter they are to be considered as “when the earth opened and swallowed them up.”

We think the word Love is outraged by being named in this connection.

Love is an angel of light, descending upon our earth to sublime our affections and lift them heavenward. This theory debases its votaries to the mere instincts of the brutes, who should be admitted to this fellowship by conceded patent. Love is holy—recognizes rules of justice and propriety—watches solicitously the elevation and advancement of its recipients. In its enlargement it takes the cognates of philanthropy and benevolence. It weeps over degradation, as Christ over Jerusalem. It offers its wing to shelter and its power to protect. But the other scheme is merely the hawk's love to its victim. It is the love that the wolf bears to the fold. It may entwine—may fascinate, but its coil is serpentine and its enfoldings death.

Indeed, if there is a principle belonging to our race demonstrative of man's immortality, it is his undoubted capacity—his capacity to appreciate an element of affinity—of association beyond and above what obtains in animal life—a something that stands apart from the element of the mere hireling of men and women—that looks not to the present, but overleaps time and grasps eternity, as only commensurate with its aspirations. It derives sustenance as much from the contemplation of the unseen future, the anticipations of walking together, hand in hand, through amaranthine groves,

“Where seraphs gather immortality,”

as it does from the present commingling of soul with soul. Of this heaven-born sentiment the sensualist knows nothing; his intellect is feculent with miasms from the stagnant pools of his thoughts; he can not ascend above the fens where his desires originate. The exhalations never reach the mountain heights.

To dignify such puerilities as the attempted justification of the doings of these pretending virtuosos with the name of philosophy, is even worse than the claiming affinity with spirit phenomena. There may be a philosophical reason for blight and mildew—for excrescences and monstrosities, because their unsightly appearances are unaccounted for, and their intrusion upon the farmer's soil requires some investigation as to how and why they are found depredating on his labors. But the case is different with the horse who overleaps the farmer's hedge; there is no need of studying philosophy in the matter; the horse leaps the fence simply because he loves the oats.

That the parties to a bargain may rescind their contract nobody denies, but we should remember “it takes two to make a bargain.” And while the man and his wife are on one side in this civil compact, civil society and social society have derived a right to vote. If a man don't like a monarchy, the rule is plain he must set up for himself on an unoccupied territory, or

hunt up a republic. The Mormons understand this. Perhaps a man is free to argue the chickens on a roost as public property, but that public has also something to say before he carries his opinions into effect. Should one in our midst render himself like our late Lime-kiln Man, independent of our associative comforts in all the arts that beautify and enrich our social compact—should he declare his independence of the ægis of the law, being in condition to live and die without aid from his fellows, still even he is an interloper in an association formed for the well-being of those who originate and support its continuance. You may call this a philosophy of argument if you will, but a school-boy will tell you it is only the arithmetic of proportion, and quite as plain as that two and two make four. The ostrich tail may do well enough when dressed into a plume, but the vain would do well to remember the source of the ornament. If *lex talionis* give the Indian a right to my scalp, it can not compel me to recognize his relationship.

The advocates of this theory have very well alleged that to enjoy their peculiar tenets they must found new communities away from our barbarous and unphilosophical customs, and we shall concur in this. Let them make laws in their own Utopia, and reduce their economies to the philosophy of animal life and its associative affinities, and by thus having "all things common" work out the great problem of reducing all numerical fractions of virtue to their known quantity in a very common denominator of vicious appetite.

The law of affinity, we suppose, will, after all, govern this matter. "To the pure all things are pure," we believe; but it is a necessary contingent of this thesis, that purity and not passion or taste is to lead. It will not do for the idlers on our wharves, who are abstracting molasses or whisky from exposed casks, to allege they are only examining qualities. The popular song, "Will you walk in, Mr. Fly?" should, we think, be sung at all these conglomerations, for our especial sympathies are elicited for the fly and not the spider. This newly-discovered and celebrated law, so largely quoted and surely depended on, has come before us with better horoscope than the Maine Law; no judge as yet has pronounced it unconstitutional—no grand jury has ignored its provisions. It is, par excellence, the law of affinities, and we perhaps can not do better than commend our unsophisticated reader to one remarkable section of its code: "that a man shall be known by the company he keeps," whether that company be selected either by his predilections for wine or beauty. And we suggest that the abettors of free love in our city should be assigned to congenial localities, where the authorities may be sure of their whereabouts.

In civil jurisprudence nothing is more preposterous than for an individual
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to claim a patent for an invention originated before he was born; but these discoverers of the science of affinity have blundered on doctrines of casuistry which were old in the days of Moses. In the Jewish civil economy, they engrafted the law with a slight deviation: a man might put away his companion, but had to give a written certificate—a prudential rule, we think, of great value, and commend it to careful consideration, as it might be remotely possible that in elective affinities the query might arise how many instances of attraction and repulsion had taken place previously, when new combinations were proposed, as the adhesive principle is apt to die out when there is a disposition to iterate new formations. If the Jews premised a difficulty in heaven in the case of the woman with seven husbands, Solomon and others may find a greater dilemma with their thousand wives. So that here and hereafter some reference should be had to the known laws of the gravitation of atoms, which will apply equally well to an atom of love—the science of free love and that of “Model Artistes” being in chemistry of the same specific gravity.

NOTE.—After the article on Free Love was written, it was inquired at the Circle, Did any spirit inspire the article? “It was indited by — Wilson.” Will you say who Wilson was? “He published in Edinburgh.” Can you refer us to anything as an identification? “Yes.” Have we ever read anything he wrote? “Notes Ambrosiana.” Oh, then, we are honored by a visit from “Christopher North?” In reply to this the table gave unmistakable evidence of being controlled by a spirit who rejoiced in his recognition. We, of course, alleged our regret for the inadequacy of the powers of the medium, and proposed to make a second trial in producing a more finished piece, but he declined, and wished the article to appear in the SACRED CIRCLE.

APPARITION.—A remarkable circumstance occurred about forty years ago, in the family of Dr. Paulus, at Stuttgard. The wife of the head of the family having died, they, with some of their connections, were sitting at table a few days afterward, in the room adjoining that in which the corpse lay; suddenly the door of the latter apartment opened, and the figure of the mother clad in white robes entered, and, saluting them as she passed, walked slowly and noiselessly through the room, and then disappeared again through the door by which she had entered. The whole company saw the apparition.

And he who gained it, would he not
Swear by his chivalry,
Nor she nor rose should be forgot
Till he should cease to be ?

That on his breast the flower shall lie,
Sharing his earthly doom,
With him to live—with him to die—
With him to share the tomb—
A talisman to charm the sprite
Of evil from his prey—
For all life's toll a guerdon bright,
Tho' long and rough the way ?

Fair lady, in the lovely flower
To me so kindly given,
When near thee for a happy hour
That unforgotten even,
I see thyself—a rose half blown,
Whose beauty shall awhile
In some dark spirit, sad and lone,
Bid a new Eden smile.

'T will cheer, perchance, some spot apart,
Unblest by sun or shower—
Some desert of the human heart
Where else had been no flower.
There would thy rose-like spirit reign
As reigns o'er night the day,
To woo from earth to heaven again,
And gently lead the way.

Now tho' by Nature's mystic power
To softest beauty moulded,
Thyself and this transcendent flower
Seem yet but half unfolded ;
Yet moss became the rose's dress
Fresh beauties to disclose,
And that to thee is naturalness,
Which moss is to the rose.

The flower with secret love is rife
That forth in perfume flies,
So as thy spirit wakes to life
Love scatters from thine eyes.
Both flowers are shrined within my heart ;
And time shall never see
The hour my memory shall depart
From this sweet rose and thee.

W.

HOME OF THE UNHAPPY SPIRITS.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET, SEPT. 10, 1856.

IN the silent watches of the night, when slumber had overpowered the external senses, and the spirit and the body seemed more distinct than in their waking state, the desire to know more of the unseen and unknown things of eternity sprung up strong and powerful within me, when lo! a voice beside me said, "Come with me; leave thy body for awhile, and I will show thee what manner of place and what kind of companions many of earth's children are hastening to dwell in and mingle with." I gladly took my conductor's hand, and wandered far from earth. We did not ascend; our pathway seemed to be more on the descending scale than otherwise; and as we left earth's atmosphere we entered another kind of breathing element. It was not darker nor denser than that which we had left, and yet it oppressed me. My companion said, "Hasten thee along until we reach the place which we are seeking." A sad, dull feeling now took possession of me, and I walked with unwilling steps, reluctant to proceed, and yet unable to return. There was no feeling of joy at my heart—no anxious hope, but a dull heavy sensation pervaded my entire brain, and I said to my guide, "Let us return; these regions are not the abode of the happy spirits, because, instead of warming or exhilarating my frame by their near approach, they chill and subdue me." My guide said, "Nay, thou didst wish to look into things pertaining to the eternal welfare and destiny of man. Why, then, art thou unwilling to look upon the dark side, because there thou mayest learn as much of wisdom for thy spirit's strength, as thou couldst gain by gazing upon the holy beauty which thou art not yet prepared to enter; for verily, the sons and daughters of earth must work their way up, through great sacrifices and great afflictions, for the purification of their spirits!"

And we entered a city, and indeed it seemed of this world, and yet not of it. It was vast and great in all its proportions of strength and magnitude. It was inhabited by many people of all nations and tongues. It was a busy scene of confusion. I turned and gazed about me; and upon all sides—upon every countenance which I met, was written the words, too plainly to be misunderstood, "unhappiness" and "discontent." No plea-

sant smile greeted our approach, but sullen looks, regretful faces; and murmuring voices and sorrowing countenances met us on every side. I looked long and sadly for some countenance lighted by hope—some brow upon which was written “innocence and love” dwelling within; but I found them not. The air was chilly, because love wafted no pleasant gales to warm up that place of sorrow and regret. The spirit who led me said, “Mortal, observe one thing—thou dost not behold here one infant form; one child-like face, wearing the looks of defaced divinity.” My heart swelled up within me, and a deep prayer struggled for utterance to my Father, that the innocence of childhood knew not the blight of sin—of impurity—that it dwelt not in this atmosphere of mental depression.

My guide said, “Accost some of the dwellers of this city, mayhap they will tell thee the cause of their unhappiness.” I paused, and shrunk back from the unpleasant task. My guide whispered “*Duty*,” and then I was ready to do as I was bid. There was approaching me an aged man—a spirit rather, who had brought the decrepitude of age and suffering with him to his spirit-home. I said, “Why do you thus groan under your infirmities? Why do you walk as though you were still an inhabitant of earth? Have you not left it? and could you not leave behind you its affections, inherent only, as I thought, to the flesh?” He said to me, “Who are you who presume thus to question me? I lived out a lifetime of labor and care that I might be able to enjoy luxury and ease. When age came upon me, I had no time to think of death. What was death to me? I was working hard that I might enjoy on earth the fruits of my labor; but suddenly I am called away. I became powerless at once to retain my body and spirit together. I am compelled to leave all behind that made up the sum and substance of my life’s long labor! Why,” said he, “should I be forced thus to part with what I loved so dearly—what I labored so hard to obtain? But,” said he, and a stern and savage look overspread his countenance, “I will *not* part with it! I did not want to come here. I will yet labor still, and carry out my darling project. I would not be other than I am. I would be what I was. Do not talk to me of death and of happiness beyond the grave, for all happiness fled from my grasp when I was summoned away so suddenly to this accursed place.” My guide said, “God aid thee, poor soul, to look up to the help which is ready to come to thee when thou canst give up thine earthly desires; then also shall thy earthly infirmities leave thee free to labor for its happiness.” And he tottered away, leaning on his staff, only intent on grasping the fleeting phantom of happiness; but alas! in the wrong direction, and never to be realized by him until, in the bitterness of his spirit, he prays for help and for light from above.

We passed on; and next we met a young girl. She had been fair and beautiful, were it not for the impress of sin and suffering upon her still youthful countenance. She met us with a defiant glance, as though questioning our presence there. She seemed to know that we did not belong to the place, and she strove to hide her shame beneath an air of bold recklessness and effrontery. My guide gently laid his hand upon her shoulder and said, "Stay, child, we would speak with thee." She paused, unwillingly, and I said, "Tell me why you like to stay in this gloomy place when there are so many inviting paths all about you wherein you might walk pleasantly and profitably? Why do you mingle with the evil and the gross? why do you drink of the cup of sorrow and eat of the bread of bitterness and strife, when you know that there is rest and peace for the repentant and earnest spirit? She looked upon me with fiercely angry looks. "Do you come to taunt me with my shame," said she—"with my fallen condition, you who know that I was once pure and loving—beautiful, and proud of the world's approving voice?" "Nay," said the spirit, "we did not come to taunt thee, but to save thee—to teach thee of thy Maker!" "Away," said she, "I will learn naught of good; I will hear no words of love, or faith, or hope, or charity, or joy; they are idle sounds to me, fitting only for puling children. I died with a curse upon my lips, and a murderer's knife in my hand; shame, black and deep, written upon my dishonored brow! I ask no mercy; I desire no heaven. I hate the good and the pure, and I love the dark and defiled wretches, because I am like them—because I will excel them in wickedness and crime if I may;" and she gave a demoniac laugh, whose echoes were sad and hopeless as they fell upon the ear. The spirit-guide now said, "It is written that he who repenteth of his sins and returneth to his Father's house, shall be received with joy and gladness; and I leave with thee a message from thy Father, inviting thee to put aside the dark raiment of sin and all base passions, and listen to the soft and soothing voice of mercy, which will murmur peace, peace to thy troubled soul."

We passed on, and left her with a prayer in our hearts that she might receive the heaven-sent message in her darkened home. And we saw in our journey weeping women—O how repulsive in their aspect—how different from all that they should be, by the perversion of their high instincts, which had been trampled upon and turned to base and unholy uses by the grievous wrongs of society and circumstance—by the laws of man, not of God, for they are just and equal!

And next we spoke to a man who looked as if God had gifted him with a bright intellect and expansive genius, whose range might encompass many of the great things of earth; but his brow was clouded with care,

his eye was sunken, its expression hopeless; his motions were nervous and his head hung down, bowed toward earth, in craven and abject shame. When I spoke, he started. "Why do you stop me?" said he; "am I not free here to do as I please; or, does my old foe still pursue me even beyond the bounds of time—of earthly space? Leave me, or give me drink, more strong drink." Verily the wine-cup had maddened to destroy the towering intellect which could soar as an eagle above the common herd, and sway men by its power and might; it had been conquered and laid low by the red wine-cup. Death had lurked within it. It had sparkled but to deceive, and blindly lead to destruction the brave and expanding soul while yet in manhood's prime. And sin and misery had marked his downward path, and disease had laid his body in the grave; but the unquenchable desire had arisen with his spirit, and now it was his ghastly, his daily companion, driving him to madness and despair, because his strong desire was unquenched. And he wanders up and down, ever desiring but never receiving wherewith to satiate his undying thirst. And thus he will be until his torment becomes so great that he will be fain to look for help—for life—for anything to save him from the death which he is momentarily dying. And then, when the first prayer is uttered from the quivering, despairing depths of his agony, his repentance will have begun. Then will some kind angel draw near and beckon him from the place of his captivity; and then will he pray to be delivered from out of the dark valley of the shadow of death, whose pestilence is ever destroying but never dying—whose anguish is ever wearing deeper, by the food upon which it lives, into the heart's core of its wretched inhabitants. O it is a sad sight, one at which angels weep, but they can not help until the heart first asks and attracts them to it, because hope and faith are twin sisters; their birth-place was heaven, but they descended to earth, and a portion of them dwell in every germ of implanted intelligence. Therefore hope may be buried deep in the most abject soul, but it will spring forth to meet the kind invitation which angels give. And dark and dreary as the home of the dark spirits may be, yet hope is not dead, but only buried within each bosom. And when all other props, all other barriers are broken away, then will hope spring forth and buoy up the sinking soul, and point it upward to its birth-place in the city of light and holiness.

Poor spirits! in their darkness they are far removed from the Father from whence they came; but they will revolve around and around in their dark orbits until they are washed of their sins, and at last approach their birth-place.

He has left us, unheeding of our words; he will verily travel in the path

of his iniquity until it becomes too great a burden to be borne, and then he will cry aloud to his Father; and his Father in heaven is ever ready to forgive.

We meet another. It is an aged female, and still she would fain deck herself out in trinkets and gew-gaws. She is anxious that we should note the rustling of her silks, and make note of the brilliancy of her ornaments. Ah! what sad lines of care and earthly passion are marked on her countenance. She would fain tread erect and stately, but the spirit says, "Take heed where thou art going, and what thou art doing; thou art still walking in the old pathway which caused the ruin of thy happiness on earth and the ruin of many others—which brought thy children down with thee to inhabit this place of contention and sorrow. Thy heart is yet cold and callous; the external is all thy spirit craves."

"And who are you who would bar my progress," said she—"who would keep me back from doing what I wish to? Have I not riches, and wealth, and power? Should not all beneath me bend the knee and do me homage? What care I for the poor and the lowly? I spurn the beggar! yes, I would tread upon the reptile and crush it, if it should cross my path. And, my children, they should be as their mother, not vile worms of earth, but proud, haughty and powerful, crushing beneath them every obstacle which would bar their entrance to honor and power—to wealth and position. Ye talk of the heart; it has nothing to do but please itself as it may in the enjoyment of this world's pleasures! Talk not to me of a hereafter; it is a myth—a shadow—a dim thing. I care not for any hereafter. Give me that power which I desire, now."

Poor spirit, she verily thought she was upon earth's surface, striving and wrestling with its vanities. She had crushed within her own soul and that of her offspring every kind impulse. She had sown the wind, and she was reaping the tempest. She had arrayed herself even in silks and fine linen to satisfy the cravings of her soul for the applause of the world. She had trampled upon every gentle affection, to be gazed at by men and women as a rare piece of Nature's workmanship improved by art, and she lives on in her empty, delusive life, knowing all its hollowness and unhappiness, looking daily upon the wreck of all that her heart should have held dearest. A mother's love has been crushed within her, and she feels the want and the anguish. Ah! many, many years must pass away before she will begin to give up with tears of contrition the vanities of her earth-life!

And now here comes a poor, ragged, meager, hungry-looking object, murmuring aloud. He curses his Maker because he was born. He was ever

unhappy, and rebelled in all things and at all times, because of what had been made and given from his Father. His physical development was all inharmonious. *God's earth* was not beautiful in his eyes, and his children were all enemies to him, because of the bitter waters which filled his own heart. No love nor kindness had found an out-gushing channel; they had been suppressed and pent up under the fires of passion, and revenge, and discontent, and nursed, and nurtured, and fed until everything had assumed an unloving and repulsive appearance. In his eyes the grass looked not beautiful, neither did the flowers smell sweet. The sun's rays were not bright; the moon's light was not chaste; the blue canopy was as a dark and forbidding mantle. All things were without beauty—without joy, because the God-given faculties were buried in the physical inharmony of his animal structure. He walked through life dark and gloomy, as a foreboding cloud of evil. He darkened men's paths by his presence; and when he left, no gentle deeds, no loving remembrance hallowed his memory; but he descended to the grave as a clod of the earth, and his spirit went to mingle its discordance with elements of a like nature. But the animal and the evil shall not always bury the immortal germ of truth and human love. The dark spirit will be redeemed and beautified in coming time. The love of the Father and of angels shall touch his heart as with an electric gleam, and light up its dark, cold cells, and he shall yet become a ministering spirit in the mission of the mercy of the Father to the imperfections of man. His soul had nearly lost its portion of divine love in the wreck and ruin by which physical causes surrounded it; but it will come out hereafter bright and genial, bathed in the sunlight of the smile of Jehovah.

Ah! he passes away. He heard not the destiny far on his path before him, but step by step he will work it out; because mountains are formed from grains of sand, even so can the spirit, which sprang from God, (however dark in its after course), still be purified and stripped of all its earthly trammels, and gain wisdom step by step, until it attains the height and size of developed manhood.

"Many, many are the busy, blinded, discontented spirits around us here; but even in the midst of this place of sadness, and sorrow, and strife, and regret, I will erect an altar," said the spirit, "and from it my prayers shall ascend to God, because he hath promised to redeem every child who shall return to him; and I know that from out of this conglomerate mass of discordance there shall arise hereafter, in the progressive march of endless time, a harmonious family, who shall call God their Father, and whose songs of praise shall ascend to him for ever and ever."

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My guide hath returned with me, and I again enter the slumbering form.
He says, "Profit by the lesson, O mortal, and repeat it to earth's children;
mayhap thereby one soul may be saved." G. S.

PROPHETIC DREAMING.

In the histories of the Old Testament we constantly find instances of prophetic dreaming, and the voice of God was chiefly heard by the prophets in sleep; seeming to establish that man is in that state more susceptible of spiritual communion, although the being thus made the special organ of the Divine will, is altogether a different thing from the mere disfranchisement of the embodied spirit in ordinary cases of clear seeing in sleep. Profane history, also, furnishes us with various instances of prophetic dreaming, which it is unnecessary for me to refer to here. But there is one thing very worthy of remark, namely, that the allegorical character of many of the dreams recorded in the Old Testament, occasionally pervades those of the present day. I have heard of several of this nature, and Oberlin, the good pastor of Ban de la Roche, was so subject to them, that he fancied he had acquired the art of interpreting the symbols. This characteristic of dreaming is in strict conformity with the language of the Old Testament, and of the most ancient nations. Poets and prophets, heathen and Christian, alike express themselves symbolically, and, if we believe that this language prevailed in the early ages of the world, before the external and intellectual life had predominated over the instinctive and emotional, we must conclude it to be the natural language of man, who must, therefore, have been gifted with a conformable faculty of comprehending these hieroglyphics; and hence it arose that the interpreting of dreams became a legitimate art. Long after these instinctive faculties were lost, or rather obscured, by the turmoil and distractions of sensuous life, the memories and traditions of them remained, and hence the superstructure of jugglery and imposture that ensued, of which the gipsies form a signal example, in whom, however, there can be no doubt that some occasional gleams of this original endowment may still be found, as is the case, though more rarely, in individuals of all races and conditions.—*Mrs. Crowe.*

OMNIPOTENCE.

BY GILBERT SWEET.

A POWER there is, sublime and grand,
Existing everywhere ;
Turn where we will, on every hand
'T is manifested there.

'T is seen amid the desert plains
Of Afric's burning sand ;
Where dread Sirocco sternly reigns,
All bow at his command.

The snow-crowned Alps, that tow'ring rise
Above the stormy cloud,
As tho' they'd pierce the very skies,
They speak in thunders loud ;

For down the avalanches spring,
Resistless, from their cones,
And loud their mighty voices ring
In Nature's grandest tones.

It speaks from out the heaving seas
That madly lash the shore,
When moved to anger by the breeze,
Or dashed by tempest's roar ;

It trembles in the thunder's crash
That shakes the solid ground ;
It gleams from out the lightning's flash,
That scatters death around ;

It shines in every sunbeam bright—
Comes down in every shower ;
It puts the wintry snows to flight,
It colors every flower.

'T is whisper'd by the greenwood trees
That on the hill-tops grow ;
It comes to us on every breeze
In music soft and low.

'T is felt in every word of truth
That falls upon the soul,
While hoary age and buoyant youth
Acknowledge its control.

And from the countless worlds of light
That deck our evening sky,
It shines with endless glory bright
In rays that never die!

But ever stronger, brighter still,
'T is seen in love enshrined;
It there subdues the strongest will,
And captive leads the mind!

'T is manifest from pole to pole,
In palace, cot and bower,
Uplifting every deathless soul,
For "God is love" and *power*.



HYMN TO THE NIGHT.

How soft Night's curtains close
O'er Day's serene repose!
When o'er the worn and weeping
Has passed the sweet night prayer,
And the caravan is sleeping
In the calm and silent air.

How soft Night's curtains close
O'er Day's serene repose!
As an Arab bride smiling
All tears and fears away,
Thou calm'st the weary toiling
Of the sad and sultry day.

How soft Night's curtains close
O'er Day's serene repose!
When in the balmy even
We list the Tarabouk,
And the Almée floats to heaven
Like clouds from the chibouk.

THE PRACTICAL VS. THE TRANSCENDENTAL.

WE have been often called to account for the *practical* nature of our teachings, and have been charged with taking from heaven its sublime and glorious character to substitute for it a world of *uses*. We deny nothing except the charge that we have made the spirit-world less attractive. That we have represented it as *practical*, and have denied its transcendently miraculous character, is true. We do not claim infallibility for ourselves, nor concede it to others. We search diligently for the truth, and we get it as nearly pure as it is possible, and we doubt not that our co-laborers are equally diligent, and that they may be equally successful in acquiring truth in its purity. We claim, however, that from the advent of modern Spiritualism to the present time we have not relaxed our exertions for a single day, but have, with all our soul, with all our strength, and with all our intellect, labored constantly to unveil the mysteries of the spirit-life and the conditions which await mankind after death. We claim, too, that we have had the best facilities the age affords; that besides our own mediumship we have had to aid us that of the best and most conscientious mediums now known to the world. We claim, too, that we can as well identify the spirits that converse with us as others can. We see them and hold communion with them face to face. We know we can depend on the truth of what they tell us, and we are therefore bold in promulgating the facts. But we also know that the world at large are not quite ready to receive truth in its undiluted form, and we have been counseled by wise and good spirits not to outrun the sense of the world—not to be too fast to utter that which the people are not ready nor qualified to believe. We have argued that the world must be told of these things, and get used to the thought. By and by, they will *think* upon the subject, and next they will *reason* upon it, and then for the first time will they be qualified to judge whether we are right or wrong.

It would surprise any one to see how many Spiritualists there are who never *reason* upon the facts told by spirits. They laugh at the old school

same Spiritualists, so averse is the human mind to systematic thought, will adopt a faith from spirits, perhaps entirely misunderstanding the teachings, and refuse to question its accuracy, and refuse to receive any new light, and, in a word, while professing a religion of progress, they refuse to progress. This want of study and calculation can not be charged upon the editors of this magazine. Their whole course of investigation has had for its purpose the accumulation of *facts*—of *truths*—of *realities*. Upon this basis is reared the superstructure of our faith. No *one spirit* has had the office of guiding us. We have listened to the teachings of great numbers, and have weighed them in the balance of our judgment. We admit that our reverence has not been awakened for any being, merely because he was in the condition of a spirit. However great the name of the individual teacher, we have claimed the privilege of holding up his words to the light of science and common sense, and examining them with whatever critical acumen we possess. In doing this we but obey the earnest request of our teachers, who from the start have told us to take nothing for granted—to try at the bar of Reason every proposition—to question every spirit, and especially to doubt those who claimed infallibility. In this spirit we have pursued our investigations, and we have had our reward. Many good and intelligent spirits come to converse with us, and they treat us as they would reasonable beings, and not idiots. They know we desire the truth. They know the great, the almost insurmountable difficulties which lie in their way when they attempt to approach us with the narration of plain facts, and therefore they advance step by step, slowly but surely. They foreshadow a truth to-day—to-morrow they will hint it, and the next day, if we shall have prepared our minds to receive it, they will unfold it clearly to our view. Thus they build the mountain of our faith by dropping a grain of sand at a time.

There are other honest and earnest investigators who have not arrived at the same conclusions with us. They are perhaps disinclined to give up the transcendently beautiful dreams of a heaven where men do nothing but sing to all eternity. While we have a hearty respect from them all, we can not suffer them to edit this magazine. If they have worked as long and as diligently in this investigation as we have they ought to have learned many truths worth knowing. If their advantages have been better than ours, or if their judgment be better and their success greater, their plain duty is to let the world benefit by their labors. They should start a publication and support it, working hard and unremittingly, without remuneration or even the faintest hope of it, and often without thanks—as we do. Let them go further, spend their own money, sacrifice business and friends, en-

duce ridicule and abuse, labor diligently to teach and aid their fellow-men—as we do—and then perhaps they will find that many sensible and well-meaning Spiritualists—who happen to differ with them in opinion—will charge them with pursuing a course that is sure to ruin Spiritualism. But, then, perhaps they will, like us, remember that *spirits* differ in opinion quite as much as we, and especially do they differ on the expediency of telling to mortals the actual facts of the spirit-life. Many think it best to conceal from us the practical nature of their world, lest it might have a bad effect on us. Many talk for years with only *one spirit*, who will through one medium represent all the great and good men who have ever been heard of. Many others during all their intercourse with spirits never ask them a practical question. As we observed before, we can not allow them to edit this magazine, though we shall always be ready to receive and weigh their suggestions.



TELL ME, THOU SEER.

TELL me, thou Seer, when life is past
 And still and cold the heart shall be,
 Where will the spirit's lot be cast,
 And whither will it flee?
 Let thy clay tenement decay
 And sink to earth—it is its doom;
 Thou yet shalt rise and soar away
 To realms beyond the tomb.
 When the heart sinks in slow decay,
 And weary pulses cease to play,
 Yet shall the spirit live and soar,
 In youth and beauty, evermore.

Yet, hoary Seer, the time will come
 When sun and stars shall pass away;
 Where then will be the spirit's home,
 When even worlds decay?
 The heavens shall vanish like a scroll,
 And earth dissolve with fervent heat,
 But every God-created soul
 Sit by the mercy seat.
 The sun may fade, the worlds decay,
 But ne'er thy pulses cease to play;
 Each earth-born child of God shall soar,
 In youth and beauty, evermore!

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XV.

SPIRITUALIST.—At our last interview, my friend, we discoursed sundry matters which seemed to shock somewhat your ideas of the sanctity of the priesthood. You seemed to think me wanting in reverence for the holy officials.

SKEPTIC.—I thought you treated with undue severity the holy office and its incumbents. But I am here to discuss with you the new doctrine of Spiritualism in all its bearings and tendencies; and I suppose abuse of the priesthood is part of it.

SP.—The *old* doctrine of Spiritualism, if you please. We are endeavoring to restore to the world the doctrines taught by Christ and his Apostles, doctrines which were old in the time of the Jewish patriarchs, but which you reject because you have been imbued in your childhood with other doctrines, by those whose interest it was to win you to their side. You have never *thought* upon the subject since—at least you have never looked the question in the face and brought it to the test of reason. You have been told that you must have *faith*; that religion is not a matter of reason—there they told you the truth—and that you must believe the Bible, *every word of it*, and take such interpretation of it as your minister chooses to give.

SKEP.—I have no fear of trusting myself to the guidance of my good pastor. He is sincere and true. He believes what he preaches, and he wishes us well. He has no motive to preach false doctrines. He has chosen to serve the Lord, and he believes it to be a holy and awfully responsible office. He wishes that we may be saved, and he knows that unless we repent and believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, we shall be cast into the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone. There shall be wailing and gnashing of teeth!

SP.—Your pastor, I doubt not, is a good man and true. The greater part of the clergy are sincere in their faith. They believe what they preach; but they are bigoted and blind—not for want of intelligence, for many of them are talented; *but they will not see*. They never reason upon their

faith. They *sneer* at the wisest and greatest men of the age, for believing the miracles of Spiritualism, which they have witnessed a thousand times (although they know that millions of the most intelligent of the people—each for himself, have proved the phenomena true to their complete satisfaction). They doubt the evidence of thousands of their neighbors on the subject, whose word they would take upon any other matter and consider perfectly reliable, and yet they will found their whole faith in the Christian religion upon the record made in Palestine by *two men*, some eighteen hundred years ago. *Into* this record they never look. They look upon its surface. They find that Matthew, a collector of customs, and John, another friend and follower of Christ, record some thirty years after the crucifixion the things which they saw. These things I believe as fully as you do. I consider the testimony good as to what they assert of their own knowledge; I treat them as witnesses upon the stand; I want their *knowledge*, not their faith; I don't want hearsay testimony. As long as Matthew and John speak of what they saw, I am content to receive it, and I will exercise my judgment upon their capacity to understand and describe the events. But when Matthew and John go back sixty odd years to describe the miraculous conception, I feel myself entitled to pronounce them incompetent witnesses. They speak of things which they did not see and could not know. They undoubtedly believed what they said. Their great Master was in their eyes a God. He was the captain of their faith, and they worshiped him, as people in every age of the world have done in similar cases.

SKEP.—You speak as if Matthew and John were all who wrote upon the life and mission of Christ.

SP.—No. They were all who wrote from actual knowledge, whose records have come down to us, except indeed the histories which the Council of Bishops thought proper to pronounce unworthy of belief. There were thirty Gospels, I believe, that claimed to give a true history of Christ, only four of which were accepted, and these from *intrinsic evidence*, since the parties writing them had long before gone to the spirit-world. I claim that the books are still before us, and may be examined before we yield perfect credence to them; and that the ignorant and uneducated men who at the orders of the Emperor Constantine discussed the merits of these thirty Gospels and decided on such of them as they liked, had no power to bind our consciences by their decision. I therefore go back to the original question, and discuss it with them, and claim that I have a right to my opinion upon the subject and a right to a vote—since my conscience does not owe allegiance to the Emperor Constantine.

SKEP.—You make the Scripture, then, of no effect!

SKEP.—If you take away the fear of death and the punishment of hell, how can the *common mind* be governed?

SP.—Your question is to the point. In this lies much of the reason for the deception practiced upon men by those who know many truths which they do not divulge. The question with them is *how to govern the people*. I think that the government of the minds of men generally by the priesthood is a greater tyranny than is to be found in any political condition. The despotism of religion is absolutism in the worst form. Men's minds are chained; they are not only forbidden to think for themselves, but they are forbidden to wish it. The conscience is governed, the will is controlled, and the higher and holier instincts of man's nature perfectly enslaved and perverted.

SKEP.—If I agreed with you in your way of thinking, I should say, down with priestly tyranny, for I am an American in feeling, and can not bear the idea of being enslaved in thought, word or action. I will go as far as you for freedom of opinion. I submit to no dictation. My opinions are my own, and when I do not like them I will dismiss them. No man lives who has the power to force his opinions upon me.

SP.—True. But there was a time when Sunday-school teachers, under priestly direction, forced opinions upon you, and so deeply did they plant them in your mind that they have become a part of it. You are now, in your individual character, what those Sunday-school teachers made you. You were as a young sapling—they *bent you* in one direction, and you grew so; and having become used to the bend, you think it is straight. To make another simile, when you were a small tree they put a chain around the trunk; as the tree grew the chain was imbedded in the body, and is now grown over and concealed. You do not *feel* the chain, but there it is. Ask yourself the honest question, if you are not what they made you, and if you would not have been the opposite of what you are in religious opinion, if a different set of teachers had trained you!

SKEP.—I suppose I owe my faith to my teachers; but they were honest and pious, and did all for my good.

SP.—And those who believe other doctrines, were they dishonest and impious?

SKEP.—No; they were only in error.

SP.—That is, the small number of persons who believe as you do are enlightened, and the residue of the thousand millions of the inhabitants of

subject, and charge all others with error, is very natural. Every man believes himself right and his neighbor wrong. Nevertheless, as the world is more and more enlightened, opposing opinions are treated with respect. Men of superior intelligence always listen to arguments and weigh them, their characteristic being generally that of seekers after truth. A man is a fool who does not prefer truth to error. All think they do, but generally people love all that belongs to themselves with a self-love. They love their children, though ugly and vicious. They love children not their own, if they believe them to be their own, thus proving that it is themselves they love, as represented in their children. They love their own acts and defend them. They love the opinions they have begotten, and they love equally the opinions, which have been foisted upon them. They do not like other people's children, nor others' opinions half so much. The exceptions to this rule are those who have cultivated and developed their minds. The high artist can perceive beauty in the one he hates; the liberal man can perceive true reasons in the argument of his opponent. The true philosopher, who heartily seeks for truth, does not reject it because when he finds it, it does look as he thought it would. He asks if the gem he has found be a true one and not a counterfeit.

SKEP.—We have wandered a little from our subject. You were to show that it would not harm mankind generally to receive your belief; that taking from them the fear of hell would not be injurious to society, for you know that there are some who must be governed by fear.

SP.—I do not know that fear is a good agent of government. The sick man can not be treated like one who is in health. There are people who, under our usages of education, have become vicious and very unequally developed. It is possible that all chains, both of body and mind, may be necessary for the control and government of such persons, but if people were managed rightly there would be no vice in the world. I own that it is a difficult thing to educate all in the best manner. I do not think that such a thing will be in many centuries upon the earth—more is the pity. There is much labor for man to do, and but little of it done. In another world, we shall look back and see how much good we could have done by aiding the education of those around us; what sins and crimes would have been saved; what glorious intellects, now dim in the slime of vice, would have shone with seraphic brightness; we shall regret deeply our indolence and selfish indulgence. Now is the time for every one to look around him and see if there is not some good to be done to himself, and to his neighbor.

SKEP.—You think, then, that the fear of hell is of no use in making people good?

SP.—I think fear is debasing, and that no man was ever so good when enslaved as when free.

You remarked in substance that our doctrines did away with hell. Yes, they do with a local hell—a place where the people are sent to be punished to all eternity. Spiritualism does not do away with *punishment*, but all good spirits tell us that men *are* what their actions make them—that they arrive there as they leave here. If vile on earth as mortals, they are vile as spirits; and if they become pure, and good, and refined, they will do much as they would have done here—they will *reform* and begin their lives anew. They could have done the same thing as well here, except that while among their old associates they naturally cling to their old habits. On arrival in the spirit-world, they feel that they are commencing a new career, and that it would be best to reform. Moreover, all of them will have friends who will desire their reformation and aid it. But, because there is no hell to go to, it does not follow that the spirit is as happy as though he had been pure and good. His sins and want of education have degraded him, and he will remain in an humble condition until he rises above it. All conditions are heaven to some below it—all conditions are hell to some above it.

SKEP.—But if the rowdy, who is now somewhat restrained by his fear of hell, knew that there was no absolute bottomless pit to go to, would he not be likely to become still more reckless?

SP.—No. Persons are not restrained from crime by a fear of punishment, at least only in a small degree, and then it is the punishment of the laws or of society which are feared. The terrors of future punishment rarely restrain them. Almost all robbers and murderers believe in a hell. Under the gallows, in the heaving and excited crowd, pickpockets ply their trade. Murders are committed daily, and by persons who would own at once that they believe in a future and everlasting hell. But the *pernicious doctrine* which teaches the hardened sinner that at any moment, even at his death, he has only to throw himself on the merits of a Redeemer and he will be *saved*—that is, taken to the same state of glory and happiness, and made equal with the pure, good, true, refined, hard-working, self-denying and charitable Christian—that doctrine it is which holds out a premium upon a life of sin. But Spiritualism offers no such premium. It tells the sinner that his sin remains upon him until he himself repents and atones for it—until indeed he has been *punished* for it—until his sins of omission even have been atoned for—until his idleness has been punished, and every vicious habit cured. Indeed his sins have cast him down in the scale of being, and he must rise by his own labor. Rest assured, my friend, that God will work no miracle on behalf of the sinner to cleanse him of his impurities. There

is for him a *dark hereafter*, from which he must climb to the light of happiness. Doubt not there is punishment enough to appal the stoutest heart; for the punishment is always exactly equal to the sin. God does not meddle with the matter. The man punishes himself. He has made a hell in his own breast, and carries it about with him. What he has put there, he carries there. If it be a wolf it will gnaw into his heart. Fear not that Spiritualism will do away with the punishment of the wicked, or deny to the righteous a just reward. It asserts that the balance of eternal justice will be forever made even.

SKEP.—Who will fear the hell that is only a troubled conscience? How does it compare with the genuine, substantial bottomless pit of perdition, where the unredeemed shall dwell forever? Such an unquenchable fire has terrors for the sinner, and I have heard the wretches that knelt at the altar howl in the anguish of its anticipated burnings.

SP.—The hell you describe is a relic of barbarism. The day is past when you can make any enlightened man believe it. It clothes God with the attributes of a fiend delighting in the torture of his creatures; whereas all that look abroad upon Nature see that everything created speaks of his love. Gradually, though slowly, the world has shaken off this monstrous invention of some fiend-like mind.

SKEP.—Do not all religions have a hell?

SP.—No. Many of them do, for they got it from the same source from which orthodoxy derived the bottomless pit. The North American Indians had a pure theology, and one nearer to the truth, as latterly developed, than any other existing. They had no hell, but all looked forward to the happy hunting grounds of the Great Spirit. The aborigines of our country have talked with spirits for tens of thousands of years, and have from them received their pure theology.

SKEP.—I believe that you will admit that many nations recognize a devil in their theology.

SP.—Yes, almost all systems of religion have recognized an antagonistic spirit. Among barbarians that is the spirit they worship. The good spirit excites no fear, but the bad one must be propitiated by sacrifices. All savage people worship the devil in some form. Would you have us pattern after them?

SKEP.—No; but the prevalent belief in a devil proves a probability that there is one. The old adage says, "what all the world believes must be true."

SP.—All the world, for hundreds of centuries, believed the earth to be stationary and a vast plain. Was it true for that belief? They thought it

supported upon the back of an elephant, and that elephant upon a huge tortoise. Was that true? Do you think it best to go back to barbarism to gather wisdom?

SKEP.—No; but I must believe the Bible, and that speaks of a devil.

SP.—You need not go so far as the Bible to find devils, for they swarm in our streets, in the sense there intended. When you read in the Old Testament that "Satan went up and down upon the earth," etc., where do you find that Satan means a fallen angel whose express business it is to seduce mankind and then torture them?

SKEP.—I am aware that there is no such description, but it is understood by those who are learned in the Bible that Satan is the chief or one of the chiefs of hell.

SP.—No; men have made a hell, because they had somebody they wished to punish; and they have transformed the innocent Greek word, *daemon*, (meaning the spirit of a human being,) into a devil, and made him rule over the hell they have made. Malicious spirits there are, both in the mortal body and in the spiritual body, and the Bible speaks of them as devils, and gives them various names; but in no place is there the assertion that God shares his rule of the universe with a spirit of evil. God is asserted to be Omnipotent, and to reign alone. Very few men in the world now, even in the pulpit, are so darkened as to believe in that antiquated absurdity.

SKEP.—I still think your doctrines tend to make people irreligious. You take away the actual hell and substitute for it only remorse, and that people want fear. You hold out to them the hope that they may reform, and live their lives over again and do better, and go to mix with the pure and good.

SP.—Yes; and far be it from me to deny to the sinner, however debased, a hope that he may yet rise to a state of happiness and to association with the pure and good. There is the grand difference between your religion and ours. You would make this our little short life the only opportunity for the cultivation of the soul and the intellect. At death you would fix our destiny for eternity. Our faith teaches us that there are many worlds to live in after this and many successive lives; that the probation of a man lasts through his existence; that hope is his eternal companion; that soon or late every sinner, however vile, will turn and climb upward and onward toward purity; that there will never come a time in the heart of the most depraved when there will not be a conscience and a hope, and a determination, perhaps deep-buried, to reform his life. Think a moment, my friend, what would be the use in plunging an immortal spirit into a bottom-

less pit to shriek in torture through the unending ages of eternity. What must that being be who could thrust them there?

SKEP.—It is not for us to arraign the wisdom of the Almighty. Those of his children who do not obey him deserve eternal damnation. They could be saved if they would. If they prefer hell to heaven, let them have it; it is their choice.

SP.—You believe that they are predestined to be damned.

SKEP.—Yes. That which is to be will be. God knew from all eternity that men would sin and deserve a hell, and he prepared the place for them. When the angels rebelled in heaven they were shut up in this hell. He granted to the devil and his angels permission to go about upon the earth and tempt men to sin. If they can not stand temptation, their virtue is of no account. A small portion of the human race he knew would serve him through life, or repent before death, and for these he prepared a most blissful place of rest, where sighing and sadness are known no more—where there is no death, no night, no work, no sleep, no pain, none of the gross indulgences of earth and no memory of its troubles, and nothing but perfect happiness. There, before the Almighty's throne, and before the Son and the Holy Ghost, will we kneel and shout "glory in the highest," and tune our golden harps and sing the praises of the Lamb forever.

SP.—As you say, what is to be will be. I notice that all you persons who believe in predestination are always among the elect. You never imagine yourselves among the damned. Hell is only intended for *others*.

SKEP.—We that believe will surely be saved. Unless you believe you can not be saved. "There is no other name given under heaven whereby you can attain salvation."

SP.—Suppose, from the organization of my head (which I did not make) that I can not possibly yield credence to certain dogmas which you propound, is that my fault? No man's belief is a matter of *will*. One must be convinced of a truth before he can accept it. But perhaps God hardens our hearts so that we shall not believe, we being predestined to damnation—in other words, created expressly to people hell, and therefore not to be suffered to have any chance for the other place.

SKEP.—All have a chance. Christ died for all. But you will not come and be saved. I can see plainly now that you are not likely ever to accept the atonement of Christ. You will depend on your own self-righteousness, and that will fail you. How much better it would be for you if you would throw yourself on the merits of Christ and be saved!

SP.—I expect to be saved through Christ, in one sense of the word, and, as I believe, in the proper sense. Christ taught the law of love as opposed

THE EARTHLY AND THE UNEARTHLY.

BY MISS SUSAN HOYT.

I HAD received a note from my friend Robert Eastman, stating that he would be in the city for a few days, and would visit me that afternoon. We had been very intimate friends at college, but parted when we took our degrees some five years ago, since which time we had corresponded unequally together, but had not met. Robert was a Southerner by birth, but latterly had spent his time in the West, traveling from place to place, as he was a restless spirit. I had always imagined him destined to take a front rank in the literary world. His original and poetic mind, the enthusiasm of his soul, the purity of his thoughts, the love and homage he rendered to all things beautiful, seemed to me must vivify and color all his efforts as an author, and make him supremely successful. My anticipations had not been fulfilled, and I was thinking upon the seemingly wayward laws that govern life, contrasting the brilliant men announced with the brilliant men unannounced to the world, when he entered my apartment. He had parted with me a young dreamy collegian of twenty-one; he met me now a matured, self-reliant man of twenty-six. Then he was the proof-sheets of a glorious poem; now he was that poem richly bound and illustrated. In person he was tall and slim. His head was nobly formed, but might be considered rather large for beauty. His hair was of that indescribable color that the golden hair of infancy assumes in a poetical maturity; the nose was thin and prominent; the mouth small, rather full, and of a wonderfully brilliant color, which same vivid hue, though rather more subdued, glowed in a small fitful light just beneath his somewhat high cheek-bones. But it was, as in all beauty, the expression of his countenance, the soul in his blue eye, that enchained my gaze. It was that which carried my thoughts off on a wild flight ere I had scarcely welcomed him. His was a look a seraph might wear who had gone astray from heaven, and was ever peering through the distance for some chance gleam of angel-wing—some movement in the far azure that might betray him the airy path he had lost. The gazer on that face, the friend on whom those earnest eyes fell, almost expected to see him dart off into space. For a moment it would not have seemed foreign to him

or a thing unnatural if he had so flown away like some cage-free eagle. In our conversation that afternoon, and subsequently, I discovered that his mind was deeply interested upon metaphysical subjects; the mysteries of the human soul was a topic to which he constantly reverted. Any subject which would carry him far out beyond the field of vision was seized with pleasure; he loved to follow it into its obscured and intricate pathway—trace out the cause to the effect. His mind in this respect fitted him for any position requiring research. He might have become eminent as a navigator, traveler; the arctic seas or the jungles of the tropics would have offered no hindrance to his intrepidity. As an astronomer or theologian, he would also have been successful. His telescope, it seems to me, would have swept a space out-bounding all distance hitherto discovered. The question as to whence the child receives its ideas was one upon which we frequently conversed; I contending that the child was but a receptive being, receiving its ideas and thoughts from the world which surrounds it; he urging that, though it is a receptive being, it receives its knowledge from an invisible world—that it thinks thought foreign to the life around it, and revels in fancies which it could never have gained from the minds that encircle it. That the child had access to a superior world, he adduced from his own boyhood—a boyhood of peculiar experiences of wild dreams and fancies, of mystical monitions, of visions, prophecies and communings, that to me seemed but the creations of a poetic brain.

One afternoon after discoursing on this subject, I left him that he might obtain some rest, as he was not very well. About an hour after he entered my study, his countenance wore a troubled, possessed look that pained me. Several times he paced the length of the apartment ere he spoke; at length, drawing near me, he paused in his excited walk. "Saxon," said he, with an evident shudder and a look as though the cold sweat of some terrible awe was upon him—"Saxon, do you believe in presentiments—forebodings—warnings of death! The Scotch traditions of second sight, are they fables, think you?" I answered, I believed some possessed the power partially of foreseeing death; but how far that gift was imaginary, how far reality, I was not prepared to affirm. But these new developments, which are said to be now making from the spirit-world, if there be any truth in them, would substantiate the fact. As I spoke he eyed me as if he had discovered a spring in a desert. "You believe, then, in this new religion—in this intercourse with the dead?" I told him I had witnessed none of the wonders, and of course could neither assume nor deny, though I must frankly confess that to me it seemed preposterous that God's angels would demean themselves by tipping chairs and tables, and thumping on doors and ceilings. "But

you, Robert," said I, "are of a speculative turn; I wonder you do not look into this subject." "I intend to," replied he, impressively. "I have read much and thought much on the mystery; but like yourself, I have witnessed nothing. The reason I have not availed myself of the opportunity your city affords for such investigation, is that I am your guest, and I feared it would be unpleasant to you to have me interested in anything of the kind while with you." I assured him to the contrary, and proposed that we should that very evening visit some place where these curious meetings were held.

The pleased expression in the eye and heightened glow upon my friend's cheek, told me I could not have made him a more acceptable offer. We had no difficulty in finding what is called a medium; Broadway seemed to have no lack of such. We made our way, according to the direction of the sign-board, into the presence of one. There were several persons in the room we entered, seated quietly around a table in the center of the apartment. Strange noises, loud and clamorous, were issuing from the floor, wall and door-casings. It was remarked by all present that our coming had called them forth with redoubled vigor. When the blows subsided and became concentrated upon the table, the medium directed Mr. E. and myself to inquire if any spirit present desired to communicate with us. When I put the question there was no response. But at Robert's interrogation the same fearful succession of raps was renewed.

"Take these slips of paper, sir," said the medium, "and write upon them what relation the spirit present may be supposed to hold to you, be it wife, mother, sister, father, cousin, friend," etc.

Robert did as directed, folding them up when written, that the name might not be seen, and placed them upon the table. Suddenly the hand of the gentlemen was moved rapidly toward the papers, selecting one from their number, and sweeping the rest aside. In a similar manner the name, age, and place of death, or last place of meeting, was written and chosen, and the little pile, corresponding perchance by strange secret points of affinity, lay waiting to reveal their mysteries. Again was the gentleman's hand seized with this wild paroxysm, seeming as though it were indeed some separate being—some unnatural gesticulating thing, which had fastened upon the body. This thing of supernatural motion grasped pencil and paper, and commenced writing with the velocity of a whirlwind. The epistle, whatever it was, natural or supernatural, was soon finished, and sped toward Robert. He took it I watched him and as he read the color

elude his grasp, exclaiming, "O my God! O Bertha! Bertha! say it is not so—tell me you are not dead—not dead—not dead!" iterating and reiterating these last words most heart-rendingly.

"Dear Robert, do not be so excited," said I, soothingly; "take some water, that will calm you." He must have possessed a superhuman will, for in a moment, ere the water had touched his lips, he, after a slight convulsive effort, regained his entire self-possession, and gathering up the slips of paper, inquired if he should see now how they corresponded with the endorsement on the letter. They tallied exactly. He declared himself perfectly satisfied, and as he would make no farther inquiries, we left.

When we retired to our room (we occupied the same sleeping apartment), he handed me the epistle he had received. I own I was startled to see his Christian name at the head of the paper. It ran thus, "Robert, my love and my life, the eternity of my future, the soul of my existence! do not shudder and shrink from me when I tell you I have passed into that dark mystic world of which we used so frequently to converse. You always had a horror of the dead, Robert, but oh! thou, my heart's treasure, send not me away with grim-shrouded skeletons; neither think of me more as in the place you left me; do not keep her whom you love hovering in that dismal spot to meet you. Think of me as a spirit, but near, though invisible; that will enable me to be beside you. Oh this wild mystery! Oh, Robert, I would be near you; do not keep me in those fearful woods where we parted. Oh, my love, where thou art, let me be. Concerning my death, question nothing. Let the dark gusty night depart forever! O memory! memory! ever existent, reproducing ever! In the stillness of the midnight hour I will come to you; my breast will be upon you. I will press the kiss of eternity upon your brow. My spirit shall be reflected within your glorious eyes, my beloved; your eyes that have guided me through the mist hither!

"Thine, forever and ever. Bertha! I knew she was dead; I knew it," said he, mournfully. "She told me so days ago, but I would not believe her. Look!" said he, drawing a daguerreotype from his bosom, "Oh, darling that I was, even your eyes can perceive death there."

I took the picture; it was nearly the whole length figure of a woman in a recumbant posture, seemingly in some leafy recess. A half-formed wreath of oak-leaves employed her fingers. An impassioned nature radiated the whole person; but it was a soft, holy radiance; reason subdued and meliorated the fires. She had woven thereabout her web with its strong but delicate threads, and the flame shone thereout with a rosy glow, as light shed through an alabaster vase. What was she—sibyl, prophetess, vestal,

what! this shadowy creature, for the form was clouded, dim and vapory; the eyes alone seemed to glow upon you like living orbs, with a soft, steady star-like gaze. I remarked this peculiarity to my friend.

"Yes, it is so," said he; "I discovered it near a week ago. Do you know that I believe these singular magnetic pictures, so struck forth by rays of light from the living face, and so revealing even the passing thought, shadowing it in the impression on the plate? Do you know I believe that the imprint retains some of the vitality of the person? I do, Saxon, I do! By looking into the eyes of his daguerreotype I thought to mesmerize Bertha, and will her spirit beside me. It was while making this experiment that I discovered a change in the picture, which seemed to recede and come forth as when the plate is breathed upon. I supposed that I was troubling her by my mesmeric experiments, and desisted; since which time I have tried to direct my mind to the wood in which we parted, as she relates, and will her there; but while resting on my couch this afternoon I was seized with a feeling which would take no denial that she was dead. A vision of terror passed before me; of the truth of my forebodings you have witnessed this evening the evidence by this miraculous agency."

I wished to question him concerning his acquaintanceship with Bertha, but as he seemed indisposed for farther conversation I desisted, and shortly after fell asleep. I think it must have been a little after midnight that I was partially aroused by a strange, unearthly sigh. I remember I tried to awake Robert, and shook him as well as I could, with eyes half shut and senses half stupefied with sleep. My efforts were ineffectual; the thought crossed my mind that he had swooned, and I must procure some water; but that was the last thing I remember, until I was awakened some hours after by Robert himself calling me. He was sitting upright in the bed, wild and specter-like. He addressed me in a husky whispering tone, asking if I would not get up with him awhile. Of course I assented, and we were soon dressed.

"Don't let us remain here. Can not we go into the sitting-room?" he asked.

I acquiesced in the proposition. The cheerful light which I caused soon to illumine the apartment, and the noise of carts on their way to market, seemed to revive his sinking spirits.

After rocking uneasily for some time in the cushioned chair, he said, "It must appear a rather unpleasant whim of mine that brings you from your pillow at this early hour. But it is none such. I was somewhat excited by the conversation we had on retiring, but not enough so to prevent my sleeping, though it was a restless sleep chased by visions, hunted by memories

grotesquely exaggerated. I dozed thus till near midnight. You remember the night; it was dark, and a storm seemed brewing when we retired to rest; but when I awoke the moon had arisen, and though her face was hidden by the thick atmosphere, yet she lighted the hazy air so that our room and its appointments were clearly discernible. I arose and sat down by the open window; your garden and the neighboring ones, with the adjoining park, presented an extent indefinite, limitless, by the arrangement of light and shade, that for a time filled the wild waste in my heart. I have ever enjoyed the strange sensations such a scene creates at dead of night—the sight of the shrubbery, partly standing out in the moon-light, partly shrinking back in deep recesses, and shadowed depth unsearchable; the obscure walks winding off as into some magic land. The whole scene is to me like some poem of solemn measure and wild images, sublime with the awe of an unseen world. I longed to plunge out upon the night; it seemed as if I should be borne as the swimmer by the current, if I but unreservedly and boldly threw my limbs out for the act. Something restrained me from doing this; I am sure it was not my own reason. Then I thought I would go out by the door-way. This I found was locked, and was too fearful of awakening you to attempt to uncloze it. I threw myself down upon the bed after this, and took from under my pillow the letter I had received, and as I pressed it to my throbbing heart, I cried, “Bertha! Bertha! if thou art indeed a spirit in heaven, come to me. She came,” said he, wiping the damp dew from his brow; “she came—Bertha, of the dark eyes and chesnut hair, came. Her hands were folded upon her bosom, and with an expression sad, though, thank God, full of wondrous love, she gazed upon me. It was no spectral image of death; it was she, the woman I loved, plainly and palpably before me as you are. O Bertha,” said I, “come nearer to me, come nearer; if I may not embrace you, let me feel your spirit-breath. She came, but as I essayed to grasp her, she vanished. Presently she appeared again, ‘Robert,’ said she, solemnly, ‘endeavor not to enfold me; with such will of earthly passion you harm me. Let your soul follow me, but not your material being.’

“I do now know what spirit of cunning, of overreaching, what demon of subtlety had possession of me, but I assumed to listen, while all the time I kept my eye fixed upon her with an iron determination to overcome her—to magnetize her spirit as I had on earth, that I might follow her when she attempted to leave. I caught her hand when she had ceased speaking—an intangible thing; it seemed like grasping electricity, and it was only by that sort of irritating sensation that I knew I held it. ‘Now, Bertha,’ said he, ‘you can not elude me; we two shall journey together. If you can

visit me from the land of shades, I can return thither with you. Forever and ever you are mine! God has given you to me; too long have you turned me aside, too long." She cast upon me a sorrowful look, covered her eyes with one hand, and slowly, hesitatingly, her body arose, and I with it. As we hovered in the air over the open window through which we were passing, she heaved an unutterable sigh, and murmured, 'Dear Robert, there is yet time will you not return?' I only pressed her hand tighter, annihilation would have been less terrible to me than to have left her then. I saw you stir; I trembled when I beheld your endeavors to awaken me. 'Robert,' said Bertha, 'if you will not return fix your mind in connection with mine upon your friend, and will him to sleep immediately. I did as directed, and you relaxed your hold of my body. We passed over the park and gardens, passed over the city, far, far away over prairies waving the night wind, through many a dark, lonely forest, sometimes above and sometimes within their solemn depths, ever near the earth we held our way. Over the waters of the Mississippi, with that miasmatic moon and the sobbing wind for companions, we sped our desolate flight, at length I began to recognize the land of the south-west, where I had spent the last six months before my visit to your city. Yes, there was the well-known prairie, stretching almost illimitably, known and remembered from the woods that fringed it to the sight. The Elk grove where we had read, thought, and conversed together, I and my heart idol, the noble woman Bertha. But know what strange thrill passed through me as I heard it; the idea of entering those leafy depths was terrific. Yet, go I must. I noticed that the angelic, divine form of Bertha appeared to change as we approached the dim boundary, and become more spectral and ghost-like. With a shudder such as one might conceive a soul would experience who was entering some vault of putrefaction and decay, where it was doomed to remain forever, I and my spirit-love entered those gloomy shades. The wood extended far out beyond habitation and life; toward the extreme end of it the black, sluggish waters of a small lake gave more gloomy but picturesque character to the surrounding scenery. This had been a favorite study of mine. I had painted it in every form, illustrated many a vague fantastic thought by its rank black character. Swamped trees overshadowed it, and birds with

Round and round the dark pool, round and round we swept, until I found myself standing alone on its margin, looking over its dim water's upon a tree black and decayed, whose giant trunk slept in its midst. Presently I began to discover from its dark mass—among the weeds and water-plants that grew so thickly there—a form, yes I could see it plainly with delicate limbs and arms of a marble goddess. I knew who it was already. It needed not the moon upon those upturned features, upon that purple swollen face to reveal to me Bertha's form. Meanwhile, above the body, like an exhalation, the spirit floated. There was a dark gory spot about the heart, which told a fearful tale. You may well imagine my agony, Saxon. My soul was harrowed by this dire sight. 'Bertha,' cried I, in my misery, 'Bertha it can not be that your Father in heaven would permit such an end to come to thee—so fearful a death—so drear a passage to one so exalted, so pure!' O God! is there a God! O heaven! is there any such! O life! O death! what are they! She bid me hush my impious questions. 'Do not move me thus, Robert; do not keep me hovering in such a loathsome place with so drear a thought. It is because my remembrance clings so to my frightful death that my spirit remains so long in durance. I keep such terrible watch over my corpse, because I dread that it should be discovered. I fear for the murderer, and more than all I fear that he should be sent hither for his deed. It would be fearful for me to meet him in eternity, when you are not with me. I would be harassed driven from all rest, to escape his presence. Do not, my beloved, seek to revenge my death. Do not, as you value my everlasting peace and happiness. Let my body be quietly interred; then I will be happy!'

I have a faint recollection after that of a rapid flight homeward; but of re-entering my body I have no remembrance. I awoke you as soon as I had collected my thoughts, and here we are.

"But, Bertha," I questioned, "will you not tell me of her, who was she?"

He pressed his hand across his eyes; tears, which the highly-excited state of his nerves required, came to his relief. "That was such an ill-omened sound, 'Who was she?' it makes me feel clearly that she has gone.

"You remember my often mentioning the name of Catherine in our correspondence. I thought I loved her, and we married. She lived but a few weeks after our bridal day. We were boarding, at the time of her death, in one of the western cities of New York. It was shortly after her death that I met with Bertha. She was alone in the world, and was attending to the female college in that place, preparing herself to become a teacher for the far West. In physical beauty she could not be compared with Catherine,

his hands wildly high in the air. "Descend a little lower, Bertha, but a little lower, that I may feel your cloudy robes." He seemed by his action to have grasped something, and sank back exhausted on his pillow.

There was a fearful stir through the apartment, a sound as of muffled feet, and a wild wail as of wind in the forest. Then arose music, so exquisitely sublime, and yet so tender, it seemed like the tones of angels descending through a mist of tears, and before me, flickering on the wall opposite the bed, appeared a transparent form—an illumined figure, which was Robert, and not Robert with hands clasped around a cloudy, ethereal outline of female form, from which radiated the light of eyes which were as the smile of a seraph, glowing with unfathomable love. But a moment the vision hovered before me, then vanished. A holy calm suffused my being; it was as though the blessings of a host of glorified souls rested upon me. The drowsy state in which this left me soon wore off, and I turned to awake Robert. I shook him till the blood was ready to gush from my forehead, but he answered me not. I aroused the house; every effort was made to restore animation, without success. He never returned to the body. The hour came when it had to be consigned to the grave.

Long have I pondered over the question, whether his journey with the spirit of Bertha was the imaginings of an over-excited brain or a reality? Did he again essay to follow her? and was she not able to lead back the reluctant spirit to its body? I would know, and yet these questions are so fearfully mysterious I shrink to meddle with them; otherwise I could inquire of some one of those strangely gifted seers through whom that marvelous letter was received.

A WORD FROM SWEDENBORG.

DEAR CHILDREN: We come with a blessing and a gift of love for each one of you. Refuse not our gifts. Turn not away from the influences which are cast around you. And ye who are workers in the cause of Truth, refuse not the gift to others which we give to you. O bury not your talents, be they ever so small, but let them shine forth and illumine all they may; for verily I say unto you, these things are hidden from the wise men of the earth and given unto you, that ye may give them to others. The bounties of Heaven have been laid on the altar of your hearts, and lit them up with a glow not their own.

SWEDENBORG.

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

WE extract the following from a religious magazine of the strictly orthodox order, where it is published with words of deserved commendation. It is eminently spiritual, in its sentiment and its origin, and though it speaks straight to the heart, would hardly have obtained the notice it deserves, if it had first been given to the world through the columns of a periodical, devoted, like ours, to the elucidation of the spiritual doctrines. Such is sectarianism, that even the current of inspiration must be obstructed, if flowing elsewhere than through its barren sands.

Oh, stay by my couch to-night, mother,
And sing me some beautiful song ;
For I fain would dream as I dreamed last night,
And my eyes would gaze at that wondrous sight,
Amid the archangel throng !

I dreamed that I roamed last night, mother,
Afar in some beautiful land ;
Bright spirits of light in their glittering plumes,
In the land that no sun or moon illumines,
There hovered in shining bands !

Bright forms on dazzling wings, mother,
Went by on their flaming round ;
And trembled the chords of their golden lyres,
As anthems of praise from the heavenly choirs
Through the star-lit courts resound.

And happier forms were there, mother,
Than bloom in this time-bound sphere ;
And the joyful acclaim of that blood-washed throng,
As they chanted the strains of the heavenly song,
Fell soft on my raptured ear.

And sweet sister Emma was there, mother,
As fair as an angel of light ;
She stood in the ranks of that angel throng,
And chanted the notes of the seraphim's song—
A cherub serenely bright !

THE CHILD'S DREAM.

And she sang the song we sang, mother,
 Together that lonesome night ;
 Her voice was as sweet as a seraph's tongue,
 That high in the arches of glory rang,
 Enrobed in celestial white !

I thought of the long, long night, mother,
 We sat by her dying bed ;
 And I saw the tear in your mournful eye,
 As dying, " Sweet mother, good-bye—good-bye,
 I'll meet you in heaven," she said.

Oh, there was no misery there, mother,
 Away in that beautiful land ;
 Nor sun with its blazing flame was there,
 Nor angry howl of the wintry air
 Envenomed its zephyrs bland.

She quitted the shining ranks, mother,
 And quick to me hastening sped ;
 And the shining curls of her golden hair
 Were kissed by the gales of that redolent air,
 As sweetly, dear mother, she said :

" Oh, come to these love-lit realms, Anna,
 And strike on an angel's lyre ;
 Come, bask in the beams of a nightless home,
 Through its changeless bowers we'll sweetly roam,
 And join in the heavenly choir."

Oh, stay by my couch to-night, mother,
 And sing me some beautiful song ;
 For I fain would dream as I dreamed last night,
 And my eyes would gaze on that wondrous sight,
 High amidst the archangel throng !



SOUND.—It is a curious fact in the history of sound, that the loudest noises always perish on the spot where they are produced, whereas musical notes will be heard at a great distance. Thus if we approach within a mile or two of a town or village, in which a fair is held, we may hear very faintly the clamor of the multitude, but more distinctly the organs and other musical instruments which are played for their amusement.

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

MACKINAC, *September 9, 1836.*

DEAR S.:

You will see I have returned to head-quarters again, and now I will resume the thread of my story.

It was a very cold night that, which I spent on Goose Island, and in spite of my bed of leaves and my Indian blanket, I was sufficiently uncomfortable. Toward morning, the wind subsided and at early dawn I aroused my Canadians. We struck our tent, launched our canoe and embarked on the remains of yesterday's waves. For an hour or two we danced upon them right merrily. They seemed six or eight feet high, and we alternately skimmed their crests like the sea-bird, or were hurried from sight. Sometimes I could see the foam of a wave towering above our bowman's head. Yet we pushed along and kept moving, and in due time reached home again.

Yesterday I witnessed the first council of the commissioner with the chiefs. It was solicited on the part of a few of them, as matters were not yet ripe for a general council. On this occasion, about twenty-five Indians entered the room and seated themselves with great gravity. After remaining silent as the grave for some minutes, smoking their pipes, one of them arose, shook hands with the commissioner, and commenced his harangue:

"My father, these chiefs have come to pay you a visit. They have told me to speak their minds. Have pity on me, I may not speak well," etc., etc. The speech was on business, and would be of no interest to you to hear it repeated. After the council was over, each one shook hands with the commissioner and departed.

To-day the chiefs and head men of another band called upon the commissioner. They were angry and dissatisfied. The principal chief had signed the treaty in violation of the express instructions of his tribe, and to allay the excitement against himself, he had begun and carried on a system of finding fault, to divert the anger of his people from himself upon the whites. Besides, the provisions are running low on the island, the government stores have not yet arrived, and the Indians are upon short allowance. Their whole talk was a scold. They complained that the whites did not perform their agreements. "They had been promised provisions, and goods,

and money," they said, "and had come a great ways from home to get them, and all they found was soldiers." They were evidently in a very bad humor, and were dismissed with the assurance that if they would wait till the proper time should come, they would find that the white people had not lied to them.

This happened, by the way, on the morning of the day on which, by agreement, the goods and provisions were to be forthcoming, and as yet none had arrived, nor were there provisions enough on the island for the subsistence of our rapidly increasing population for many days. The arrival of our supplies was therefore looked for with some anxiety.

Fortunately, in the course of the morning the steamboat came in sight, and landed the disbursing officer with his specie and a reinforcement of troops for the fort. This began to look like performance on our part, and as if there was a determination to keep all things in good order. Since then a brig and two schooners have entered the harbor, laden with provisions and goods for the Indians, and we hear no more complaints. They open their eyes in wonder at the magnitude of the presents, and begin to inquire among themselves how they shall get all these things home.

We have now about four thousand Indians on the island, at least a thousand canoes, lodges almost without number, and of dogs and bears an allowance large enough. They are generally pretty well clad, and what is remarkable at any Indian treaty, no drunkenness is seen among them. This is not owing so much to their forbearance, as to the strict police of the government officers. The apprehensions of the inhabitants induces them more readily to comply with the regulations.

Enclosed I send you a very good sketch of our canoe, flag, feathers, voyageurs and all, and the song of an Indian girl, which was translated by a lady of mixed blood, who had had the advantage of a good education; and with this, I will close my letter.

SONG OF AN INDIAN GIRL.

"My lover is tall and handsome as the mountain ash when red with berries."

be heard. It shall ring through the sky, and echo, repeating the name of my chief, shall cause it to spread on the winds. His noble deeds shall be praised through the land, and his name shall be known beyond the lakes.

September 11.

I YESTERDAY mailed you a letter of two or three sheets, comprising that which I wrote at Goose Island. The mail, however, has not yet left this Island, and you may therefore get this and that at the same time. No matter, I cannot better, or at least more pleasantly, occupy my time in scribbling to you such things as may come uppermost in my mind; for I know that letter will help you to while away the time of my absence.

If I remained here long, I think I should very soon pick up a knowledge of the languages used, which are altogether more French and Indian than English—for certainly in more than half the business before us we use an interpreter.

When I first arrived, and until the 1st instant, the Indians on the Island were many of them suffering from hunger. Then, to my question, *Buc-cah-dam* (are you hungry) the answer always was *Garr* (yes); but on the 1st we began to issue provisions to them; and now that they are all here, we issue very largely—daily about seventeen barrels of flour and fifteen of pork! And we no longer hear of their being hungry.

Their clothes are of various colors, some very plain and some very rich. Yesterday I met an Indian belle; her dress was beautiful. She had the moccasin very richly ornamented—scarlet leggings, with a strip projecting from the sides about an inch, very richly worked with parti-colored silk, beads and porcupine quills. They were fastened up by wampum belts two or three inches broad, tied just below the knee, and filled with beads and with tassels of silk and beads hanging down five or six inches. She had a petticoat and short gown of blue broad cloth, the bottom ornamented in the same way. Around her neck was a red silk handkerchief and a very great profusion of beads of all sizes and colors; and from one of the strings was suspended a gilt ornament of the size of a dollar. Over her head was a very large red merino shawl, one half of which was covered with strips of broad green silk ribbon, sewed on so neatly together as to leave just a little of the red visible between each strip of the ribbon. It was really very rich and tasty, much the most so of anything I have seen.

Most of the dresses remind you of the costume of the Scotch Highlanders; and once in a while I meet one or see one at a distance, whom I can not but fancy to be a *Callum Beg* or *Evan Dhu* of the Highlands.

Some traits of the Indian character are truly admirable. It is true the males will not work, and devolve all that upon the females. This is, however, a consequence of their education. But their affection for their families, and their fidelity to their wives, are very strong. Before strangers they take a pride in suppressing every appearance of emotion, but among themselves they give loose to the same feelings and passions that we feel. I went to the lodge the other day and looked in. The father was lying on his back, playing with a little child about four years old. The little brat was kissing its father and combing his hair (ask Launny if she ever heard of such a thing before). As soon as the father saw me, he put down the child, raised himself, and became grave enough. One who should see him only then would pronounce him cold and stoical; but a moment before, and you would have seen him possessed of like passions with other men.

I am every day having better opportunities of judging them, for they are becoming better acquainted with me, and manifest considerable liking toward me.

I told you the other day of the custom of the husband's paying for the body of his dead wife. The conduct required by their customs from the widow is still more singular. She takes some articles of her dead husband's wearing apparel, and rolls it up into the form of Lau's rag babies. This she ornaments with red feathers, etc., and carries it about in her arms for a period of two years. No matter what she is doing, nor where she is, this representation of her husband is always with her. In her bed, at her meals, or in company, it is her constant companion, and frequently the object of her caresses. She can not abridge the period of her mourning without doing violence to the feelings of the whole community, which manifests itself by such slights and contemptuous treatment as frequently to drive the transgressing widow away from her "band," as the smaller communities are called.

This division of the tribes into lesser parts is very perfect, and strongly resembles ours. A tribe is divided into bands, bands into villages, and villages into families; and each part has its head, and the common affairs are managed by the chiefs or delegates from the separate parts. It is the influence of character which gives the chief his power. If a hereditary chief, he is a mere pageant, unless he has mind enough to be something on his own account. If he has not, some one is elected as the acting chief, and he retains his power only so long as he can retain his popularity. That popularity is purchased by those arts which are common among white men; but most of all, by a system of profuse liberality; so that the chief is often, and, indeed, generally, the poorest man of the concern. It is a painful and

often a dangerous eminence, for if the majority sustain him, and the minority are strongly set against him, some of them will watch their opportunity and kill him. Pontiac, their great chief, whose memory still lives in their traditions, and who was the ablest chieftain known in their history—the most determined foe of the English—whose foresight, many years ago, foretold the very events which I am now here to consummate, and who more than any other Indian to relieve them from the oppressions of the “pale faces,” even he, after all his thousand escapes from the enemies of his people, was murdered by a private hand!—by some cowardly assassin who had not mind enough to see, nor courage enough to resist, those encroachments which have been steadily driving the red man from the graves of his fathers, and will, ere long, result in the entire extinction of his race!

Though the Indians have ever been cruel and deceitful to their enemies, I can not repress my sympathy for their fallen condition. They were once great and powerful nations. They roamed undisputed masters of these wide domains. Fish were plenty in their waters, and game abundant in their forests. Their wars taught them the courage to dare and the fortitude to endure, far beyond the white man. Their generosity taught them to share with the needy and to succor the distressed.

Now, their wars are all over. Courage is no longer a necessary virtue, and seems to live among them only in song. They are poor, dependent, and without land. The lakes no longer supply them with food, for the white man sweeps them with his nets. Game is scarce in the woods, for they now echo to the sound of the settler's axe. They are taught the vices of the white men, not their virtues, and are rapidly sinking before the tide of civilization, as it is called.

All these consequences are perhaps unavoidable, and for that reason the more to be regretted. It requires at least ten thousand acres for one Indian's hunting ground, and that is for them scarce enough to support one family, while it will support at least one hundred families of the whites. The hardships of their mode of living prevent a rapid increase of their number, while the habits of civilization and the emigration from Europe are pouring thousands upon thousands into their hands. It is out of the power of our government to stay this constant and steady encroachment of the whites. It can buy their lands, and thus alone prevent the renewal of those practices, which in early times took it from them by force, and at the point of the sword. It is true humanity, then, for our nation to pay them a fair price for their land, and give them a home beyond the Mississippi. This will postpone, though it can not probably avert, their ultimate extinction.

But enough of this. I hardly know what has given my thoughts this direction, unless perchance it is the day, the weather and my position.

It has been very cold and unpleasant for several days past. We have required a fire every day. Now, however, the storm has passed over, and it is warm and delightful. The window by which I am sitting looks out upon the beautiful bay, and we have all the calmness of a Sunday in a retired place.

This has made me think of home, and has probably given a somber cast to my thoughts.

I will quit now, shave and dress for dinner, and perhaps after dinner, or in the evening, finish my letter.

After dinner, I strolled out with M. Schoolcraft upon some of the high grounds of the island, and observed one peculiarity of the Indian character which I do not recollect of having seen noticed before. It is the propensity to get upon high and sightly places alone, and sit in "contemplation sad." I have frequently observed this since I have been here, but never more than to-day. This island is formed of irregular spars of limestone, running up unequally, and presenting a very uneven surface.

To-day, upon every one of these prominences within my view, an Indian was sitting and alone, looking off upon the waters. M. S. said he had often remarked this propensity. We approached one of them. He looked at us, and got up and lazily strolled away, showing very plainly that we had disturbed him. I was truly sorry we had done so, for I felt that, if I were in his situation, I should want to be alone when I was looking abroad upon the lakes and forests, of which I was once the undisputed master, but which hard necessity had wrung from me at last. I felt, too, that I might be savage and perhaps dangerous at such a time; but I do not know that he had any such feelings, nor is it probable he had, for it has doubtless been his habit from his infancy, and long before he ever dreamed of selling his land.

This afternoon, when standing in front of the gate of our yard, I saw one of the Indians who arrived only yesterday, and whom I had not noticed before, come slowly from his tent toward me, apparently regarding me with much curiosity. He was a wild, savage-looking fellow enough, but he had a child of about two years old in his arms, and seemed as if he was looking, from curiosity, at the "chief" the pale faces had sent to see them. When he stopped I walked toward him, and he pronounced the word O-ge-mah? I nodded, and he shook hands with me. The child was really beautiful, and I could not help noticing him. I patted his cheek and played with him a little, very much to the gratification of the Indian. I happened to recollect Launey's box of beads (which finding in my trunk when I dressed, I had put in my pocket), and I gave them to the child.

cost more than they come to. They always expect more for an article when they make a present than when they sell.

I have eaten to-day a new article of food, and that is bear's meat. The boat yesterday in coming from Lake Superior, saw the bear in the Straits, and made fight upon it. The meat is excellent, as good as any beef, but more tender.

I am interrupted again, and must quit. It is impossible to write with such a gang around. So good-bye all. We hope to get through here next week.

Yours ever, J. W. E.

H O P E O N.

BY T. T. WATTS.

HOLY angels, come and whisper
 "Hope on" to each saddened soul—
 Come, like rays of sunlight streaming
 Through storm-clouds that eastward roll.

Breathing words of love and kindness,
 Praying for us when we weep,
 Winding loving arms around us,
 As we lie in troubled sleep.

Spirit-friends long-dead are near us,
 Echoing each joyous thought;
 Though we do not hear their voices
 Fuller joy from heaven is brought.

And they gently lead us onward—
 Upward from the paths of strife,
 From all crushing sin and sorrow
 To the holy Eden-life.

“FREE LOVE” NOT OF SPIRITUALISM.

One of the errors, whence much obloquy has flowed in upon our beautiful faith, is that which is the subject of the following letter. Early in September last, the spirit-friends who commune with me, through William Penn as their organ, solicited me to say something on that subject, informing me as an inducement for my doing so, that much injury was being done to the cause by the idea that Spiritualism did teach the doctrine of “Free Love,” as embraced and avowed by some; and that there were some who averred that I too entertained such sentiments. I promised to comply with the request when a fitting opportunity should offer. None such readily occurring, I waited some time, when I was again urged to speak out, and was assured that my delay in so doing was working injury, and that ere long it would be too late. I accordingly at once wrote the following letter, and had it published. It came just in time, for its publicity preceded only by a few days the attack upon, and exposure of, an association in this city, who were charged with entertaining such sentiments. Under that exposure, and consequently at the time I wrote my letter, I did not know that there was any such association in existence, nor was I aware that there were any among our citizens who embraced the doctrines alluded to, and I had some occasion to admire how opportunely I was induced to act on this subject. E.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE EVENING POST:

Gentlemen—Since my return from the country, where I have been spending some portion of the summer, my attention has been called to an article copied into your paper of the 21st of August, which reflects so seriously on the religious faith which I, in common with many others, have embraced and do dearly cherish, that I am confident you will not regard me as impertinent or intrusive in seeking an opportunity to defend that faith from the imputation thus cast upon it.

The article I refer to professes to be an account of the “Ceresco Union,” so called, and of letters from Mr. Warren Chase and Mr. T. L. Nichols, defending the principles of that “Union,” as legitimately flowing from Spiritualism, and tending to the doctrines of Socialism and Free Love, and in which it is said, among other things: “Of course, as Fourierists, or Individualists, or Spiritualists, they repudiate marriage as an arbitrary institution, and accept more or less the ‘Free Love’ philosophy.”

It may be, for aught I know, that these gentlemen, and their associates of the “Ceresco Union,” do entertain the doctrines here imputed to them, but I utterly deny that there are or can be doctrines embraced by any

"enlightened Spiritualist," or that they can find any warrant in the pure and elevating teachings of spiritual philosophy.

Spiritualism has from the beginning had to encounter much of misrepresentation from its opposers, and it is not to be wondered at that it should also have to encounter much real injury from its professed followers. As long as we were few in number and generally contemned, there was but little inducement for insincerity to covet our wealth or profess our doctrines; but as our numbers are rapidly augmenting, all over the country, we must not be surprised at our experiencing the fate with which even the pure religion of Christ has been visited by pretenders. Nor have we a right to expect, amid the difficulties and discouragements attending the inauguration of a new faith, that all who are willing to embrace it, can be at once imbued with a full knowledge and understanding of all its sublime and beautiful truths, however honest may be their purposes or intelligent may be their search after truth.

The most patient, the most untiring, and the most intelligent of the investigators of Spiritualism know full well that we have but entered on its threshold—that as yet the great object has been to demonstrate to man the reality of intercourse with the spirit-world—that with but few, and comparatively inconsiderable exceptions, naught else has been attempted—that a few only of the general truths have been given which may yet flow from the exhaustless store-house of the spirit-world, and that the intelligence which is directing this mighty work is pausing in its revelations until man can, by realizing the existence of spiritual intercourse, be fitted to receive them.

This fact comes to us from numerous sources, and it has been, to the most judicious, long a source of deep regret that so many in their haste have jumped at conclusions before the teachings could be finished, and thus substituted their own imaginings for the truth as it is in God. But much as we may lament this, how can it be avoided, so long as the instruments used are of necessity imperfect, and give to others as imperfect as themselves that which has unavoidably thus a taint of earthly imperfection? It is unhappily true that thus it is, that much which Spiritualism would teach has been perverted. But is it sound philosophy thence to infer that nothing good can flow from it?—that because the ignorant and uninstructed are used as instruments, thence to declare that no good can come out of Nazareth?—that because some believers misunderstand the teachings, therefore the teachings are wrong?

May we pronounce the mission of Jesus a fallacy, because one believer betrayed him and another denied him? NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

to give of the spirit, by laying on of hands an error, because one of their followers offered money for the gift? May we denounce the decalogue because the Sadducees deemed it lawful to bear false witness *for* his neighbor, and unlawful only when it was *against* him? May we turn with scorn from the Christian religion because within the last eighteen hundred years fools and fanatics have at times perverted or misconceived its holy teachings?

Yet, such unhappily is the rule by which the superficial observer measures our faith, and the fault is not entirely his. We are ourselves somewhat to blame for this, and it becomes us to beware, how, by our inconsiderate haste, we give ground for this grievous misunderstanding of us.

I have seen men—and women, too—who, on being told to give to the world, without fear, the truths revealed to them, have deemed it their duty to abandon all temporal duties, and devote themselves to that task alone; and I have had it urged upon me by some over-earnest zealots, that because I could speak and write, therefore I should abandon my profession and my family, and surrender myself entirely to the work of preaching the new faith. It took time to enable those people to understand that our religion was one that entered into every act of life, and tended only to make us careful to perform every temporal duty.

So, too, I have seen those who on being taught that there were errors in the sectarianism of the day, were disposed to make war on all religious forms and ceremonies; and it was something of a task for them to learn that John Knox was not the wisest man in the world, when he tore down the churches in order to root out Romanism from Scotland.

So, too, I have met with those who, being taught to abhor the domination of a religious hierarchy, could find no refuge but in a hostility to all order or religious government, and it would require time and perhaps experience to teach them that anarchy is ever the legitimate parent of despotism.

So, too, I have encountered those who, lamenting the injurious effects of a great inequality of wealth, of power, of position and of social condition among mankind, have deemed there was no redress but in a community of property, and they have had to try the experiment before they could learn that such a state of things is utterly incompatible with man's nature, and in conflict with his duty to his fellow.

And I have heard and read of those who, on being taught the fundamental principle of Spiritualism, to love God and our neighbor as ourselves—*aye, better than ourselves*—have honestly deemed themselves obedient to the divine command when they yielded rather to the animal than to the spiritual impulse of affection. With such, to learn their error, would doubt-

less be a work of time; but even with them time is performing its task, and they are learning that it is no merit with them to love that which is attractive to them, but that obedience to the command consists in loving that which is repulsive—not merely in loving the fair and beautiful, but loving the aged, the decrepid, the poor, the debased, the wanderer from the path of virtue, the sunken and degraded among our fellows—blessing them that curse us, doing good to them that hate us, and praying for them which despitefully use and persecute us.

Our beautiful faith does indeed teach us to be free in our love and to extend it to all mankind—the young and the old—the bond and the free—the fallen and the repulsive—and that not for our own gratification, not for the indulgence of our own selfish propensities, but from our love to God—from obedience to His law, and from our desire to attain that purity without which we can not behold or approach nigh unto the Father.

Oh! how sad is the mistake of those who teach that that obedience can be, without crucifying the man within us! How unhappily are they deluded who suppose that the law of "Love one another" can consist with anything else but purity of life and thought! How wretched is their condition, who thus smother the innate promptings of childlike innocence, beneath the smouldering fires of mere earthly propensities! And, how dangerous are those teachers, who thus, whether honestly or otherwise, inculcate principles that tend to man's debasement, and not to his elevation, and that bring around him a pervading influence that will sink him deeper and deeper, day by day!

No! such are not the doctrines of Spiritualism. Such are not the teachings of the bright intelligences now hovering nigh unto us, and who have left their happy homes in the far distant realms of the blessed to assist in the mighty work of the repurification of man.

Pardon me for speaking thus earnestly. I would not willingly offend any, but I would defend a faith, inexpressibly dear to me, from a misconception so injurious and so justly injurious in its influence upon others.

NEW YORK, October, 1855.

J. W. KENNEDY.

Let all your jokes be truly jokes. Jestings sometimes ends in sad earnest.
If you treat your inferiors with familiarity, expect the same from them.
Praise your friends, and let your friends praise you.
If you give a jest, take one.

DR. BELL ON SPIRITUALISM.

THESE are few names at the East which excite more respect than that of Dr. Bell, the Principal of the State Lunatic Asylum of Massachusetts, calm, discreet, intelligent and well-educated. His opinions on all subjects to which he has given his attention are entitled to, and receive, great commendation, and we need therefore offer no apology for inserting the following article from the *Boston Courier*.

Independent of all other considerations, the whole transaction shows a great advance in the public mind on the subject of Spiritualism; for two years have hardly elapsed since, in the same refined circles in which the phenomena are now dispassionately examined, the whole subject was regarded with great contempt and ridicule, and it was almost impossible to induce intelligent minds to look into the matter at all. Now, how great is the change which has come over the world!

DR. BELL ON SPIRITUALISM.

We extract from the July number of "The American Journal of Insanity," a brief abstract of Dr. Bell's paper read at the meeting of Insane Hospital Superintendents in this city, for which much inquiry, public and private, has been made. It will be recollected that Dr. Bell read a paper on what are called the "spiritual phenomena," supplementary to one which he presented at the last meeting of the Association, at Washington, of which no report had ever been made, by request of several members. They considered that the whole subject was then too immature, and so much connected in the public mind with the ridiculous, as to make it inexpedient that it should be more than announced generally as among the topics discussed by the Association. As it is understood that these papers will not be published—their basis being much in certain domestic experiences—it is thought best to present a brief summary of the leading facts and conclusions.

Dr. Bell commenced by expressing his surprise last year in finding that at so large a meeting of persons whose lives were spent in investigating the reciprocal influences of mind and body, scarcely a single member had given a moment's attention to a topic directly in their path, which, whether regarded as merely an epidemic mental delusion, or as a new psychological science, was producing such momentous effects upon the world. It was now said to number over two millions of believers, had an extended literature, a talented periodical press in many forms, and had certainly taken fast hold on many minds of soberness and power. He was well aware how easily it

was turned to ridicule and that there were many who would be ready to ask, when they saw hospital directors seriously discussing the spiritual phenomena, *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

But if there was any class of men who had duties in this direction, it was those of our specialty. Our reports contain the record of many cases of insanity said to be produced by it. It was important, whether true or false, or mixed, that its precise depth, length and nature should be studied out. As is well known, mystery always loses its terrific character when boldly met and opened to the light of noon-day.

Dr. Bell remarked that, on his return home from our meeting at Washington, he had a peculiar wish to verify his previous observations on what are technically known as the physical manifestations of this new science. He could not pretend that he could doubt his repeated personal observations, addressed to his sight, hearing and touch, and separated, as he believed, from any possibility of error or collusive fraud. Yet the offer, by Professor Henry, of a large sum to any person who would make one of his tables move in the Smithsonian Institution, and the obvious incredulity of the "brethren," had induced the desire again to see some full and unequivocal experiment in *table-moving*.

An opportunity was not long wanting. On the occasion of the visit of a well-known gentleman long connected with the insane, and who never had seen any of these phenomena at the asylum, Dr. Bell invited him to go to a family where a medium of considerable power was visiting. The family was one of the most respectable of the vicinage, the head of it being a gentleman entrusted with millions of dollars of other people's money, as the financial manager of a large banking institution. He and his wife had for some years been perfectly convinced of the spiritual character of these manifestations. The medium was a young lady of eighteen or twenty, of very slight figure, weighing eighty or ninety pounds, and had discovered herself to be a medium while on a visit to these distant relatives. A family, from character and position, more entirely beyond the suspicion of even winking at anything like fraud or irregularity, does not exist in the world. They were so fortunate as to find the medium at home, and the circle was made of the five persons mentioned. The ordinary manifestations of raps, beating of musical tunes, and responses to mental and spoken questions, were very completely presented, as well as the movements of the table under the mere contact of fingers' ends. Finding that things appeared very favorable to a full exhibition of what he wished to see, as evinced by the very faint original from the table under contact, Dr. Bell

any human contact, direct or indirect. He was permitted to arrange things to suit himself, and began by opening the table more widely, inserting two moveable table-leaves, which increased the length from about six to perhaps nine or ten feet. This he felt also gave him an opportunity to see and upset all wires and mechanism concealed, or, at least, to answer positively as to their non-existence. The table was a solid structure of black walnut, with six carved legs, the whole of such a weight that when the castors were all in the right line for motion, he could just start it by the full grasp of the thumb and fingers of both hands.

The persons stood on the *sides* of the table, three and two, and back from its edges about eighteen inches. As Dr. Bell is some six feet two inches in height, he averred that he had no difficulty in seeing *between* the table and the persons of all present. The hands were raised over it at about the same height of a foot and a half.

At a request, the table commenced its motion with moderate speed, occasionally halting, and then gliding on a foot or two at once. It seemed as if its motion would have been continuous, if the hands above it had passed along, *pari passu*.

On reaching the folding doors dividing off the two parlors, and which were open, it rose over an iron rod on which the door-trucks traversed, and which projected half or three quarters of an inch above the level of the carpet. It then entered the other parlor, and went its whole length until it came near the pier-glass at its end—a center-table having been pushed aside by one of the party to allow its free course.

At request—for they during this time spoke as if to actual beings—the motion was reversed, and it returned until it again reached the iron rod. Here it stuck. The table hove, creaked and struggled, but all in vain; it could not surmount the obstacle. The medium was then “impressed by the spirits” to write, and, seizing a pencil, hastily wrote that if the fore legs were lifted over the bar, they (*i. e.* the spirits) thought they could push the others over. This was done, and the motion kept on. Once or twice Dr. Bell requested all to withdraw a little further from the table, “to see how far the influence would extend.” It was found that whenever a much greater distance, say two feet, was reached, the movement ceased, and a delay of three or four minutes occurred before it recommenced, giving the idea that, if broken off, a certain re-accumulation of force was needful to put it in motion again. The table reached the upper end of the parlor, from which it had started, but was left some four feet from the meridian line of the room. Dr. Bell expressed the thanks of the company for the very complete exhibition with which they had been favored, but remarked that the oblige-

tion would be enhanced if the "spirits" would move the table about four feet at right angles, so that the chairs would come right for their late occupants. This was immediately done, and the performance was deemed so perfectly full and satisfactory that nothing more was asked at this session.

Dr. Bell was understood to say that this made some five or six times in which he had seen the table move without human contact, and all under circumstances apparently as free from suspicion as this just related. He also stated that the Rev. Mr. P., a clergyman of extraordinarily sagacious perceptions and mechanical skill, took this same medium to his own house, without previous thought, where she never before had been, and where his own table, in the presence of his own family alone, went through the fullest locomotion without human touch. Dr. Bell mentioned, that in his last experiment—that just narrated—the entire space moved through was over fifty feet.

Dr. Bell then passed to the topic of responses to mental and verbal questions, and gave several narratives of long conversations with what purported to be the spirits of persons dead for twenty-five to forty years, in which every question he could devise relating to their domestic history and to events in it, known only to them and him, had been truly answered. Some of the subjects put mentally—i. e. without speaking or writing—had half a dozen correct replies, forbidding, of course completely, on any doctrine of chances, the contingency of accident or coincidence, as such *mental* questions, *per se*, negative the explanation of previous knowledge on the part of the medium.

A brief abstract of one of these will give a general idea of their character. Dr. Bell had frequently remarked to his "spiritual" friends, that if any medium could reproduce the essential particulars of a final interview which had occurred between himself and a deceased brother, in 1826, he should be almost compelled to admit that it came from his spirit; because he was sure that he (Dr. Bell) never had communicated it to any living being. Hence, as it never had been known to but two persons, and was of so peculiar, well marked a character, as not to be capable of being confounded by generalities, he should hardly be able otherwise to explain it. A few weeks afterward, what purported to be the spirit of that brother narrated the essential particulars of the interview, the place where, down to the well-remembered fact that *he was adjusting the stirrups of his horse, preparatory to a distant journey, when it was held!*

Pretty early, however, in his investigations, Dr. Bell began to find that however correct his spiritual conferees were, in most of their responses, the moment a question was put, involving a response, the truth of which was

unknown to him, uniform failure occurred. Sometimes, where he believed at the time that his questions were truly answered, subsequent information had shown him that he had been mistaken. He had answers which he believed to be true, when the facts are decidedly otherwise.

Pursuing this train of inquiry, he found the "spirits," while averring that they could see him distinctly, "face to face," never could read the signature to letters taken from an old file, and unfolded *without his having seen the writing*. Yet as soon as he had cast his eye upon the signature, without allowing any one else to see it, it was promptly and correctly reproduced by the alphabetical rappings. And again, when he had made a previous arrangement with his family that they should do certain things every quarter of an hour at home—he, of course, not knowing what—while he was to ask the "spirit" what was to be done at the instant, uniform failure occurred. He proved, too, that the theory of the "Spiritualists" to meet such difficulties—viz., that evil or trifling spirits interfered at *their* end of the telegraph—was not tenable. For the responses just before and after these gross failures had been eminently and wonderfully accurate, and the "spirits" not only declared that they saw with perfect clearness what was going on at his house, but denied that there had been any interruption or interference.

Dr. Bell also gave examples where test questions involving replies *unknown* to the interrogator had been designedly intermixed with those which were known. The result uniformly was, that the known responses, however curious and far remote, were correctly reproduced—the unknown were a set of perfectly wild and blundering errors, the responses often being obviously formed out of the phraseology of the question, as a *stuck* school-boy guesses out a reply!

The result of the inquiries of Dr. Bell and his friends—for several gentlemen of eminently fitting talents pursued the investigation with him—was briefly this:—*that what the questioner knows the spirits know; what the questioner does not know, the spirits are entirely ignorant of*. In other words, that there are really no superhuman agencies in the matter at all—no connection with another state of existence; but that it bears certain strong analogies to some of the experiences of *clairvoyance*, in that mysterious science of animal magnetism, as it has been protruding and receding for the last hundred years. Dr. Bell thought there was some reason to believe that the matter reproduced may come not only from the questioner, but if in the mind of any one at the circle, that it might be evolved. He made some observations upon the evidences of spirit existence, drawn from the character of the matter communicated by the mediums in

a state of *impression*, when, as is believed, spirits express themselves through the human agent. Of course, the quality of such composition is more or less a question of taste. Much of it is elevated, indicating high intellectual and moral capacities in the mind to which it owes its origin. Much more is absurd, puerile and disgusting, infinitely below the grade of the human productions of the same persons from whom it professedly comes. Yet the spiritual revelation has given us nothing of such extraordinary value or novelty as to stamp it, in the judgment of unprejudiced minds, as of super-mundane production. Dr. Bell alluded to a treatise which had been put into his hands by an earnest spiritualist, purporting to be the work of Thomas Paine, the author of the "Age of Reason," &c., which was thought would carry conviction to anybody, as it purported to be a full explanation of the formation and changes of this earth, by one who, from his *situs*, must know all about it. The truth was, that the work was the production of some mind, celestial or mundane, ignorant of the very first rudiments of chemical philosophy, in which the most ridiculous blunders were made on every page in matters which are as demonstrable as mathematics, and where, of course, the answer cannot be made that the revelation was too high for common readers. Nor does Dr. Bell believe, from his observations, that the waters from this fountain ever reach a higher level than their source. The most elevated specimen of the spiritual literature would no doubt be found in the communications from Swedenborg and Lord Bacon, in Judge Edmonds's and Dr. Dexter's first and second volumes. Yet, whoever reads the very elegant and powerful preliminary treatises of these gentlemen, which Dr. Bell thought would compare favorably with any writings of the kind ever published, would not be able to feel that Swedenborg and Lord Bacon, after their nearly one and more than two centuries' residence, respectively, amidst the culture and refined senses of the superior spheres, had more than equalled their unpretending amanuenses still in "the vale of tears."

Dr. Bell pays a glowing tribute to the character of Judge Edmonds. He did not believe that modern history could furnish an example of a more noble, chivalrous, self-sacrificing devotion to what he believes to be the altar of truth than that gentleman had evinced. He had not hesitated to sacrifice the loftiest political and professional prospects, as well as some portion of a well-deserved social influence, to his convictions. The days of the martyr were not over, although the days of the faggot, the cross and the stake might be. When Judge Edmonds promptly and decidedly told a political committee, which waited upon him to announce that he must abandon his

such price, he stood as noble as one of the army of martyrs as any church has canonized!

Dr. Bell concluded by the expression of his full convictions that, while the faith in spirits must be given up as being connected with these facts, it was a topic, whether regarded as a physical novelty, or even as a delusion, cutting into the very religious natures of our people, which was worth our fullest examination. *There were great, novel, interesting facts here.* They had not been treated fairly and respectfully, as they should have been. The effect was, that the community, knowing that here were facts, if human senses could be trusted at all, went away from those who should have thrown light upon the mysteries, but who would or could not, to those who gave some explanation, even if it was one which uprooted all previous forms of religious faith. He hoped that the members of this Association, who were as much required to examine this topic as any order of men, except, perhaps, the clergy, would not be afraid of looking it in the face from any apprehensions of ridicule or of degrading their dignity.

Dr. Gray inquired if there were any perceptible effects produced upon the feelings or health of the mediums by the exercise of this power.

Dr. Bell replied that his inquiries of them led him to suppose that there were no palpable influences from this cause. One of the most intelligent and successful of these, in public practice, Mrs. Hayden, now in England, assured him that she was conscious of no ill effects or feelings, beyond the tedium of prolonged, monotonous sessions, with her crowd of visitors, whose wonderful recognitions of deceased aunts, parents and friends, although very surprising to them, were "thrice-told tales" to her.

Dr. Cutter wished to know if Dr. Bell supposed that the medium was conscious of what was passing in the mind of the questioner.

Dr. Bell thought such was not the case. The mediums all concur (and many of those in private life, at least, are of the highest worth—and, indeed, he believed that many of those who gratified those interested by paid sessions to be no less worthy) in declaring that they have no consciousness of any participation in what is going on before them. Nor could he see, in the temperaments or other indications of the mediums, any thing in common. They run through a wide expansion of intelligence, from Judge Edmonds down to the most moderate intellectual development.

Dr. Cutter inquired how Dr. Bell supposed the raps to be made.

The Doctor admitted his entire inability to suggest how, any more than why the magnetic needle should insist upon turning towards the north, instead of S. S. E.

Dr. Bell remarked that there were a great number of curious facts con-

nected with the various branches into which these phenomena had run off, which he had not time to enter into the consideration of. He considered them all as of less intense interest than the great question of the veritable existence of the "*spirits*." The *trance* speaking, the impressions of a visual panoramic order, the composition of all sorts of prose and poetry, the curious "*spirit-drawings*," and still other manifestations; of some of them it is very difficult to make an explanation; others may hereafter be found in the class of hysterico-nervous excitements, in which the individual, without any intention to deceive, is so wrapped up in an internal flow of fancies as to lose consciousness of external things; yet the intellectual processes go on.

Still other phenomena may, perhaps, be proved to be connected with the duality of the brain. It is undoubted that that organ is like the ear and eye, each of which is one of two symmetrical duplicates. When both act concurrently, but one class of effects is produced. When the ear or eye becomes dislocated from its fellow, double vision and disturbed audition result. One eye may be habitually passive, as seems to be one perfect optic of the cross-eyed, and the attention is not called to the images which it presents, although these images may be all distinctly pictured on the retina, and may, by some association or diseased action, be subsequently reproduced. The analogy of the brain to these facts is shown in the phenomena of dreaming, when we do and say and think things which are utterly foreign to our habitual feelings and views, as much as one mind could vary from another. Or, again, it is illustrated in not infrequent examples of periodical mania, where, for a period of weeks, or months, or years, the patient lives in a certain state of moral, intellectual and affective existence, perfectly unlike the other remnant of his life. Were a new guide or governor known to enter the sensorium and assume the reigns, a more completely distinct set of results could not be expected. In ebriety the same facts exist.

The phenomena of impressions made upon an organ, and after reproduced in disease, are common in the books.

Dr. Bell admitted that many of the responses made by the purporting,

and unnatural, as compared with your

other persons. All had paper and pencils in hand, to minute down the responses, etc. Owing to some "want of harmony" or other cause, the "spirits" failed in correct replies, and a good deal of confusion and repetition occurred. Often their reply, through the alphabet, was, "We don't know," "We can't tell," etc. Dr. Bell was amusing himself, under these delays, in drawing with his pencil a grotesque figure of an imaginary animal—a sort of griffin, with horns, tusks, etc., etc. After one of the replies of the "spirits" that they "didn't know," the Doctor rather pettishly lifted his pencil from the paper and said, "Well, do you know what this is?" The response was at once rapped out, "It is hard naming that beast!" As he was in a position where no eye could overlook him, and where no person besides himself could know what was drawn, he was at a loss to know out of whose brain, except his own, the quick repartee could originate. He certainly had no consciousness of it.

Dr. Bell also mentioned other cases where the idea in the questioner's mind was reproduced, but in different phraseology from that he held. A "spirit," for example, was asked where she had been buried. The true answer was, *St. Augustine*. The letter *S* was first rapped; he waited at *A*, having no idea that the contraction would be used, but *it was*, the rap being made at *T*.

Dr. Nichols inquired whether Dr. Bell had any further experiences and observations in the curious *inverted reverse* handwriting, of which he had given an account last year.

Dr. Bell replied that he understood that that phenomenon of hand-writing, where the pencil began at the *last* part of the *last* letter of the *last* word of the *last* sentence, and run back rapidly to the beginning, being also *upside down* to the writer, was not uncommon, although he had not again met with it. In one instance, in his experience, lately, the medium wrote in a reversed manner, so that the writing could be read in a mirror, or by being held up to the light, back to the reader—an obviously very easy thing as compared with that just described.

Dr. Bell had seen many of the "spirit-drawings," which seemed like incongruous, grotesque specimens of Chinese art—flowers, fruit and leaves being aggregated against all the precedents of nature or laws of botanical philosophy. They were only remarkable from being the production of persons unskilled in the use of the pencil, as was declared to be the case. Dr. Bell concluded by remarking that he regarded the question, whether spirits of the dead had anything to do with these phenomena, to be so much more important, in a practical point of view, than any other minor facts connected with them, that he had pretermitted much of his attention

to Panama would run upon a sunken rock and become a wreck, but her passengers would be saved, and not a month elapsed before that proved to be true.

But these are solitary instances. I could fill many sheets with similar revelations. And how can they be inconsistent with Dr. Bell's theory? They utterly disprove his hypothesis, and he can have the evidence of it, if he pleases.

The only melancholy part of the matter is to see such a mind jumping at a conclusion before it has half finished its investigations; and while tottering with false steps on the threshold, boldly assuming that it has entered within the very fane of knowledge. E.

THE FUTURE LIFE OF MAN.

Few persons doubt a future existence, or that the present life will in some way prolong itself; and the soundest and most spiritually unfolded minds concur in the idea that this future life is, in its first stages, on a plane above the present, and is a state of progress from one sphere to another. All analogy would seem to corroborate this view, and the deepest and soundest philosophy can not find fault with it, inasmuch as it not only solves the highest problems of human life, but agrees with the deeper emotions of the human spirit, in all its yearnings and aspirations.

In the thought of another life, and the consequent idea that death, at most, is but a temporary separation of friends, is found all that goes to make up what is meant by the otherwise vague terms, "hope," and "consolation," to the dying and bereaved.

The basis of any true expectation of a future life consists in the fact that man is *naturally* immortal. If the constitution of things under which he lives agree not with this idea of natural immortality, then is not man immortal, and all expectation of a life beyond the present, is a delusion—even a mockery of life itself, meted out at farthest but a few scores of years. If all the light that exists on this subject is contained in the Bible, then is it involved in considerable obscurity. The parts composed before the times of Jesus are generally thought to be nearly if not entirely silent on the subject, beyond the expression of individual anticipation. Nor does Jesus commence his disclosures, according as his friends report him, with any reference to a future life. He takes it for granted, as an elementary idea; or truth, in all that he ever said on this subject. He does not speak of it as though its revelation formed any peculiar part of his mission.

ORIGIN OF SPIRITUALISM.

MRS. A. T. HALL, MEDIUM.

SPIRITUALISM has its origin in the soul; not by outward force or circumstance can it be controlled, though influenced by them in its individual expression. The soul in its growth has traveled so far into the regions of thought that it discerns the strata of other existences, and the great law of attraction has produced those effects which now resound through earth and spirit-spheres. It is as natural a result, as that the beautiful flower should succeed the wild plant after careful cultivation. The same cases must produce the same effect in the mental and moral as well as in the natural world. The whole arcana of human thought and science have been searched, and behold, the soul knows not God! God is a Spirit. Spirit-impression and revealment only can uphold this truth, that it becomes the law of being; indeed, the natural and the spiritual world so overlap each other that they must begin to harmonize and sympathize together. First, audible sounds were produced by spiritual electricity, operating upon the natural forces of the body. Then spirit-intellectuality flowed through the earthly views; now spirit-thought communes with thought in the body, imperfectly to be sure, but the same as spirits converse together. The spirit-sight is opened, and the platform of faith is deepening and extending far and wide in our spheres, as with you upon earth. The end is with God alone. The mighty force and power of this mingling of the human and divine can rest only with the great First Cause, but love and wisdom are around us that we faint not, and hope and faith beckon us onward. Spirits as well as mortals bow their heads, in reverence before the everlasting word of his power, to do Him homage.

The great key of life, in all its wonderful developments, seems descending midway between heaven and earth; and those of pure heart and clean hands before God, may unlock the deep mysteries of being, that man and angel may understand and glorify their existence.

The angels and archangels reverently approach, where man dares condemn. What then? Shall we recede because of his frown? Our mission is from God; man is the receiver, not the giver. Our work is onward before God and man. While some withhold faith, the smile of truth and love

will illumine other minds more congenial to its influence, and many will find at last the deep shadow of unbelief upon their path, which might have reflected the peace and glory of the sun of righteousness. What, I would inquire, has man, with all his elevation and knowledge, that can compare with the glorious faith we offer him? We ask nothing but the surrender of those evils and difficulties which entangle his way, and that will which daily rebels against God. Take the most happy individual, the most favored by circumstances and physical organization, even such an one, the swift current of time is ever bearing on; there is no ebbing tide in the voyage of humanity. Will the sail be less pleasant for knowing that the harbor of eternity is a haven of rest and peace to the prepared soul? The sythe of death is ever among the reapers, good or ill; the changing vicissitudes of earth are over all. Can then the soul find its resting-place there? No more than the dove, who went forth from the ark. The earth is not its home; it is born of God, and unto him must it return.

Jesus came and taught this blessed connection between cause and effect; it has been believed with the head, while the heart has enshrined its own idols and worshiped them. Spirits of every faith and power, who have known and tested these truths by knowledge and experience, now come with the authority of a "thus saith the Lord," to remove these errors that crush the struggling soul, and to open for it the path of immortality. But they walk not therein for man; this he has the ability to do, in and of himself, in the right use of his own divine powers. Light guides in a dark place, we hold the torch of truth and love, but progression must be an individual, practical exercise of those slumbering attributes, which stamp the image of Deity upon the race. Only thus can they become stars in the firmament of his creation, giving forth the shining evidences of his wisdom and love.

Wisdom, love and truth! when will ye radiate earth to its center, and show forth his "kingdom as in Heaven?" Was that holy prayer vain? or was it not rather a declaration, showing the regeneration and perfection yet to be enjoyed? Be ye perfect, even as your Father is perfect, was also breathed by the earnest loving spirit of Jesus, and to his spirit-vision was opened the sublime vista of human progression, perfected in spirit-spheres. We see, far on, this prayer answered, not while the natural and spiritual war with each other, but when the spiritual rises out of the material, and becomes of God in all its aspirations and desires. The Saviour ever taught the harmony of the spirituality of the two natures, and to this picture of his soul's ideal he often spoke, and so may we speak and act.

The world is before us in sin and misery; its highest aspirations choked

by selfishness and ambition—the glory of God, too often the shame of man. Where is the divine harmony glorying in the works of nature ! Instead, there is darkness, chaos, confusion. But list ! the quakings of fear are heard, the distant thunder peals, the lightning of truth, with scathing touch, has fallen upon the altar of superstition ; old ideas and formulas of faith are disturbed, and mind is awakening. It feels a new power, born of God ; it dares to question human authority, and trace the God within and above itself. The electric chord vibrates, for it is touched by the living fire of inspiration.

Where the wisdom of man, when the soul feels itself before God ? and what the judgment of the world, when the justice of God, in strains of mercy, whispers “go and sin no more ?” It has leaped into the infinitude of truth and love ; and while it recognizes all men as brethren, it acknowledges but one Lord, even God the Father, and it grasps immortality as its birthright.

Can the star-lit dome respond aught but beauty ? neither can a soul thus baptized give praise unto Baal. It has come into the glorious company of glorified spirits, and they pour upon it the light of love and the water of truth. The dew of mercy falls, and the gentle showers descend, that it may grow more and more unto the perfect day.

Thus we stand midway between cause and effect, between God and man—not to reconcile God, for he is love, but to awaken man to this love, that he may find his highest happiness in living out true principles in every act of life. We come in love, our Master is love, we are imitators of his holy law ; so can you become, as you search into and discriminate the love-light of truth.

Blessed are they who have part in this resurrection, for they shall know peace, even the peace of God. Amen.



THERE are moments when every soul that hath breathed eternal life, feels in the presence of some great and unknown power. In the cool evening, the shady noon, or the dewy morning, all and every one have felt that some power above the earth was near. A silent spell sheds o'er the spirit a foretaste of Heaven's joy. Thoughts come as rays of light illuminating the cell within, and, peering out over the lovely landscape, reveal beauties that were never seen before.

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

NUMBER EIGHT

Sunday, A. M. Sept. 18—

DEAR S.—Last night the steamboat arrived from Chicago on the way to Detroit, and will leave here in the course of a few hours, carrying to you two or three letters from me—for I have been writing constantly, when I could find an opportunity. This however will give you the latest account of me and of our proceedings.

We have got our business so far advanced, that we expect to hold our general and final council with the Indians on Tuesday or Wednesday next, and, to get through with our business at this place during the week. I hope it may be so, for I am getting tired with our great labor. We yesterday paid off and sent home about two hundred of the Ottawas, who had the greatest distance to go. We have yet more than 4000 left. Everything is orderly and quiet here; vastly more so than could possibly be the case with the same number of whites, having nothing to do.

In one of my letters I speak of Pontiac the celebrated Indian chief, you will find a good history of him in No. 46 of Harper's Family Library, Vol. 2 beginning at page 70. Let Lydia read it aloud to you and her sister and Gar Eddy and Miss Lan. When you are reading it, remember that I am on the ground where some of these events took place—that I am surrounded by the descendants of the Indians who figured in those scenes, yet have no fears, for there is not one dissatisfied Indian on the Island; but all are friendly and good humored, laughing, dancing, holloaing, playing ball, spinning the top, &c., &c.

Bear in mind too, that I have some presents for you from two squaws, the daughters of a chieftain and regular descendants from

the far-famed Pontiac. These things will bring these matters of history down to your own time, so that they will appear to you as if they were the events of yesterday.

When I have finished this I will go and visit a cave, in which a squaw, during Pontiac's wars, concealed a white man and saved him from the universal massacre. He was her adopted son, and for three days she watched and attended him in his place of concealment, until she gave him an opportunity of escaping from the island.

I am having a little canoe made which if I can get home will be a good specimen of Indian arts; or rather, I ought to say, one is making which is to be a present to me. I am getting so accustomed to the backhandedness of the Indian and Canadian ways of talking, that I find I murder the English sometimes abominably.

Fare you well: Yours ever,

J. W. E.

Dear S.—Last evening I returned to this place, and was glad enough, you may be assured, to get once again into the regions of sunshine and civilization. It is nearly six weeks since I left this place, and during that time I have heard from home only once. You can judge of my anxiety to reach here and of my gratification in receiving your letters last night, postmarked the 2d, 6th, 13th and 17th of September. So you will see that the 17th is the latest date, but as I am now within five or six days mail of you, I hope to hear more frequently.

I wrote you that I intended going to lake Superior, but I was detained so long at Mackinac, that I abandoned that expedition. It would have cost me eight or ten days of time, and I am so anxious to get home that I cheerfully gave it up. I shall be obliged to remain here, for the completion of the business of my office, two or three weeks, and perhaps go to Grand River. If I can possibly avoid that journey I shall do so, for it would be a tedious ride across the country to the shores of lake Michigan, and would occupy me three or four weeks. I think I can avoid it. If I do it will hasten my arrival home a good deal, an event for which I am becoming very impatient.

since the receipt of my last ; but now that I am so near you this long delay need not happen again. I want you to write often, and in your letters give me more particulars of what is going on in town. I want Wm. C. to mail me the Argus regularly every day and to send the Gazette as often as it comes out ; for I am entirely destitute of local information for nearly two months.

I cannot very well recollect how far I had progressed when I last wrote. Consequently my descriptions must be somewhat desultory.

One thing here is far behind us, and that is steamboat navigation. Their best boats are slow and on the high pressure principle, and so abominably filthy, that it is greatly disgusting. We were two days in coming from Mackinac—300 miles in 48 hours ! But a part of this delay arose from a storm which we encountered off Saginaw bay ; you will see its location on the map, but you will not know till I inform you, that it is 50 miles wide at its mouth. The storm blew directly down the bay, and instead of attempting to cross its mouth, we ran up the bay to Point au Sable, and then attempted to cross, but we were driven quite out to sea, entirely out sight of land ; and all day long we tossed about on the waves which ran high and angry. Almost all our passengers were seasick except myself. I do not exactly know how I escaped, but I do know I have not felt a moment's sea-sickness. There was no danger, for our boat was strong and a good sea vessel. We did not go fast but we went strong. About sundown the wind abated, and for the rest of the passage we had a delightful run and entered the St. Clair river about sunrise yesterday morning.

We had a delightful party down. We had major Hoffman of the army, with two officers and a detachment of troops on their return from Mackinac ; Daniel Jackson of New York, Baron du Behr the Belgian Minister, Major Whiting of the army, Litchfield, several Indian traders, and an Indian Missionary. The Indian Missionary got confoundedly frightened with the storm, and insisted on putting up public prayers two or three times, very much to the amusement of the Baron, who is full French in his manners, and a very great traveler. He is sitting by me while I write, (for we are roaming together,) and interrupting me very frequently with anecdotes and stories in broken English, half the fun of which consists in the language and the manner. He has been the am-

bassador from Belgium to this country for four years; and during that time has visited every state in the Union, Canada three times, Lake Superior twice, and Florida twice. He has now been to Mackinac, simply for the purpose of witnessing a large collection of the Indians which he had never seen.

The boat that we came down in was the last that will visit Mackinac this season, and we were compelled to leave there before we had entirely completed our business.

Oct. 4.

I have tried very hard to finish my letter before this, but have been prevented by various causes which I could not control. I have now your letter of the 26th ult., which reached me last evening.

I intend to send Litchfield to Grand River and not go there myself. It will be a hard journey for him, for the roads are horrible. I shall go to Saginaw which is some 90 miles from here. I shall leave here on Saturday next, and travel the distance on horse-back, in company with Judge Morell, who goes out to hold his courts in the woods. By the time I return here, I hope to find the Indian agent, Mr. Schoolcraft here, and if I do, I shall be prepared to return immediately home.

As I mentioned, I left Mackinac before we had completed our business. Mr. S. will finish a part of it there,—I shall complete a part of it here, and we are to meet at this place between the 15th and 20th inst., to put the finishing stroke to our labors. As soon as that shall be done, I shall start for New York.

You need have no fears of my settling in this country, as Mrs. S. seems to have supposed likely. The judicial establishments of the country are altogether too unsettled and uncertain for a lawyer educated as I have been. For the purpose of speculating in lands and growing up with the country, it is a grand place; and were I fifteen years younger, I would certainly come here; but I find myself too old, and all my habits too confirmed, to be willing to undergo the roughness and hardships of such a life as I must experience here. There is some ed society in this territory, but there is a great deal more coarse and uncouth, and it would take me some time to be accustomed to it.

The slang talk of the country is disgusting enough, and I have caught some of it, but it is not t is cracked up to be." A

THE RESURRECTION—MY FRIEND'S STORY.

BY SUSAN H. HOYT.

I was rather tired that afternoon; I had been busy all the morning for it was Ann's wash day and I did the housework to relieve her. For all my weariness I told my little Mary the promised story, and then, with a feeling of lightness at having performed all my duties, I put her down, sprang up, skipped about the floor awhile, and then waltzed away to the window in my dressing-room. It was one of those joyous days in early summer that greeted me there, which make the heart beat wild for the country. Vapory clouds floated languidly in the blue sky. Below the garden looked green and pleasant—summer was advancing. Oh what a delightful ride we will have in the country thought I—I am so glad it is such a fine afternoon! And with a happy heart, quite forgetting my fatigue, I turned from the window to my dressing-glass, and commenced combing my hair, with the greatest despatch, for Thomas, my dear husband had promised to have a carriage at the door for a drive, by three o'clock, and it lacked but a quarter of the time.

Before I had completed my toilet I heard his step on the stairs. He pushed the door slightly ajar, and peeped in, in a playful way. I can see that face now through the half open doorway, smiling at me. When have I ceased to see it thus! In sunny or cloudy days, in moments of revery or forgetfulness, it gleams upon me that sweet noble countenance, but ever with sad lines floating as a veil over its joyousness.

"Not ready yet, Catherine," said he, laughingly—"That's the way you serve me."

"Oh, said I, I'll be ready in a few minutes. But I am really tired. I have scarcely sat down since breakfast—I've had so much to do."

"Have you? I am very sorry, Katy, I suppose then you will be glad not to go. What do you say to putting off our ride till some other day."

My countenance fell immediately, I felt it. Glad not to go! I should have thought he would have known me better than that. Besides it betrayed (so my alert selfhood suggested) such little interest about my being housed up so long.

"Why put it off?" I inquired in a vexed tone.

"Why—no particular reason, only my old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carr, are to sail early to-morrow, and as Mr. C. was anxious that I should oversee their arrangements somewhat, and render them comfortable for the voyage, as I have experienced so much of that kind of travel—I thought Katy, you would not care much about it, so I told the coachman not to come"—

"It is really too bad, I must say, Thomas! You always feel and think for every one but me," said I, tossing my cape upon the dressing table, and turning away with clouded face.

"Not always Katie—but no matter, we will go to-morrow," said he, consolingly. I shrugged my shoulders, and tried to look crosser, but did not speak. He glanced at me sorrowfully, questioningly. Presently he crossed the room to my bureau, and commenced searching among my neatly folded clothes. "Oh, please don't! what is it you wish?" inquired I, in no very pleasant tone—vexed that he should have been afraid to ask me.

"I am looking for a handkerchief, I have lost the one you gave me this morning."

"Lost it! How could you! Here you keep me home, sewing for you, day after day, making shirts, hemming handkerchiefs—and you to be so careless!"

"I do not keep you home, Catherine—but it's a woman's business to stay at home, and mend and make, to keep her husband in order, is it not?" said he, with a sly smile.

I was in no humour for that. The position of woman, was a point upon which I was very sensitive. I felt that she was far superior to the idle, stay-at-home life, she led as a wife; and only that I loved him so dearly, and he pleaded with me so earnestly, would I have ever married. His was an unlucky sentence, and I acted foolishly, wickedly in replying to it in my excited, disappointed state of mind. But I did reply to it. I told him how I wished I had never married, how I had longed to be away the past pleasant weeks, wild and free—and I thought it was his duty as much as mine to stay at home and take care of the children.

"Oh my dear child," was his only reply to my harsh complaints, "you know I would do it:" and then putting on a comical air, to bring a smile to my ruffled countenance, "You have only to command and your servant obeys, now give me my handkerchief, for I must go."

I handed it with an ill grace.

"Good bye, Katie," said he.

I responded, but did not notice his offer to kiss me. I caught a glimpse of his face as he closed the door, it wore a look of grief that pained me, I had half a mind to start out after him with a kiss just then. Oh that I had!

After I knew he was out of sight I seated myself by the open window, and thought. I knew I had been wrong, but the warm air breathing of the country, and my disappointment, made many excuses for me, and bitter thoughts for my aggressor. I had a passion for the country—it was my Madonna, my goddess.—My heart ached, and stretched forth its spirit arms longingly for the graceful, romantic, woodland scenery; and to have this my strong love for the beautiful and picturesque unappreciated, as it surely was by him, galled me; for did he not treat it as lightly as he would the love of a new gown? He did not understand my nature, that was evident. Angrily I thought of woman's lot. I wondered if Thomas did think, after all, of me as a mere toy, a plaything, that he might fold me to his breast, kiss me fondly, and thus quiet my every desire—compensate thus to the poetry that hungered and thirsted within me for the beautiful—compensate thus to my talents which, puny and weak, lay gasping for air—compensate thus to my soul, which dimly foresaw that its spirit, trammelled, and narrowed here, must forever in its future existence, feel the effects of such pressure.

I do not know how long I sat, with these blighting thoughts eating into my heart of peace; but I must have fallen asleep, at length, for the day was waning when I opened my eyes. Rose colored clouds, with delicate purple, orange and gold, mingled luxuriously in the soft, light green tints of the western sky. All bright, gladly feelings—all thanksgivings and aspirations heavenward (it seemed to me,) which had arisen from thoughtful hearts during the day, were there revealed in their wondrous beauty, looking down their benediction. Only those who had looked to

the invisible, could feel that most beautiful sunset closing around and enfolding them. Between me, and the soft brightness of those clouds, there was a great gulf. No happy thoughts of mine were there in beaming garments! So chided my conscience; for the gentle sleep I had enjoyed, and the quiet beauty of the evening sky, softened and subdued my former harsh feelings. Regrets that I had been so unkind, were not now turned aside; and presently, tears, warmrepentant, flowed fast.

I called to my little girl, ere long, and lifted her upon my lap, by the front window, that she might see the children at play in the park. I talked to her of her father; telling her how very good she should be, and love him dearly, that she should thank God for so kind a parent, for there were many little ones who had neither father nor mother to love them.

I felt happier after this, and putting her down, hastened into the kitchen to prepare some nice hot cakes (a peace offering) for my husband's supper, these I knew he relished, though he seldom permitted himself to betray his likes or dislikes, considering that unmanly. After making them, I arranged the tea-room so as to give it an attractive and cheerful air—I gathered flowers from the garden, and placed them beside his plate—and when all was completed satisfactorily, I returned to my room. to await his coming.

It was nearly dark then; my little ones had already eaten their supper, and after putting them to bed, I seated myself beside the window to watch his return. While thus looking through the dusky air, I heard a peculiar movement in the distant corner of the apartment. Turning around in the direction from whence the sound proceeded, I saw Thomas my dear husband, by the door in the shadow. He looked so pale and sad, that I felt wretched and guilty.

"Dear Thomas! exclaimed I, advancing to meet him, I am so sorry for my conduct this afternoon!" He smiled a wild sort of smile, stretching out his arms to me:

I hastened to receive the embrace—the empty shadowy corner,—the closed door, alone greeted me! My husband! ah the mists had gathered over him. Against the wall, whither I had groped, I leaned my shivering frame. Love—exultant, expectant, suddenly struck down—mangled—by some fell unseen hand! My

senses chilled to stone; in dark ponderous masses blockaded all egress—stifled all life, for a time. I made a mighty effort to release myself from this chaos—instinctively my hand sought the door, it opened, the fresh air and the lighted hall revived me; "Ann! Ann!" I called, with what voice I could, and took a chair in the entry to await her coming, as the darkness of the room terrified me.

"Shure, yer not sick, ma'm?" said she seeing me sitting there as she came up the stairway, "Holy mother! what has happened ye? ye look as white as a ghost!"

"Did you see Mr. Ely come in, Ann?" I asked.

"Och! no ma'm; shure the door is locked, he could'nt get in without ringing."

I told her what I had seen.

"Pray God there's no harm come to him," she exclaimed.

"Oh Ann, how can you say that!" said I, "I have been thinking of him, that is all; I have often heard of such things happening when a person is intensely thinking of another."

"Well, ma'm we often see the like in the ould cuntry, but its always the sign of death, ma'm. The very night me aunt's son died, I was wakened of a noise like thunder, and I see him walk acrost the floor, open the cabin door and stand outside in the moonlight, pointing in the like of this—(raising her hand solemnly)—I got up and went out to see what he wanted, and what did I see but a long, dark procession carrying a coffin. I turned to ax him what it could be meaning, and he was gone. I let out a dreadful scream, and ran in, for I knew then it was his wraith I had seen."

We were descending the stairs, and I let her talk though it pained me, for the thought of giving a reproof then, made me shudder. The tea room looked desolate and empty, for all the cheerful lights and bright flowers. I paced up and down the room—I walked to the front hall door and gazed adown the streets,—ours was a quiet one, there were only a few figures moving through it, and solemn shadows from high storied mansions opposite were projected far into the carriage road. The moonlight there was so obscured I did not like it. So I came in and paced up and down again, as in a prison. After this I tried the garden and walked among the shrubbery awhile. There the murmur of a fountain trickling over a broken column, a pretty, graceful thing which Thomas made to

gratify my love of beauty, caused my heart to swell near to bursting, as I looked upon it. Oh! why does he not come? I questioned bitterly. I will tell him how passionately I love him! yes he shall see to-night the depth of the affection I bear him! I will bid him never to mind what I may hastily say:—and I made strenuous resolutions never to utter again, what could give him pain.

But as the night advanced my uneasiness became uncontrollable: A fearful unrest filled my soul—A terrible uncertainty beset me. Presently there was a knock; love and hope, made me nimble:—It was only some neighboring servant, come to see Ann. I returned again to the garden, and with unsteady steps like a bird astray from his nest, I wandered from spot to spot. I heard them talking, in the kitchen, about my seeing “the master.” I knew they thought it a bad omen, from their sunken voices. As if to goad me to the last extremity, they commenced telling stories of second sight—I tried not to listen—But I seemed fascinated to linger within hearing, just as one on a precipice seems impelled to fathom the abyss beneath.

Bridget told of a strange “appearance” to which she had been witness, when living out at service with a lady, then residing, together with her daughter, in a large old-fashioned house, in the lower part of the city. Being alone, they had rented out the lower story. It was occupied by an eccentric maiden lady, a quakeress, who was said to be very wealthy. Her treasures it was rumored, were stored in two chests, which stood securely fastened, and corded, within her room. This person, always dressed very richly, although she was a “close body,” and a fine, grand sound, her rustling silks gave forth, as she swept through hall and stair-way.

She had been ailing for some time, and as she held no intercourse with her relatives, owing to some money difficulties; she had accepted an invitation from some acquaintances to accompany them to their residence out of town.

She had been absent about a fortnight, when one night while the lady of the house, her daughter, and Bridget were in an upper room sewing, they were startled and alarmed by a sudden, terrible blast as of coming storm, which seemed to start open and slam to every door and shutter in the house. When they had recovered from the shock it occasioned, the lady's daughter, a young woman

of great courage, proposed they should go down and see that all was safe below. To their surprise they found all closed and fastened. Thinking perhaps the cellar had been left open, and the air rushing up had caused the disturbance, she opened the door to ascertain if such was the case—when a puff of wind driving up from below, blew out the light—while in rustling robes, and with her usual stately tread, the quaker lady brushed past, and ascended the kitchen stairs to her room.—I can hear the rattle of her gown now, though it was ten long years since,” said Bridget. “Mistress was vexed with her for trying to frighten us, as she thought. But ye may be sure we could not find her, and the next day, word came that she had died in the night, at the very hour in which we saw her ascending the stair-way! May the blessed Virgin rest her soul!—shure it was the gould she was looking after, for they found a heap o’ it in the chests.”

It was after nine when there was a ring at the door, it relieved me, though I felt sure now it was not my husband: I hurried up, Ann had opened the door. It was my brother-in-law, who stood there, with such startled aspect at that untimely hour! My mind comprehended at a leap, that the unfoldment of some dire catastrophe awaited me. My eyes became paralyzed—my head swam dizzily—body and spirit felt the damp of death.

“Oh! Charles—Thomas!” was my broken utterance.

“Dear Catherine be composed” said he with a shudder.

His voice was so like his brother’s, that it started the tears to my burning eyes, which relieved me. “I am calm—Oh I am calm,” I answered, “I only want to sit down.” He led me into the room, and seating me in the arm-chair, took my trembling hands between his own, while tear after tear from his eyes, rolled slowly, torturingly, over them.

At length, he told me all. Thomas had accompanied his friends to the ship. Unwearied in his efforts to add to their comfort, he had been detained there until dusk, at which



long, long night, none but those who have lost what they hold dearer than life, while yet their unkind words were unsaid, can realize my agony.

I remember I remained all the next weary day shut up in my room, away from that form which lay so stiff in the parlor below, for I could not endure the sight of that pale, livid countenance. So I sat with my head buried in my hands, through those terrible hours, weeping, not wildly nor fiercely: but my heart, oh how it ached with the weight of those slow burning tears!

Toward night a storm arose; I, so timid generally in a thunder storm, sat beside the open window while the vivid lightning grazed past me. Amid the tempest I grew calm, but filled with one earnest desire which seemed to me must be granted from its very intensity—and that was to be called from earth by one of those fiery messengers, to the eternity whither he had gone. Oh how I prayed God to grant me that! How truthfully, fervently I prayed! how I besought and wrestled with my Maker to that end! But death came not. Then I tortured myself with the idea that if I should die I would never see Thomas, that he would never know of my repentance. Thank God for the beyond which I now see! but then all was darkness.

Weeks passed away but light came not. In the chill vault where his body lay my soul seemed buried. The charnel house and the dead—the black hearse and the sable mourners bounded my vision. "He is dead!" these words haunted me.

After a few weeks of such struggling, my strongly taxed powers gave way, sickness came upon me—what kind of sickness I cannot tell; not illness of the body; I experienced no aches or pains; it was a benumbment of vitality, a drooping which nothing earthly could relieve. Long and weary were those days.

At length their end was attained. The world was changed to me when I left my sick chamber. It seemed as though I never could laugh again; for the joyous, life-enjoying girl had become a still, sad, and thoughtful woman. There was no hope for me! The sin I had committed could not be atoned for. What joy had I in heaven or earth, in the present, or future—if I and my husband were to be eternally separated?

I became morose and ungraceful. Having been educated in the Presbyterian faith, its fearful doctrines of unpardonable sins,

of election, and reprobation, now pressed like some night-mare fiend upon me. Thomas appearing to me, on the night of his death, seemed to my diseased imagination but a solemn warning of the "wrath to come." It was but an everlasting farewell!

This state of mind continued for some time; and it is likely I should have gone down to my grave a stricken hopeless woman, if a merciful Providence had not from the very means man in his short-sightedness had prepared to bring about one result, adduced an opposite.

I did not attend church very regularly, my health not permitting, but one Sabbath afternoon feeling better than usual, I accompanied my sister-in-law to the church of the Rev. Mr. M. Shortly after we were seated the clergyman arose and announced as the subject of his discourse, "The Evils of Spiritualism." You may imagine how astonished I was to hear, for the first time, of "those deluded persons" who claimed to talk with spirits. He said that they were drawing off many weak church members by their sophistry; the church was warned against being lured astray by any such unhallowed doctrines, for the dead should sleep until 'the resurrection morn;' the bible being largely quoted to substantiate the ground taken by the speaker. On our way home I inquired of my sister-in-law how it was that I had never heard of this faith before. She gave me a slight history of its growth, saying that these curious manifestations had just now reached our city, and that they had carefully kept all account of their doings from my sight, as they were fearful of its unfavorably exciting me.

You know the result which followed. My dear Thomas was restored to me.—My whole being underwent a change.—The fearful pall that shadowed my life's path was rent. The unsightly creed in which I had wrapped myself like a chrysalis, burst asunder, and I sprang forth, winged and re-dyed with glad colors. It has been indeed a Resurrection—a Resurrection from the grave: a Resurrection from a narrow, un-God-like belief in hell, and retribution: a Resurrection of

DEATH IN THE LIFE CUP.

'Tis well there is death in the chalice of life,
So oft drugged with pain, and with sorrow so rife—
'Tis well at the bottom of all the deep draught
A sweet immortality's left to be quaffed.

The sunshine of life, ere the day has grown dim,
And when nectared joy fills the cup to the brim,
Tho' full on the beaker forever it glow,
It ne'er shows the death that is lurking below.

When long with the dregs the dry lip has been stained,
And deep we have drunk, and the cup is low drained,
The spirit of death shines beneath like a fate—
An angel or fiend as we love him or hate.

Our eyes we may close as we drain at the bowl,
And drink deep, uncaring in madness of soul;
May see not the angel whose bed we lay bare,
Or heed not his presence—but still he is there,

Or were there no death in the draught—if for aye
We drank of the cup that might not pass away,
What gloom, what despair, on the brow there would be
What hell for the spirit that might not be free!

Oh were there no death!—if we never could die,
But linger in torture while ages rolled by,
The rich growing richer, the poorer more poor,
Such fate not the bravest of earth could endure.

The ills of our being eternal would be
No ebb to the tide of affliction's broad sea
But rising, still rising—aye rolling, 'twould sweep
All pleasure of life in its fathomless deep!

ZWINGLE.

Then thanks for the death that lies deep in the cup,
As daily we drink, and forever looks up.
The draught may be bitter and taste of despair
But aye that death holds immortality there.

Oh, thanks for the boon, to the sighing and sad
The angel of death comes to make the heart glad ;
And all who are weary in bondage and night
He bears on his pinions to freedom and light.

W.

BEAUTIFUL SENTIMENT.

THESE beautiful sentiments were given at an evening circle, by ZWINGLE, the Swiss Reformer.—

"Sometimes we take a pride in our humility ; I believe I feel that to-night. I love to shake hands with you all, brother and sister reformers—for I love to think that you all are such.—It seems to me at times when your mind is exalted and thrills with that noble expansion of feeling—when you feel near God, then you are in a high sphere—when you feel at other times as though no good and holy being could sit beside you, then you are in rather a low sphere, then the earth is all vileness, and misery is near. I am often in that low sphere, I am often in the high, I often visit dreary habitations where drunkenness and vice reign. Their influence surrounds me, their spirits encircle me, but I am also leaning on the arm of my Maker, I am also walking hand in hand with the reformers—reformers? are not the reformers of to-day worthy a visit from the reformers of the past.

J. W. EDMONDS IN REPLY TO

BISHOP HOPKINS ON SPIRITUALISM.

THE Right Reverend Mr. Hopkins, the Episcopal Bishop of Vermont, has lately been delivering a course of lectures before the Young Men's Christian Association of St. Louis, two of which he devoted to the subject of Modern Spiritualism and to myself as connected with it.

He admitted the facts of the manifestations, conceding that they were not a delusion or a deception, but he avowed his own belief that the whole thing resulted from the direct agency of the Devil himself. He confessed he had never witnessed any of the manifestations, yet claimed that he could fairly discuss the subject, &c.

This is the purport of his lectures as I gather it from the report of them in the St. Louis Republican of the 12th and 15th. of November instant.

As he has thus held me up to the world, denounced by a high dignitary of the church, as acting under the instigation of the Devil, I trust I may be pardoned for saying a few words in defence of myself.

Especially as I will do so by confining myself to a brief attempt to show what Spiritualism is, and what it teaches.

1. It enables us to know the thoughts and purposes, the secret intentions and character of those who are living around us. Over and over again has this been demonstrated, yet I'll venture to say the Bishop never heard of it; for if he had, he surely would be as ready as any one to see that in this feature of Spiritualism, there is a better protection against and prevention of hypocrisy and false pretences than all the preaching in the world has ever afforded.

It enables us to feel and to know that our most secret thoughts are known to the intelligence of the spirit world,—whatever the character of that intelligence, whether for good or evil. It has been for years and centuries preached to us that the Supreme Intelli-

gence knows our every thought. Yet how few have actually realized it—how few have acted as if they believed it, let the sins and perversions of mankind say. But now it comes so demonstrated that no man can doubt it. It is a fact as certain as that the sun shines at noon day. And I would ask, what greater preventive to vice can there be than the thorough conviction that the deepest secrets of our hearts are all known to the intelligence which is ever around and near us, and can be disclosed to the world?

3. It demonstrates the immortality of the soul by direct appeals to the senses. Hitherto the appeal has been to abstract reasoning to prove that; and what ill success has attended that effort no man knows better than the Right Rev. gentleman himself. He has been a lawyer in his day and he is aware from his knowledge of the world thus and otherwise acquired, that the greater portion of the educated classes among us have not yielded to the reasoning and have been, to say the least, skeptical as to an existence after this life. But now the proof comes with a force like that which establishes the fact that the grass grows and the water runs, and leaves no room for cavil in the sane mind. In the book from which the Bishop quoted so freely—though I am not advised that he quoted from that part—some twenty instances were given of conversions from an unbelief as to the future. Those were a few only of the cases which are within my own knowledge. They are numbered by hundreds and thousands, within the knowledge of Spiritualists, all over the land, and they show how powerful, how all-controlling is the argument in favor of man's immortality, which Spiritual intercourse furnishes—how much more convincing than all the preaching to which the subjects of such conversions have listened for years and years.

4. It demonstrates that the spirits of our departed friends can and do commune with us who are left behind. The substance of the Bishop's position on this topic is a denial of the fact, for he speaks of the "folly and unreasonableness of supposing that the spirits of our departed friends are suffered to remain on earth and to mingle in the affairs of men," and of the "unhappiness it would be to them to remain among strifes and sorrows which they could not alleviate." The same course was once taken by this same Prelate in regard to the manifestations themselves, and it was "folly and unreasonableness" to suppose they were any thing but delusion or deception. But he and many others of his calling

in a great measure correct. The great law which underlies the whole spiritual philosophy is that proclaimed by Jesus of Nazareth—"Love God with all your might and your neighbour as yourself." Such is the law which for eighteen hundred years the Christian world has professed to believe—such the law which over thirty thousand priests are weekly preaching from as many pulpits in this nation. Yet with what effect? Let facts answer. Out of a population of nearly twenty-five millions not five millions are professing christians; and the sect to which this Rev. Prelate belongs cannot number one hundred thousand.

Is it not proper to ask why is this? It is because there is not inducement enough held out to man, to overcome the selfishness of his material nature, and obey this law of his spiritual existence. Eighteen centuries have demonstrated this, and it is high time that something should come to hold out this inducement to man. To perform that task is now the great mission of Spirit Inter-course and it is, day by day, as fast as we are capable of receiving it, performing it, by so revealing to us the condition into which we are to be ushered after death, that we cannot help realizing how necessary it is for us to obey the law in life. As the burnt child dreads the fire because it realizes the danger, so will man, when he shall fully realize what is the nature of the existence which is to follow this life, be ever on his guard against the temptations, with which his animal nature constantly surrounds him. This neglected function of the Priesthood, Spiritualism is now performing in our midst. And why not? The Bible is full of it. An Angel appeared to Hagar, Gen. 16. Three in the shape of men appeared to Abraham, Gen. 18, and two to Lot, Gen. 19. One called to Hagar, Gen. 21. and to Abraham, Gen. 22. One spoke to Jacob in a dream, Gen. 31. One appeared to Moses, Exod. 3. One went before the camp of Israel, Exod. 14. One met Balaam by the way, Num. 22. One spake to all the children of Israel, Judges 2. One spake to Gideon, Judges 6: and to the wife of Manoah, Judges 13. One appeared to Elijah, 1 Kings 19. One stood by the threshing floor of Ornan, 1 Chron. 21. One talked with Zachariah, Zach. 1. One appeared to the two Marys at the sepulchre, Matt. 28. One foretold the birth of John the Baptist, Luke 1. One appeared to the Virgin Mary, *ibid*; to the shepherds, Luke 2. One opened the door of Peter's prison, Acts 5.

Two were seen by Jesus, Peter, James and John, Luke 9, and one spake to John the Evangelist, Rev. 22.

It will not do to say these were angels—a distinct order of beings from man—for those seen by the apostles were Moses and Elias, and that seen by John, though called by him an angel, avowed himself to be his fellow servant and one of his brethren the prophets.

And now may we not ask, if man in the olden time could see and talk with angels—if in former ages the spirits of departed mortals could appear to and commune with those yet living—may we not, I say, ask wherein has man's nature so changed that the same thing may not happen to him now?

Why, how often in the ceremonies of the Bishop's own church, does he call upon his people to say "I believe in the Communion of Saints!" which the Articles of his Religion say "may be proved by most certain warrants of Holy Scripture;" and yet that communion which is holy when only spoken of, he would fain have us believe is evil when actually practised!

Briefly then to sum the argument up:—Spiritualism prevents hypocrisy: it deters from crime: it reclaims the infidel: it proves the immortality of the soul: it recognizes one God and man's responsibility to him: it enforces the great law of the Creator, by inducements hitherto unknown to man: it heals the sick: it gives sight to the blind: it cures the lame: it comforts the mourner: it enjoins upon all the utmost purity of life: it teaches that charity which rather mourns over than rejoices at the failings of our fellow mortals; and it reveals to us our own nature and what is the existence into which we are to pass, when this life shall end.

And this, we are taught by a Reverend Divine, holding a high rank in what he calls "The Church of God" is of the Devil! Alas, if it be, by what sign shall we know the work of God?

But the chief basis of the Bishop's position that Spiritual Inter-course is Satanic, seems to be found in the revelations as to the spirit's surroundings after it has passed from this life. These he denounces as gross, material, and of the earth, earthy, and as conflicting with the sublime teachings of the gospel, and therefore "Devilish."

I do not learn that he paused to detail to his hearers, what is the condition of the future, according to the gospel, as he under-

stands it. I have known this attempted many times by divines, but I never knew any two of them to agree in their description; whereas in these revelations there is no discrepancy on this point.

I do not learn that in reading extracts from my book, he departed from the practice of his calling, namely that of drawing particular passages from their context and thus giving them a very different meaning from the true one: a practice which I do not hold very high either in law or gospel, and which I have often seen excite the smile of contempt among the intelligent minds in church.

Nor do I learn that he called the attention of his hearers to the reasons given in my book (Sect. 62 of vol. 2) for our faith on this subject, whereby they might have been enabled to judge for themselves, instead of being governed by his authority or mine.

But he seems to have contented himself with just so many and such extracts as would tend to prove his position and let the rest go. But let that pass

And let us inquire what is the great difference between us on this point which makes my teachings "Devilish," "unchristian" and "positively hurtful" and makes his to be holy, and sublime and gospel-like?

He teaches that man on dying, becomes suddenly and marvelously changed—that he passes far away from the earth, out of the reach of its cares, anxieties and affections—that he passes into a state of existence whose condition is entirely unknown, except that it is either unutterably miserable, or inexpressibly happy—that the state either of bliss or woe into which he is first ushered, never changes and is never ending, and that his condition of happiness or sorrow is not of his own creation and cannot be affected by aught he can do in this life, but is dependent particularly in its happiness upon a vicarious atonement.

On the other hand I believe that man is the creature of progression. That it is his destiny, from his birth to progress on to eternity, towards the Godhead—that no man is exempt from this destiny—that while man cannot prevent he can retard or accelerate its consummation, and he can make the interval of progress for long ages happy or woeful as he obeys or disregards the law of his spiritual nature which is love for God and man:—that death is but a continuation of this life, and this life but a preparation for the next.

that we pass into the next state of existence with all our faculties, memories, and affections, as we have cultivated or perverted them here—and that we are for a while, until our minds grow to become elevated above them, surrounded there by all those objects which would be calculated to give us the weal or woe we have earned for ourselves.

Such is in brief, the difference between us. I will not pause here to ask which is most acceptable to the rational mind? which is best supported by scripture? That would take too much room. But I will ask what is there in my belief that is "Devilish" "Unchristian," "hurtful?" And I will answer the question not in my own language, but in that of one of the Bishops of the Episcopal Church of this country—One who sits in the same House of Bishops with him of Vermont.

I extract from a sermon preached in Connecticut in 1852 and published:—

"I have now closed my argument and would be glad if time allowed to pass to the survey of another most interesting question. What are the conditions of our future existence? But as it is, I can only allude to one or two general points and then leave the subject to your individual reflection.

"1. In the first place, provision will undoubtedly be made hereafter for the culture and the exercise of all the intellectual and moral faculties of our nature. Heaven will not be a monotony. All which belongs to our nature, that is not sensual and sinful, will there find free scope for its development. Nothing then which we learn here is lost. No elevated taste is cultivated in vain. No healthy affection withers under the touch of death. There are strains of melody, and sights of beauty, and holy friendships in the Spiritual world. Every thing which God has made on earth and which man has left untouched by sin is only a symbol of something grander and more resplendent in reserve for the holy hereafter. What music will be heard in heaven! What prospects will charm the eye! What thoughts will be uttered there! What emotions will be enkindled there! What variety of employment, and yet nothing servile, nothing selfish! How is it then that we shrink from the future? why does eternity come before us as a cold blank void: a sea without a shore, moaning and groaning under a starless sky, where the soul floats like a

helmless wreck, solitary and despairing? Because there is a stain of corruption on the soul which needs to be washed out, because the sense of sin makes us afraid.

"2. In the second place we observe that to the righteous the future will be a state of constant and unending progress. The law of this progress may be essentially the same as it is now, only it will operate under greatly improved conditions. We shall never reach a point where we shall stop and make no farther advance, for then there would lie before us an eternity without occupation. All mortal creatures are capable only of a limited improvement because theirs is a limited existence, man must advance forever because he lives forever. The time will, no doubt, come when we shall look back on all that we have acquired and done in this world, as we now regard the experiences of our earliest in fancy and we shall wonder that we then thought ourselves so wise.

"3. And finally our future destiny will be in precise accordance with our deserts and character. We shall reap what we have sown. We shall begin our life hereafter as we close it here. There is no such thing as separating the man from his character, and there is no such thing as separating the character from the destiny."

Such are my sentiments too! Such are the principles which Spiritualism teaches! And now if they are "Devilish" "Unchristian," and "hurtful" in me, pray what must they be in the Right Reverend Bishop of Rhode Island, whose language it is that I have quoted?

A few words on one topic more and I have done.

I can hardly believe the Bishop is correctly reported when he is made to say that the law of the Scripture forbids our communing with the spirits of our departed friends, as well as dealing with witches and those having a familiar spirit; for I have never been able to find any such injunctions in Holy writ, nor can I conceive how that can be, and Peter and James and John escape condemnation for beholding Moses and Elias; or John, in the Revelations, for communing with the spirit of "One of his brethren the prophets," or Saul, obeying the spirit when struck with blindness on the way-side, or Peter when listening to the injunction to call not the Gentile unclean.

But it is true that in the law of Moses there are injunctions against dealing with witches or those having familiar spirits: but does the Rev. Prelate mean that his Christian hearers shall understand that that law is still binding upon us? He certainly must mean so or he would not quote it as evidence of our "unchristian" deportment. See then where it would bring him. One part of that law must be as binding as another and yet right by the side of that to which he appeals are commands like these:

Ye shall eat no manner of fat, Lev. 7, 23.

Ye shall not eat of the camel, the hare or the swine, Lev. 11, 8.

When ye reap the harvest of your land thou shalt not wholly reap the corners of thy field, neither shalt thou gather the gleanings of thy harvest, Lev. 19, 9.

Thou shalt not sow thy field with mingled seed, neither shall a garment mingled of linen and woollen come upon thee, Lev. 19, 19.

Ye shall not round the corners of your heads, neither shalt thou mar the corners of thy beard, Lev. 19, 27.

Regard not them that have familiar spirits, neither seek after wizards, Lev. 19, 31.

The man who committeth adultery with another man's wife, the adulterer and adulteress shall surely be put to death, Lev. 20, 10.

A man also, or woman that hath a familiar spirit or that is a wizard shall surely be put to death. They shall stone them with stones, Lev. 20, 27.

In the seventh year there shall be a sabbath of rest unto the land; thou shalt neither sow thy field nor prune thy vineyard, Lev. 24, 4.

Ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof, Lev. 25, 10.

When thou buildest a new house then thou shalt make a battlement for thy roof, Deut. 22, 8.

Thou shalt make thee fringes on the four quarters of thy vesture, Deut. 22, 12.

A bastard shall not enter into the congregation of the Lord,—Deut. 23, 2.

Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant which is escaped from his master unto thee, Deut. 23, 15.

And if any mischief follow, then thou shalt give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, and eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot.

Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live, Ex. 22, 18.

Neither shalt thou countenance a poor man in his cause. Exod. 23, 3.

In six days shalt thy work be done, but on the seventh day there shall be to you a holy day, a sabbath of rest to the Lord.—Whosoever doeth work therein shall be put to death. Ye shall kindle no fire throughout your habitations upon the sabbath day, Ex. 35, 2, 3.

But enough—enough in all conscience to show to the candid mind the basis on which this “Right Reverend father in God” rests his denunciations. No word of comment is necessary, unless it may be to inquire, if we are entirely to lose sight of the later teaching of Jesus: “Ye have heard that it hath been said, an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth, but I say unto you that ye resist not evil,” and of the consoling announcement, that on the command to love God and one another, hang all the law and the prophets, under the Christian dispensation?

J. W. EDMONDS.

New York, November 28, 1855.

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

I see the mountain peaks that terminate
 Life's journeyings, on my pathway gleam,
 No longer clad as in my dreams of “fate”
 Where the unreal full oft the real seem.
 But now from off their spicy tops I deem
 Fresh odors come to rouse my flagging zeal,
 And where my sun throws down its lingering beam,
 Æ I cannot tell thee why, but yet I feel
 There, there, are gather'd loves death can alone reveal.

My ear is dull again, yet fairy sounds
 Ring on the nerve as tho' upon yon cloud
 Unnumbered angel bands had gather'd round
 To tune anew behind its gorgeous shroud,
 Not with the bolt of muttering thunders loud,
 But thrilling notes that on the human heart

DI·A LOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XVI.

SPIRITUALIST.—We parted in our last discussion, with your description of the orthodox heaven and hell. I left you as one of the Elect certain of being saved, and myself as certain of being damned if I did not believe in your dogmas.

SKEPTIC.—I did not fully describe heaven and hell—that I am not competent to do. No man knows what awaits him after he has passed the vale of death and entered the threshold of eternity. I know that heaven is a place of rest and felicity, and that hell is the opposite of it. I do not know that I am of the chosen vessels of mercy, or that you are a vessel of wrath, but I know that I believe, and am full of faith, and therefore have a well grounded hope of a happy immortality beyond the grave. How it is with you I know not; But you manifest a spirit that I fear can never pass into the courts of rest. How would you appear before the Lord Christ whom you have denied?

SP.—I have never denied Christ. I accept him in all things. He is the great exemplar of the Spiritualists. It is we who are Christians—rather than those who confound God and Christ. You seem to think I have no chance of heaven, because I do not manifest the right spirit. Have you seen in me any spirit other than that of charity?

SKEP.—No—but you do not believe. You are not of the true faith, and therefore are in danger of being cast away. The wicked and the righteous cannot go to the same place.

SP.—I thank God we are not to be judged by man. It is possible that our Maker may have a larger heart, and a broader love, than some of his human servants attribute to him. I believe that God loves all his children, and all things that live are his children. The vegetable, the mineral, the animal life are all from him. The tree is not unhappy—the mute crystal does not suffer.

This is proved from the fact that they love life. With few and isolated exceptions they enjoy infinitely more than they suffer. Even their labors and their sufferings are servicable in effecting the cultivation of their minds, and the general development of their faculties. But your doctrine represents the Almighty and Beneficent Creator of myriads of systems of worlds, as being kind and good to the whole of his inferior creation, and cruel and revengeful to those whom he has made in his own image and endowed with his own attributes. You represent him as making a grand failure of creation. At least ninety-nine hundredths of those who are known to have lived upon the earth come short of the rules you have laid down, and consequently must be a loss to the Creator—unless you claim that it gives him pleasure to torment his children. If it be his pleasure to hold in torture forever and ever, ninety nine of his children, and cherish the hundredth, he could scarcely be considered a God of love.

SKEP.—You forget that it is justice and not revenge that causes God to punish the sinner. The sin could not be pardoned without doing violence to God's attributes of Justice—for he is a just God. If he punishes the sinner for an infinite length of time, it is because the sin is infinite, and demands an eternal punishment.

Sp.—How is a man's sin infinite?

Skep.—In being committed against an infinite being.

Sp.—That is—pardon me—a simple absurdity. The sin partakes of the nature of the sinner, not of the one against whom the sin is directed. Man is the representative of God on earth; all sins bear against the Deity only as He is here represented by man—for it is quite ridiculous to suppose we can hurt God enthroned in his universe. Our sin is great in proportion as we injure ourselves and our fellow men, and that sin is generally a grave one—One act often extends in its effects through centuries of time, and to millions of people. Thus a sin may be very great in its effects—but it is never infinite. Is it not often the case that the crime of the individual is the fault of society? Ought not the false teachers to answer for their pupil?

Skep.—Undoubtedly—If the world is full of bad teaching, which is forever doing incalculable mischief, the teacher will be forever suffering for it in the lake of fire.

SP.—Except the millions of great sinners, who, according to your faith, on repenting at the last moment of life, were saved.

SP.—Yes, all that come to Christ even in the last moment will be received.

SP.—But who then suffer for the ills they have caused?

SKEP.—I do not know.

SP.—Doubtless those who have been misled by their teaching. It is much so in life on earth. A man amasses a fortune by unworthy means. He begins by petty cheating, and as he acquires power he oppresses thousands, and wrings from them almost their hearts' blood, and creates incalculable suffering. The oppressed are driven to crime, and they are disgraced, imprisoned with felons, made as much worse as it is possible to make them, tried by acute lawyers who task their utmost ingenuity to convict them, and then they are punished. If by the time their punishment is over and they are returned to the bosom of society, they are not very bad, it is no fault of the treatment they have had. If they are received in a kindly spirit by society and enabled to make an honest living it is the rare exception, and not the rule. But for the wealthy man who has caused all this in a thousand instances—whose heart is hard as the nether millstone—he is of course respected by all. He joins the church early in life, for it is good policy. He owns one of the best pews in a fashionable church—He lives in princely style—the ladies of his household are patterns of propriety and of fashion. They ride in their carriage, and occasionally visit the poor, and give them money, food and clothing. They are all highly respectable. They are known to be good and pious. They respond loudly in the church service, and thus people know that they are of the faithful. They believe, and they die in the faith, and leave behind a colossal fortune which their fast children will prodigally fling back into the community from which it was taken. That wealthy man is one of your elect, and the poor wretches whom he starved and drove to desperation and crime—they are the reprobates.

SKEP.—I don't know that such a man would be of the elect. I should consider him a hypocrite.

SP.—Well—how about the sinners that he drove to commit crimes?

SKEP.—I do not see how they could be saved—though they were

then was their time to prove themselves worthy of their faith. Had they stood the test, great would have been their reward.

To recur to our general topic, tell me why, if there be any good in Spiritualism, do people thus generally dislike it.

SP.—People can hardly be said to dislike it. Some millions have adopted it, and you could not buy them back to Orthodoxy for all the wealth of the globe. Of the residue the most that can be said is, that, entertaining erroneous views concerning it, they are averse to it. They do not dislike Spiritualism, but only a chimera which has been presented to their view by our opponents. There is not a man, woman or child upon the face of the earth, that could dislike our faith, if fairly and truthfully represented. In the beautiful doctrine of love taught by Christ, and the charity taught by the Apostles, (and that is Spiritualism) all mankind see a religion which the heart can adopt. It is the other dogmas which spoil religion.

It is a pity that men would not remember that Christ brought forward in his teaching the Great law of love, and it is that feature in his religion which places it immeasurably before all others known to the world. It is that feature which constitutes the soul of Spiritualism.

SKEP.—Have not some of your Spiritualists prefixed a word to that love which rather injures its purity? I allude to the Free Love taught and practised by some persons calling themselves Spiritualists.

SP.—How often must we defend ourselves from these charges? Show me one of our faith who adopts that pernicious doctrine, and I will show you a hundred of yours. Because a man happens to believe that spirits can converse with mortals, can you charge upon our faith all the sins he may commit? Suppose he is a gross sensualist—a rouse—a mere brute in his appetites, is he going to confess himself such? Not at all. He will talk in a saintly manner of his purity. He will say that the only pure union of the sexes is where there is affinity and mutual love, and that all other union is sinful. He will tell you that it is a religious faith and that he is all the purer for believing it. If there is a faith eminently pure and eminently respectable, he will be likely to seize

ever studied his faith, and other faiths to compare with it, he would have known on what points they were tenable or untenable. Persons are bigoted with respect to their faith exactly in proportion to their ignorance of the general subject. The man who has studied deeply into the nature and foundation of a hundred religions, and from an elevated point of view, will not be bigoted in his opinion of any one. If he has studied, never so deeply, any one religion and no more, he will be necessarily blind. It becomes a monomania. Suppose a man lived in an inaccessible desert, with his wife and family, and no one of them had ever seen or heard of any other human being. And suppose them all to be deformed and ugly; would such a man be fit to judge of the form and appearance of the human races? Just such a judge of religions, is that man who brought up in the orthodox faith, has never examined any other:

You ask why people are prejudiced against our faith. I answer, they do not understand it. Tell me why Mohammedans are prejudiced against the Christian Religion. Think you that they understand it properly? Tell me why rowdies of all sorts are prejudiced against ministers of the gospel. Do you think any prejudice (prejudgement without examination) can be just?

Why are people prejudiced against our faith? Because it is Spirituality as opposed to sensualism. It demands of people that they shall mortify their sinful propensities and turn their thoughts more to the condition of their minds and their affections. That they be less worldly in their motives and actions—in a word that they shall deny themselves, in some degree, and do some good in the world to others.

Why were the Jews prejudiced against Christ and his followers? Does it follow because people went about to stone the preacher that his doctrine was bad? Christ preached a new doctrine which was at war with the Jews' adopted faith, and thus they hated him and his teachings. Are you answered?

SKEP.—Yes, in some degree I am. But all this does not reach my case. How can you compare any other religion with Christianity?

SP.—I do not. It is, in my opinion the only true religion for us. But on that broad basis are reared Romanism, Calvinism, Methodism, Spiritualism, and many other doctrines. I speak of your

faith as that of a sect, and I do not admit that it is the only Christian religion. I too am a Christian, and I seem to go nearer to Christ, our great exemplar, than you do. I claim that you have strayed far from the good shepherd, and ought to return. Christ was a Spiritualist.

SKEP.—I find it difficult to hear patiently your speaking thus of Christ, he was the Almighty Creator, enshrined for awhile in the human form. To call him a Spiritualist is blasphemy. I wonder the earth does not open to receive you.

SP.—Still I assert that he was a Spiritualist. He went about preaching Spirituality as opposed to Sensualism—Charity as opposed to revenge and hate. He magnetized the sick and cured them. He was a medium of extraordinary good qualities, through whom the host of heaven wrought wonders and signs. I think no other man has ever possessed such qualities of mind and body.

SKEP.—To call Christ a medium is still greater blasphemy.

SP.—The English word Medium, means prophet, in the sense in which it is used in the Bible. In every age and in every language we use different words to express our meaning; Medium is a technical word, coined for the purpose for which it is now used. It is not Latin nor Greek, but English, and its plural is mediums. It is the same masculine and feminine. What harm is there in the word we have coined, since it expresses our meaning?

SKEP.—There is no harm in the word,—the blasphemy is in the application of it. How can you compare the twenty-five cent rappers and tippers with the great and holy prophets of old?

SP.—I make no comparisons between them. Some are good and some are indifferent on both sides, some true and some false. One of the kings of the Jews kept about him some five hundred of the prophets, and yet when he wished to know whether or not it would be safe to go to Ramoth Gilead, they could not any of them tell. I should call them but poor mediums. Among the Jews from the time of Abram to the rebuilding of the temple, the prophets were numerous. They were reckoned by hundreds. Every king and every wealthy man was provided with them and no important act was undertaken without consulting them. So it is now, many Spiritualists make a practice of consulting the modern prophets before entering into any great enterprise. The Egyptians Etern-

ever had existence, have been in the habit of consulting the prophets before going into any great and important matter; and at many periods the habit had become universal. Among the Greeks and Romans the prophets were called oracles. Among other nations the mediums had other names. But all of them, whether seers, men of God, vates, prophets, wiccas, oracles or mediums, had the same office. They were persons susceptible to magnetism, and could be made clairvoyant or sufficiently impressible for a spirit to convey his idea to the mortal.

SKEP.—You do not put your mediums in very good company when you put them on a par with soothsayers, necromancers and witches.

SP.—A soothsayer is one who speaks the truth—alluding of course to hidden things—A necromancer is one who divines by the dead; in other words a prophet. Witch, comes from wicca, a priestess—one who knows or is learned. The prejudices of ignorance have perverted these words to a bad signification. So would people pervert the word medium, if they could.

SKEP.—I suppose among the mediums of old, must be reckoned the charmers, the enchanters, and those who dealt with familiar spirits.

SP.—Certainly, with the exception that many of them only pretended to be mediums.

SKEP.—Why were laws enacted against such people?

SP.—Refer to the passage where Miriam and Aaron complained to Moses that they were not allowed to prophecy, &c. Did not Moses at once manifest his jealousy of his sister and brother? You will find that the priests of the Jews were in some respects like our priests, they did not like the people to have any other spiritual advisers than themselves. So they passed laws against mediums exercising their vocations. Even now if our ministers could be consulted as the only mediums, they would have no objections to the intercourse with spirits. But it is their assumed prerogatives, to get advice in spiriture from any other source.

SKEP.—There may be such a cause for the bit ag they have towards mediums, but I was not aware of it, ag they derstood them to say that it was to save us from ag perdition that they warned us against your fatal erro

You speak of there being so many prophets among the Jews, that they were as common as any other professions. Do you not include in that number the false prophets, the diviners and the dreamers of dreams, &c?

SP.—Yes, I do. But remember that every sect of religionists considers all others in error, that is, false. The Jewish prophets spake of those of the Egyptians and Assyrians as false, and boasted of enticing them into their temples and slaying them by hundreds.

SKEP.—I remember the text you allude to. It is 1st Kings 18th. I cannot say that I think it a very just or very amiable act in that good old prophet, who heard the "still small voice."

SP.—How was it, when Elisha cursed "in the name of the Lord" the children that mocked him, and caused the bears to tear forty two of them to pieces?

SKEP.—That was not very meek nor very amiable.

SP.—If those were the true prophets what were the false? I do not think I blaspheme those good old men when I call them mediums, or when I consider our mediums prophets, yet you seemed to be horrified just now that I considered them no better than mediums. If I knew any mediums who would act as some of the Bible mediums did, I should pray earnestly for their reformation, but should never claim them as Spiritualists.

SKEP.—Still you persist in confounding prophets and mediums, as though any thing ever uttered through your mediums could compare with the great prophecies of old.

SP.—If in two or three hundred years, or as long a period as is covered by the Bible prophecies, the modern mediums do not produce any thing equal to the books of the Old Testament, then say they are inferior to the Old Prophets. When, like Elijah, or Samuel, they have had sixty years experience as prophets, and have thereby become thoroughly developed, then compare them. Now the best mediums have had three or four years at the most, and are just beginning to be developed. Never complain that an acorn is not as big as an oak.

SKEP.—If I could admit that a medium was identical in kind with a prophet of the Jews, then I could draw just comparisons between them. But while your mediums talk only with spirits of deceased human beings, those prophets claimed to hold familiar converse with the Almighty.

SP.—We have plenty of mediums (we can reckon them by scores) who claim that they talk with the apostles, with Christ, and even with the Almighty. But does any sensible man believe them? They are sincere, but they are new to the subject and are deceived. Some mischievous spirit amuses himself, by playing upon their vanity and their credulity. But these cases are comparatively rare. Almost all mediums hold communication with spirits whom they personally know, or who are so recent that they can be identified. Would you not rather talk with your brother who died a year ago, and hear his opinion of the spirit world, than hear your priests' opinion of it?

SKEP.—Certainly I would. There is no man on earth—nor all men on earth combined whose word would weigh a straw with me, compared with such testimony. No—nor would I compare even the testimony of the prophets with it. If I could be sure that my brother spoke to me, I would take his word for law and gospel and doubt no more.

SP.—Would you consider his word better than that inspired man who said "The wicked shall go away into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal?"

SKEP.—Well I hardly know. I know my brother would not deceive me on so important a matter, and I could not be so certain that I understood that parable of the scriptures. Besides as we all admit there may have crept into the text some verbal errors, or the words may have been translated in such a manner as to give a different shade of meaning. Thus, I assert that if I was absolutely certain that my own brother, now in heaven could speak to me and tell me the nature of the condition to which I am destined, or describe to me accurately his own state, I should be entirely satisfied, and I would believe the statement, whatever it might be, and however opposed to my present interpretation of the Holy Scriptures.

SP.—That is sensible. You are almost a Spiritualist. I would do no more than that. If I had not seen and conversed, face to face, with my friends and relatives deceased, I should not feel sure of the truth of my present opinions.

SKEP.—But I do not believe my brother can speak if he would, nor am I certain that he would wish to if he were able. I feel almost sure that such a thing would not be permitted by the Al-

mighty. It would not be best for us to know any thing appertaining to Eternity.

SP.—All things appertain to Eternity; all time is Eternity—If the Almighty does not wish us to know any matters appertaining to the next stage of existence, then he has been partial to those who have preceded us, for the prophets of old certainly held communion with saints. "God is no respecter of persons." To him all his children are equal. All have his care, and his will is that all shall be happy. But all good things are to be had at the price of labor. By the condition of immortality (the continued refinement of the matter which constitutes our successive bodies) we cannot easily communicate with those who have worn out their first body and put on their second. But we can overcome the difficulties, with their aid, if we heartily desire it. If all men were as anxious to talk with their deceased friends, as to make money, there would be no difficulty in the way. The general desire for spirit intercourse would multiply mediums, until as in the days of the Jewish Exodus, they would be found in every family. But, alas for the weak love of brethren one for another, men bury the bodies of their friends, and put their love and memory of the deceased all in the same grave—and rather like to think of their once happy companions, as buried in the churchyard, scarcely ever realizing that they are living and moving, like human beings.

SKEP.—Because their human existence is at an end. They have entered upon another state, so different and so mysterious, that we cannot understand it. They cannot any longer be considered men and women. They are angels or devils

SP.—And what are angels and devils?

SKEP.—I do not know, but I suppose they are different from us.

SP.—By the term angel (a messenger) people generally understand a spirit who inhabits heaven, and who never had an existence as a mortal, but who has lived in all the past eternity with God in his celestial realms. Supposed to possess god-like power, and to be almost omniscient, they do not seem to have much sympathy with us, being too good and pure and too happy to come often to earth.

By the term devil, people generally understand a fiend. Devils

as bad as bad can be—to delight in making mortals as bad as themselves and to have the power of going up and down upon the earth influencing the conduct of men for evil. They are also supposed to have been in hell for an indefinite period in the past eternity, having been turned out of heaven for rebellion. Human beings who do not believe certain dogmas, are, by the divines of the orthodox stripe, handed over to these diabolic inhabitants of Pandemonium to be tormented forever and ever. Those who believe and are sprinkled with water in a formal manner by a priest, are by the same authorities put into the care of the angels to be cared for in their blissful regions and made perfectly happy through an idle eternity. Have I painted the picture aright?

SKEP.—You have thrown over it a certain air of ridicule in your description, but I don't know that it is in any essential particular wrong. I have understood devils and angels to be as you describe, but of course I do not pretend to know anything about the matter.

SP.—Are you entirely satisfied with the idea? Do you think your minister knows any more about the matter than you do? Could you honestly stand up before the world as a teacher and tell people the nature of the worlds to which they were going?

SKEP.—No, I could not, and should not attempt it. I do not think it important that we should know such things. We know enough for our salvation. We are to live in the fear of the Lord, to believe on Christ, to cast away all hopes of salvation upon our own righteousness and to throw ourselves on the merits of the Redeemer, and then God will have mercy upon us and take us to himself. And we know also that if we depend for salvation on our own good deeds (which at best are as filthy rags) or if we sin and do not repent, or if we deny the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, or if we reject the atonement of Christ, if, in a word we do not believe with a saving faith we shall be lost forever.

This is certain, except we believe we shall be damned, for there is no other name given under heaven whereby we may be saved.

SP.—You speak very authoritatively, I could not venture to dip so deeply into the councils of the Almighty. I could not so summarily dispose of the sons and daughters of the family of God, and say these few—this handful, shall He keep, and cherish, and

this almost infinite number he shall cast away, and not only cast away, but he shall busy himself to all eternity in torturing them and call in his aid an infinite number of devils. That is not the God I worship. It would seem that the Feticism of the Africans had been adopted by Christians. Those savages worship a devil. Indeed among the savage nations generally it is the devil they worship, and to whom they make sacrifice. Their good god they do not trouble themselves about. Our orthodox christians give to the Almighty the attributes of a fiend—to the God of love they attribute hatred, malice, and revenge, to inspire men with fear. As I said that is not the God I worship. The Creator of this Universe is its father. All his works prove that the predominant feeling in his nature is love, guided by wisdom. That he is infinitely above malice or revenge. That he loves his family with all a parent's love. That he creates them with faculties which require development to render them useful. That he has in infinite kindness, given his children the opportunity to labor and thus elevate themselves in the scale of being. That he has endowed them with freedom of action, knowing that although imperfect, undeveloped, and erring, they will eventually cultivate themselves and do credit to their Maker. As he loves them all, he is patient and forbearing as a mother to her peevish child. Time is nothing to Him. He knows that every being will yet find a straight path to walk in, and be useful to himself and to his fellows. That which blind and erring mortals call heinous sins, are to Him but the natural irregularities of free agents. Besides partial evil is often general good. I still think that the infinitely great Creator has not failed in this undertaking. I think that he undertook to make a good and beautiful world, and that he has succeeded. I know there are many pious people round us who pity the depravity of man, and think they ought to sympathise with God in his want of success. Many even regret that they could not have been present at the assumed time of Creation that they might have given Him their advice. But viewing the world from an elevated point of view, and looking forward into the eternal duration of time, in which created beings can cultivate and elevate themselves, I think this world and all other worlds are what their Maker intended them to be.

POETRY AND FLOWERS.

AN IDEALITY GIVEN BY SPIRIT IMPRESSION.

THOU dost not comprehend the growth of the flowers, nor how their wondrous tints should everywhere meet thy gaze! What if I should say to thee that spirits are often employed in penciling these rays of light! Thou seest how subtile are the elements of matter, and yet spirits collect this rarefied medium in its minute particles, else the phenomena thou witnessest could not be manifested; and is it strange that the Almighty Parent should so beautifully employ his children? If the art of thy earthly florist hath altered the colors, increased the fragrance, multiplied the petals of the rose, the hyacinth, the dahlia, wilt thou think strangely of an angel spirit doing even what thou canst do? Even as thy will and thy thought fashioneth through the agency of the hand, so may a spirit command in the affinities its will controlleth until its conception gathers around it the particles it desires.

Poetry is the soul exhibited on paper, like as the phosphorescent writing on the wall is not a reflex but the substance itself, burning consuming, brightening to the eye—so the soul really lives in its burning glowing lines, and there age after age ye shall find it. The worm fastened its fragile cord, the element of its own vitality, to the limb of the spreading forest tree, and the body descended earthward, but that silver thread was a part of that insect soul, glittering in the sunlight, swaying in the breeze. Poetry is the long antennæ of the spirit, which may be seen, touched, felt, even when the body is out of sight, but the nerve of the life is in it and vibrates sensation even to distant worlds. Like the mysterious laws of mesmerism, spirits are connected by the essential will power. Wouldst thou then hold converse with the great, the good of the past, thou must find their clue of silver thread or thou wilt ever grope in vain. In ascending

gentle, or the vile and loathsome harpies that fix their spirit talons in thy passions. And if thou wilt drive them thence thou must run with haste to the pure spring the flowing rivulet and wash till thou canst open thine eyes to see the holy beings that throng the flowery banks of the stream. Nay, think not that the invisible aroma, the fragrance of the flowers of this sphere hath no utility but such as thy grossness conceives. Doth not thy Scripture speak of God as smelling a sweet savor, and art thou so dull as not to know that even the Supreme enjoys, delights in the fragrance he has created? These colors are not all mere gross, evanescent matter, as thou thinkest, but are eliminated from the spirit world and in their far out-spreading make an atmosphere through which pure beings can come back to the places and friends they loved on earth.

This, then, is the organic law of the unseen world, that thou shalt ever find the spirit through the medium of its earth loves—whether of the ills of life, its destroying battle fields, its demoralizing haunts of dissipation, where the disembodied soul still, apparently, mingles in its affinities: or if despising and deploring these evils, thy spirit friend was a Howard, ask him to come to thee in thy walks of usefulness, and he will be at thy side. Thus Christ taught "Think-est thou not that I could pray to my Father and he would send legions of angels;" and thus demons fled at his approach, for though he found the man of the legion in the appropriate haunts of such unhappy unprogressed spirits, yet as he brought with him an atmosphere of life, they hurried away to the gloomy sea depths as more congenial.

Be assured from this if thou goest to the grave of thy loved ones with thy brow clouded and thy heart in gloom, thou wilt find in thy ramble of loneliness, surrounding thee every where, those who sorrow and feel the sadness of the grave, but the bright beings thou wouldst fain have met again are repelled—floating, it may be, in the gorgeous cloud that tips thy horizon with gold.—But again I charge thee keep thyself pure, and kind, if thou wouldst have like spirits surround thee.

And as the flowers are the keys that unlock the residence of the beautiful, so all animal life not only hath its correspondences but its affinities also.

H.

OUR SPIRIT SOIREEs.

Newtown, L. I. 1866.

DEAR W.—We often imagine that a crowd of spirits attend our humble "levees," that our road in the quiet country is thronged with carriages, and that neighing "spirit steeds" stamp impatiently on the greensward! We imagine that all kinds of people from above know our reception evenings, and come to see us, "Why should they not—say we! "The ministers of kings and queens have waited their fate and the downfall or gift of empires, in the obscure ante-chamber of revolutionists no wiser, of reformers no better than we."

They sometimes seem to use S. our speaking medium, as a sort of "cloak room" such as we used to have at old-fashioned country parties, where the guests took off their outer habiliments recognised each other, and had a social chat together, nodding and smiling familiarly as they passed in and out. Our friends however make this improvement—they make the table play porter and announce their names to the company. Doubtless they have rare jests over the wild mistakes we make now and then, and the outlandish names our table jostles out to us! Some little sprightly mischief-maker from the unknown world often looks mirthfully on perchance while folks are gravely noting down the names of Methuselah—Mithridates—Marcus Aurelius, &c! I e

Different spirits seem to take delight in stopping for a short time, giving us as far as possible a true representation of their voice, manner, and appearance—and then they are off like a flash.

The other night we had a visit from a grand old gentleman of the old school, who paraded about with his gold-headed cane, and succeeded so finely in impressing us with his importance, that we almost caught the glitter of his jewelled coat-buttons. He told us that the roads were so bad from "up" to "down," that his servant carried a lantern, notwithstanding which they had a hard time of it getting here. He paid a great many compliments to the

OUR SPIRIT SOIREES.

ladies, inviting them to return his call as soon as possible, and take a look at his fine grounds and magnificent chateau, which he declared to be one mile long, and half a mile deep.

Shortly afterwards a stately spirit, with dignity in her tones, and thought on her brow, bowed to us and gave the name of Frances Wright. She remarked that she was very much interested in the spiritual movement, and was earnestly endeavoring wherever she found woman taking the responsibility of a medium, to impress her mind with the importance of elevating and respecting herself. She was attracted to our circle because our opinions on the subject of "Woman's Rights" and our desire for a broader field of action, and our WILL to rise in this world as well as the next, coincided with her views and feelings.

"Polly"—a beautiful bright spirit, who never will consent to be called Mary, but keeps with a pleasant eccentricity the pet name she received among her friends on earth, made herself known by her peculiar smile, pure, sweet, and clear as a moonbeam. She was during her life a missionary to the island of Hayti, and there contracted a disease which only left her time to return home to die. Judge C. at whose house she spent her last days of earthly life, first introduced her to our circles, and she often attends them; seeming still to act the part of a missionary to those spirits who often discouraged, cheerless, ignorant, and startled by the power of a new existence, stray earthward in search of enlightenment and encouragement; many a time her kindness obtains them a hearing when they would otherwise be thoughtlessly disregarded, or indignantly repulsed.

A German gentleman next entered, who wished to remind us of a terribly long foreign name which we had laughingly extracted from our reluctant table. The only English words in his vocabulary seemed to be "de buch" "and me" "and de table," which he kept repeating with frenzied earnestness, catching up the volumes before him, and gesticulating with true German fervor, completely transforming S. whose features I verily believe twisted themselves into a passable daguerreotype of the visitor from Father-land. He soon gave up, and in a roundabout way Charles Matthews, the self-sacrificed man, as he styles himself, slid in among so much better company. You remember that he was murdered at New Haven, by the followers of Mrs. Wakeman—his story of horror and weak-

OUR SPIRIT SOIREEs.

mindful fanaticism, makes one shrink as if from actual guilt. "Wo, wo to you!" he cried, "Wo to the inhabitants of the earth, the man of sin yet lives!" He proceeded to show us a fearful transcript of his weak misguided mind, a grim smile seemed to reflect from his face upon S. he seemed so well satisfied that he had paid the penalty, was free from his ambiguous honors as the man of sin, and by his sacrifice had saved us all from the judgement; he warned us most unnecessarily not to touch the Holy Prophetess, and to keep a sharp look out for ourselves. His visit was unexpected and unpleasant, he spoke loudly and violently, in a preaching hollow tone, which yet rings in my ears with a shudder. We were rather appalled than delighted with the honor, and probably showed it, for our friend Polly afterwards reminded us that we should have tried to reason with and instruct the poor half crazed man, who was zealously going the rounds to all the circles, in order to warn the world and protect the "prophetess."

It was a relief after this when such spirits as the noble Jesse Hutchinson, and Willis Gaylord Clark the poet, twin brother to the present editor of the Knickerbocker, dropped in with a pleasant word, and a smile of greeting, or "left their cards," as they jocosely term it,—and Gainsborough the painter, recognising a brother artist in our friend Mr. I.—He tells us that they still continue the practice of their beautiful art in the other world—that the landscapes there are not so ethereal that they cannot be copied, nor the faces so immaterial and spiritual, that their tints cannot be transferred to canvases—It is not so cold a world as to waken no enthusiasm, nor so perfect a world that the souls there have no higher aspirations, no warmer dreams, no visions to which the painter only can give expression,—but art flourishes there under far more kindly auspices than with us; artists are better appreciated and more highly valued than on earth. The deprivation and sorrow, the vain struggle of gifted souls with the necessities and stern exactions of life, the despair and lack of success, and the frequent abandonment of the higher walks of art, through the unpitying "must" of money making, are not so common there, as here,

Sometimes among the groups of modern men and women, look in mistily faces from the far ages. Great men, whose names have scarred the earth—whose mighty autographs the rush of hasting feet, and the onward progress of mind, have not yet trampled

out. Great men, who standing far above their age cast giant shadows over the times and over the nations, long ago. In this strange hour the past, the present, and the future meet in one mystic circle, and voices from the dark ages sing with the voices of to-day "there's a good time coming." Yes, these things are so: what the spirit possesses of intellect, of opinion, of eccentricity, survives the rending of the mortal from the immortal. WE, hereafter, shall be the WE of now. WE, shall rise again;—not some new essence of us, so vastly purer, so immeasurably higher, that we should not recognise it.

ANN M. H

THOUGHT.

It is no fable of the dancing elves
 That throng the river's marge with gleesome song,
 'Tis truth's own glass in which ourselves
 Are but reflected in those colors strong:
 For what is thought—to what doth it belong?
 When with the heather bell it stops to play,
 Or hurries onward like the tempest strong,
 Or sympathises with the deer at bay,
 Or veils its sadden'd eye on armies in array.

Thought is an elfin, or perchance, a sprite
 That hath its fairy haunts by mountain stream,
 Or from the graveyard starting up at night
 It curdles the young blood with nightmare dreams,
 Then with a phantasy of reason makes us deem
 Our vision was preposterous, absurd,
 When had we known the truth, we saw a gleam
 From that great future, of which we oft have heard
 When earth shall be the dream by memory only stirred.

Like as the infant when the morning sun
 Opens its eyelids on its kindred near;
 Stretches its hands with smiles on every one,
 Whose voices strike like music on its ear
 So hath it seemed to me I am but cradled here
 Where beckoning spirits gladden with their eyes
 Each effort that I make toward their sphere,
 And with extended hand they bid me rise
 To leave my crib of earth and reach my home the skies.

H.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Putnam, Windham Co. Ct. Dec. 14, 1866.

HON. J. W. EDMONDS:

DEAR SIR—I wish to state to you the following facts. You can make such use of them as you please.

About ten years since I resided in Grand st. Williamsburgh. I was returning one summer night from New York city, at about 11 o'clock—as I passed the rear part of the house of Deacon Dalton, I felt a sudden and strong impression that I ought to call there. I had no errand—saw no light in the house—heard no sound, and the lights in the houses near, were generally extinguished. I resisted the impression—it came stronger upon me. I turned to go to the house: then thought—this is strange! all the family have probably retired, it is time for me to be at home.

As I turned homeward, the impression came upon me with increased power, "You are wanted there at Deacon Dalton's." There now seemed to be something added to the mental impression. I felt a force pressing me toward the Deacon's; I made a great effort, I ran a rod or two to break away from this strange influence. On the way homeward for a full half mile I was uneasy. "What does this mean?" was the question. As I tried to compose myself to sleep, my mind was disturbed by the thought "You ought to have called at the Deacon's." The thought seemed to be talking to me.

When I awoke in the morning, my first thoughts were in relation to that strange impression, last night. Early the door bell rang, I went to the door myself. Mary Dalton, eldest daughter of the Deacon, was there. Her exclamation and message may thus be recorded in substance:—"O Mr Johnson! Are you at home? We told father you was away."

"Why! What has happened, Mary?"

"Father is DEAD. He went in bathing last evening, and came home with a chill—he died a little after midnight."

and 11 o'clock he wanted very much to see you; He said that he had some thoughts which he wished to express to you."

Now, Judge—as I make this record full ten years after the events took place—I have not rushed into the matter hastily. I feel it duty to give this testimony that it may be examined and compared with other evidences, that there are "ministering spirits sent forth to minister to them who shall be heirs of salvation," (Heb. 1: 14.) I had preached for about two years to the church in which brother Dalton was deacon. At the time of his death we were in different ecclesiastical positions. I have ascertained that he wished to talk with me about some severe trials through which we passed when we were associated in church relations.

Some will say that it was the power of his intense anxiety which influenced me.

My belief is, that some ministering spirit was the agent. This philosophy appears to me the most reasonable.

Yours for free investigation.

J. B. JOHNSON.

THE INDIAN COUNTRY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

NUMBER NINE.

Detroit, Oct. 6.

DEAR S.—You have doubtless seen a letter of mine in the Albany Argus, of a later date than that written from Buffalo, which you rightly suspect was from me, but which I have not seen in print. My last letter to the Argus describes the state of things as then existed, but it did not convey an idea of the savage character of the population, Indians, half breeds and whites, with which I have been surrounded for several weeks. Ferocious, however, as were some of the people, there was no danger as long as there was no fear. They are generally as cowardly as they are blood-thirsty; and I have very little doubt, but for the high hand we carried with them, that we should have had some exhibitions of violence.

At the treaty of Chicago in 1833, there were some seven or eight murders committed. The Indian Agent is frequently the first victim; and it is unparelled in Indian Treaties to have them pass off with so little disturbance. This is to be attributed in the case before us, to the abstinence from liquor and the strict police which we preserved with our military force. After all, our situation might have been made uncomfortable. There were at least 1000 Indian warriors on the island, and some hundreds of half breeds, more savage and treacherous than the natives themselves. We had a force of only 150 men, and were at least 100 miles from any other white settlement. The odds in case of difficulty, would have been against us. But we had no trouble, and the angry passions which are always engendered on such occasions, have taken a direction to be expended among themselves. That there will yet be some murders among them, I have very little doubt. One man,

who was not in fact a chief, got himself put into the treaty as one of the first class. This he was supposed to have done through his relationship with the Indian Agent, and the actual head chief was put into the second class. The first class of chiefs received \$500 each and the second class \$200 each. The chief who had thus been postponed became very angry and threatened to kill the other, who, to save himself offered to give up all that he had received. But the offer was refused and he was told to keep himself out of the way of his offended rival. The consequence was he did not dare to venture out of his lodge after dark, nor in the day time unless accompanied by one or two of his sons fully armed. With these precautions he may be able to return home with safety, but he will be in constant danger, from which he cannot well protect himself. For if he should first kill his antagonist, he would be hunted by his friends and relations, until the duty of revenge, as they deem it, shall be performed. He has but one hope, and that is of buying his peace.

The universal rule among them is to revenge injuries. It has only one exception, namely, they can sometimes be bought off. I saw that ceremony performed, and will describe it to you.

One day a chief of the Ottawas came to me and said one of his young men had killed a Chippewa and he wanted me to give him a present with which he might attempt to buy forgiveness. Of course I supplied him right well, and witnessed the ceremony. The two bands met, each surrounding its chief. Between them, on the ground, was placed the present. The criminal was seated near his present but on the Chippewa side. He sat with his head hanging down, and in the attitude of calmness and resignation becoming a martyr. The Ottawa chief stepped out from the ranks and addressed the Chippewas. He said one of his young men had killed their friend, but it was by accident. They had brought him forward to atone for the deed; but as they were now all brothers of the same family, he hoped the Chippewas would spare his life.

The Chippewas consulted among themselves. There was a few moments of anxious suspense; for if the Chippewas had not accepted the present, any relation of the deceased would by their customs have had a right to step out from the ranks and with his tomahawk slay the criminal on the spot. The Indians alone were unmoved, the criminal evincing the least concern. The least ap-

pearance of anxiety on his part would have caused his certain death, or have branded him with the stain of cowardice for life, to which death would have been preferable. I, of course, was not without anxiety. The Chippewa chief, in answer to my inquiries, had previously expressed his belief that the young man would be spared, but it depended upon the voice of his band. He would use his influence in favor of mercy. You may judge how closely I watched every movement; for I was determined that no such deed of blood should be acted in my presence, and to save the young man at all hazards. They suspected as much, probably, from my manner, though I had not declared my intentions, and I thought my appearance helped some to produce a favorable result. Be that as it may, after a short consultation the Chippewa spoke to the assembled multitude. His words were few, and were spoken with great dignity "Brothers you have struck us.—One of our wigwams is desolate. One of our old women mourns for her son. One of our young women has no longer any one to hunt for her. Our band has lost a brave warrior and our faces are black with sorrow. A dark cloud rests upon us, but the Great Spirit can drive it away. It will do us no good to make you sorrow also. We forgive you, take your young man home, and let our pity teach him to avoid the fire water."

This was admirably said and done. The language was beautiful, the manner calm and impressive; and I could not but think how infinitely superior the judgement and its manner were to the horrible solemnity of the white man's condemnation of the murderer to a degrading death by the gallows. The young man immediately arose from his seat, and walked across to mingle with his own tribe. One of the near relatives of the deceased stepped forward and taking the bundle of presents carried it to his own band. There was silence for a few moments, when the Ottawa chief expressed the thanks of his tribe, and a general dispersion followed. The gravity and silence of the whole assembly added very much to the impressive character of the ceremony. There were at least 1000 Indians present, all males. It was near the beach; a slight surf was rolling in, and its hollow murmuring was the only sound heard besides the chieftains words. I was standing with my interpreter near the criminal; the speeches were spoken slowly, with long pauses, apparently for the purpose of enabling

me to understand all that was said. And to all the assembly except myself, it was probably a matter of doubt whether life would be spared or taken. And I was not without anxiety as to the probable consequence of my interference with one of their most sacred customs. Every thing however passed off very well. The day was Sunday, and delightfully pleasant. It was soon understood that I had provided the presents for the purchase of the young man's life, and this was not without its influence in producing a kind feeling among them. In half an hour's time I was witnessing a game of ball, played with all the shouting, noise, and activity, of an Indian frolic, and by the very individuals who a few moments previous had been passing upon a matter of life and death; the accused and the avengers joining heartily in the sport.

You may not understand the expression of the chief, "Our faces are blackened." It alludes to their badge of mourning. When they lose a friend, they paint their faces black, and continue to wear this sign of sorrow for such time as caprice or feeling may dictate. There is no limited time for it.

The "fire-water" is the name they give to whiskey, and was mentioned because the murder was committed in a drunken frolic.

In some things, particularly those which require the exercise of the abstruse powers of the mind, the Indians are very stupid. They cannot count, and when required to do so will use their fingers or little sticks. But in all matters of observation which appeal to their senses, they are very shrewd and acute. They appreciated my decided mode of transacting some of the business, and seemed delighted at every instance of my detecting and exposing the frauds which were attempted to be practised upon them. I was uniformly kind to them, which is rather rare for them. They sometimes tried my patience sorely, but I never for a moment permitted myself to exhibit any impatience in word or manner; and I found the advantage of my conduct in the influence which I was able to exercise, and in their uniform respect. One of my colleagues was timid and the other petulant; the Indians understood

EVIL.

FROM A CHAPTER ON ETHICS BY SPIRIT COMMUNICATION

This is the true philosophy of evil, it is the clothing of thy spirit with the inharmonious elements of thy material body. Theologians and schoolmen have not understood St. Paul's assertion "when I would do good evil is present." He found "a law in his members bringing him into captivity to the law of sin and death:" an unvarnished statement of a great fact. Wilt thou be pure? ask thy bodily impulses and appetites. Would it be wise to talk to the machinery of thy time keeper, and ask it to move fast or slow? thou hast the implements to correct its deviations and must use them thyself. The body, not the spirit of man is in the wrong. The spirit decides aright, but the intention is defeated by the defective messenger. The spirit would kindle a gentle warmth, but the electricity it toucheth cannot be gentle. The spirit would listen to righteousness, temperance and judgement, but its body is Felix and cannot yield assent.

Could men be persuaded of the truth that moral evils are derived entirely from their bodily organism, would it not produce important changes in the relations of society? It has long been suspected that food had much to do with character, yet it will be treated as novelty that all diversity of character not only is simplified or intensified by the aliment, but, that as far as the rudimental matter derived at the birth, can be corrected or altered in the parts to be increased by growth, just so far will you be able to make the manifestations of the mind subserve the end of any purposed education. Lycurgus discovered this law and could he have explained it to the Lacedemonians they would have appreciated the black broth diet, not as an arbitrary enactment, but as a necessity in developing certain powers and directions of the national will.

The philosophy is therefore, true, that as the animal deriveth the direction of its habits from the material elements of its body,

so those elements will more or less affect and reproduce their resemblance in those who use the body of animals as food.

SECTION II.—OF AFFINITY.

Thou talkest not wisely of affinities when thou dost forget that conditions are contingent of attraction. Couldst thou say in thy fancy I will ally myself to angelic harmonies, doth it therefore follow that thy elemental laws of appetite would allow of this?—Would it seem strange were the beasts of the earth to say we will be men? so men whose tendencies are of earth cannot have those aspiring affinities in action until their organism of mind and body undergoes those changes which all the laws of nature say are necessary.

Can the musician bring forth the notes of a lute through a bass drum? So to talk of dissolving relations here in order to make them more perfect is a childish conceit. Thou shouldst aim at elevated soul affinities in all the relations of society; but thou canst not sever them nor form them aright until thou hast analyzed and understood them in connection with the universe around thee, and even then thou canst not be sure that thy judgement is not swayed by appetite. Passional attraction as a rule of life, in the present state of society, is at best but passional nonsense. Would you set your blacksmith to alter the delicate arrangements of your watch, or the carpenter to set the brilliants of a necklace? And are not all of us sensible of unalterable aptitudes that need constant restraint, that we do not undertake things incongruous to our nature.

Dost thou then think passional attraction more determinate and just than passional repulsion? Do not the positive and negative of all things exhibit like forces; and will that which thou callest love obey better instincts than anger? Can the one be set free and the other for the security of society require a chain? Hath experience ever shown the manifestations of love less erratic than those of hate? Nay, are not one and the other so connected in the same magnet that a circuit must ever be considered as present? The menders of the social system, therefore should first be certain that they destroy antipathies and overcome the tendencies to reaction.

H.

But this afternoon he was asleep betimes, and Electa with a beaming face and heart full of glowing pictures, mounted the garret stairs to her own little chamber. Well might she see glowing pictures when such warm light lay upon her room, and such fragrant breath of summer roses came in through the open window. There was a small mahogany desk facing this same pleasant window, it was furnished with lock and key, and inside of the lid the curious might have seen traced in a child's unformed hand "The last gift of my dear mother." There were pencils and paper and one or two books upon the desk, and the child seated herself upon a stool before it.

She rested her elbows upon the baized lid, and her pale cheeks in either hand, and gazed out of the casement. The sunbeams looked in softly upon her, as if they knew they were dealing with the pure poetry of a little child's heart. They rested upon her dark curls of hair, which in a golden halo of light responded to the benediction. That window looked out upon a pleasant scene.

Purple misty mountains pencilled the horizon, and in the foreground glowed in the summer's sun a rugged but verdant land, with steep descents, low brush, and scattered trees. To the left a lake imaged the foliage which shadowed its banks. One or two venturesome trees had gone out into its depths and foundered there, writhing for release; the winds and lapping waters had touched them with a wild grace, enrapturing to a poet's eye.

But Electa gazed far away—beyond the woods, and beyond the water—even beyond the mountains and blue summer sky. It seemed to her that she had never before seen such heavenly pictures—forms and faces so lovely had never before floated around her vision. Some time passed before she returned from her journey, to the sun-streaked paper before her. On what a long wild flight had the angels taken the child!

At length she took up the neglected pencil, and opening to an engraving in a well worn annual, a vignette of a mournfully beautiful countenance, a poet's dream of woman, she was soon wholly absorbed in copying it. The result of an hour's labor did not seem very satisfactory, for after examining it, and shaking her head dissatisfied, she buried her face dejectedly in her hands. And yet it was no mean effort of genius she had produced. The grace of outline, the light and shade so harmoniously blended,

and the tender dreamy expression, so apparent yet so untraceable, in its soft finish, were the unmistakable germs of a true artist. She was aroused from her reverie, or slumber, whichever it was, by the rude hand of Leah the housemaid, "Come right down stairs, Miss, immediately! Here the table isn't laid yet, and Miss Nancy is asking for you."

Electa hastened to obey the summons, and silently followed the girl into the sitting room.

"Well! This is pretty work, to be sure!" exclaimed Miss Nancy, a tall angular young woman, with light thick hair, and hard irregular features, "Pretty work, indeed, idling away your time at this rate! What have you been about? Making faces as usual, hey? Look here Mister Phrenologist, see what you think this smart girl is good for. Will she ever make anything at pictures, do you think—Wasting her time scratching and scrawling over the paper, when she ought to be mending her stockings, or helping me."

The person thus addressed looked like some wandering lecturer, or itinerant preacher. He was a small spare man in glasses. —He had a smirked up mouth, compact with importance and self-consciousness, from which the words were slowly uttered with great impressment of manner, evidently assumed to impose upon the ignorant mind. For the rest he was a common-place shrewd yankee—He advanced toward the little girl, and ran his hand carelessly over her finely formed head, assuming to be so well versed in his art, that he hardly need trouble himself to look.

"A great deal of pride, ma'am, not very fond of work, I should think," said he, quizzingly. The peremptory shake of the head satisfied him that he was on the right track. "You should keep her at housework, that is what she is made for—let me see, what did you say—fond of drawing?—I warrant me she cannot draw a straight line. Why this little bright fellow here, ma'am can beat her all hollow and not half try. No, ma'am, she must be kept down, her temper is very bad—very bad indeed. But she is very vain," continued he, winking at Miss Nancy, "that's what makes her think she can do pictures."

"I thought so," said Miss Nancy, well satisfied with the ability of Mr. Pink the phrenologist. "Do you hear that, Electa," said she, catching the child's delicate arm in her own strong fist and

shaking it, "Do you hear? You need not believe what that foolish Mr. What's-his-name told you, who gave you the paint box,—that you would get your fortune some day making pictures. Mr. Pink knows, he feels the bumps on your head and can tell well enough what you are made for."

Masters Bill and Sam, and a younger sister a diminutive Miss Nancy, a girl of fifteen, who were present, giggled and passed jokes together, seeming to take a malicious delight in the low estimate put upon Electa's character. As poor Electa listened her face grew momentarily paler and paler, and the corners of her beautiful mouth twitched nervously, though she neither spoke nor sobbed, but set the table quietly and then went softly out. There was a faint murmur of suppressed sobs as she ascended the stairs to her garret room. When shut in there, she opened her desk and taking from it a small pile of drawings began examining them by the light of the rising moon. They were blistered and disfigured by scalding tears which fell upon them as she studied them one by one.

"Oh mother, dear mother! I shall never draw again," said she, hugging the well loved desk. "Oh how I wish I was dead!" gasped the heart-sick child. A form passed before her, like a breath, and on Electa's soft, upturned cheek there fell a pressure like an angel's kiss. It did not shock her—she was used to the vision, and spoke gently as though conversing with some friend beside her. Poor child! was her mind wandering, sitting there all alone in the pale moonlight? Could mortal being walk unseen the apartment?—Whom did the motherless child call "mother"? Surely the mahogany desk and childish inscription, had not become thus humanized to her loneliness!

Miss Nancy was the eldest child in the family of which Electa was then a resident. She took the government of the household upon her shoulders, because she was born for a monarch; Electa especially, was brought under her supervision. She was inflexible without sensitiveness, and could not endure any delinquents to exhibit soreness at her harshness or "give themselves airs" as she termed it. The mother was a weak woman with one darling favorite among her children, a bleached, senseless but rascally boy of thirteen, whom she accounted the flower of her numerous family. The master of the house, and father of the eight discor-

dant unruly youngsters, was a formal, heartless, and severely rigid Baptist. No physiognomist—no analyzer of human dispositions, would think of characterizing Mr. Ridly, as other than "a church member." You could read it in his eye, and on his lip, in the movement of his hand, permitting no appeal from its decision; he was a consecrated man, member of a sect, and bound a bigot. He catechised his children solemnly, and without intermission between church service, to atone for the other days' neglect, and faithfully prepared their youthful minds, for that fearful punishment of naughty children "The bad place."

The little seven year old Alice was the only one in that household of ten, who loved Electa. The light hair which was coarse and homely as tow, upon the heads of the other children, was soft and silken, flowing in golden waves upon that of Alice. The light blue eyes, sharp and cunning, were with her deep like the sea, changing with every thought, yet ever subdued, melancholy, with visions too dark for her sensitive nature.

The youngest children were sent early to bed, and often from Alice's pillow a low sad sobbing ran through the house. Electa would hasten at such times to the trundled bed, and try to soothe her, but she could not answer the terrible questioning cry "Sister Nancy will I go down to the bad place if I die to night?" Nothing but Nancy's assurance that "if she said her prayers, and asked God to forgive her for being bad, and behaved herself on the morrow, maybe no harm would come to her," could ease the timid child, and thus she generally sank crying to sleep.

Electa rebelled at the "bad place;" she almost rebelled at God for making such a place—As much as she dared she hated the bible and the ministers, and sundays—because she loved Alice so dearly, and because she had said she would give up being good any longer—when she had locked up her pictures and pencils, and felt a hardness toward God who had not made her fit for anything but to sew, scrub, and dry dishes!

Dear little girl! The phrenologist's foolish untruthful delineation had made a deep cauterizing impress on her sensitive delicate nature. A stronger, more confident, less poetical child, would have been piqued by such unfavorable estimate to pursue her studies with greater vigor—a more active determination to succeed. But Electa drooped under it. Yet her character was

contradictory ; for though when alone in her garret room, it would seem as if in the bitterness of her despair she must grieve herself to death, yet when about the household, or in the presence of Miss Nancy, you would suppose she never thought upon the subject, so stony was her deportment.

Almost all the gentleness of disposition which so beautified her when she first came to her uncle's a twelvemonth before, vanished under the mistaken tuition to which she was subjected. All the lower points of her character were being developed now—she was growing surly and misanthropical. She did not sing cheerily while at her work, or rocking baby Charlie, as in other days—neither did she see her dead mother as formerly, because when she was alone she would occupy herself industriously, and try to cheat her heart into believing she was too busy to think of her mother, and hoped the angel would not come, because she did not like her to know all she was thinking about. For the poor little girl felt very wicked. So the sweet angel mother left her for many long months.

But one day, when Electa stood in her aunt's darkened chamber, beside a bed where little Alice lay with her golden locks all wet and tangled with the ice that lay upon her fevered head, melting and soaking through the cloth, from the burning heat of the sick child's veins ; and watched with the tears raining down from her eyes, her sweet cousin toss out her thin arms and draw her bright head under the bed clothes, murmuring all the time that she "would be good, she didn't want to die and go down to the bad place ;" then the angel mother came again to Electa, and she talked to her in the midst of burning tears, although no one in the room but herself could see any angel there. Electa took the dry, hot hands of Alice between her own, and told her not to be frightened any more, for her own dear mother, who was a beautiful angel, had come to take Alice with her up in the bright sky. Alice saw the angel too, for she lifted up her head from the pillow, and smiled

CORRESPONDENCE.

J. W. EDMONDS, Esq.

DEAR SIR—It is a long time since I have seen you or written to you, and I would not trouble you at this time, if I did not believe that my communication would interest you, and that you would be pleased to assist me in my researches after truth. The subject I wish to communicate embraces so much, that I have no name to give it. I have long been convinced by geological facts, that the orthodox view of the creation of man was from tradition, and erroneous: and also that the destiny of man was wholly misunderstood. I therefore applied directly to the fountain of truth and with fervent aspiration besought God that he would teach me the origin, principles, nature and destiny of man.

The sum of my teaching is this:

God is generative: from him, and of him eternally evolve those ethereal essential particles which embrace all the properties of life, law, and matter. This ethereal substance is the atmosphere of heaven and the food of angels. After fulfilling its mission in the Spiritual Kingdom, it combines chemically; every combination increases its density till it passes into our sphere, and forms the earth, water, and air. Thus, life from God descends from highest heaven to lowest earth. At this point life turns in its orbit to retrace its journey to the Father of all. The first action or development of life is in the vegetable form; this advance of life can never return again to earth, the visible form may perish and moulder to dust, but the development of life is onward, and every advance is an unfolding of the beauty of form and the power of action.

From the vegetable form, life changes to the animal, and awakens the power of instinct. From instinct, and by imperceptible degrees, life unfolds the power of reason, and calls intelligence to guide her to her higher destiny. Thus far life is in the mass, free and uncumbered; but as it passes in humanity, each spark becomes an individual, individualized with properties of its own, each distinct from the other. Every spark of life is the germ of an angel to be

CORRESPONDENCE.

individualized by condition. Hence the necessity of unnumbered conditions; so that no two particles of life can be the same in properties. The principles of life are action and progression. Principles never change, and the spark of life can never be corrupted. All qualities possessed by spirits, are properties derived from, and subject to condition.

This is generation of the Father of all; and thus are the children of God brought forth. God has but one force of production. Angels are individualized spirits. "Life leaves the throne of God a mite, and returns a mite," but individualized with all degrees of knowledge.

This beautiful truth reveals to us God as our father, the fountain from whence flows an eternity of life. It teaches us our certain relation to him, and opens to our view an eternal home in a world of never ending, ever blooming beauty; as the glorious purpose of our existence.

The journey of life is a ladder by which blessings descend from heaven to earth, and spirits gather them and return them to the Father. Life is a wreath of eternal blooming beauty flowing from and ending in God.

The forces of life call into action all the properties of matter in this great and glorious work: all is subservient to life.

As glorious as is this truth to man, how few are prepared to receive it. When Christ came to teach the immortality of the soul he was persecuted and smitten. A few poor men only were faithful to him, and what a glorious harvest man has reaped from it. Christ taught us to pray "Thy Kingdom come: Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven." The Kingdom of God has come, and now as in days of old it is called the Kingdom of Satan. For 1800 years the Churches have put up this petition, and how few of all their votaries believe that God will answer their prayers, and that man will progress on earth to be in harmony with angels. If we cast our mind's eye over the globe and see how large a portion of the family of man are in the infancy of grossness and ignorance, we too may think the effort hopeless: but if we look to the early history of the race, the infancy of its days, and contrast it with the present, we are encouraged and with joy join with the Churches in the prayer of Christ, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

* * * * *

Troy, N. Y.

Extract from a work now being written by Spirit influence through a medium.

CHAPTER LXVII.

O! Thou Eternal Being! pure and bright!
Who dwell'st on high in uncreated light,
Around whose throne the hymning seraphs sing,
And choirs of angels sweep the golden string;
Who crown'd with glory sit'st above the spheres
Unchanged, unchangeable by rolling years,
And from the fountain of exhaustless love
Pour'st down thy streams of mercy from above!
Sole refuge of the mind when cares distress,
And on the heart life's thickening sorrows press
How hast thyself, obscurely seen below
Been made by man the bitter source of woe
Through Reason's glass, perfections half discern'd
Are lost in shade, or into dimness turned,
And what the image wants when thus desoried
Is promptly sketched in tints of human pride:
Hence superstition has in every clime,
Those structures rear'd which triumph over time,
And stand as beacons, age has left behind
To mark the blindness, folly, of mankind.
Who lost in darkness, hewed their gods of stone
And raised their tyrant idols to a throne,
Or formed them deities, whom fear had made
In lawless kings, and despots they obeyed.
Hence rose that mighty fabric of the mind
By Egypt's priests and Grecian bards designed.
Which like the frowning pyramids of the Nile
Survives, a rude and antiquated pile,
Luxuriant Fancy, favored by a clime
Where all she saw was beauteous or sublime
Half grave, half sportive, wantoning in thought
These mythological dreams and fictions wrought.
Or in a barbarous age perchance revived

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

Glimmerings of truth from other lands derived.
T'was she that filled the skies, the earth and seas
With mystic powers, her own divinities,
Till every mountain, every grove she trod,
And every stream was haunted by a god.
Folly adored and superstition knelt
To imaged passions bards had only felt.
Imagination's gay or gloomy spell,
Now made a paradise and now a hell,*
Elysian isles, where joy forever reigns
On realms resounding with eternal pains.
Hence Pluto's shadowy throne and empire sprung,
And fabled woes by ancient poets sung.
Orcus, and Styx and lakes and burning shores
And walls of adamant, and brazen doors.
The cup of Tantalus, with toils that mock
His burning lip: the vulture and the rock:
The stone of Sisyphus: Ixion's wheel.
And all the tortures wicked spirits feel;
These, and the thousand woes by heathen creeds
Ordained in punishment of guilty deeds,
Are but the shadows genius has designed
To paint that hell, which lives within the mind.
Thrice happy age! when truth's resistless sway
Hath swept these wild, fantastic dreams away,
And light unclouded beaming from above,
Reveals a faith of purity and love!
Oh! speed that epoch, that millennial time,
When God's own word shall spread from clime to clime,
When the bright star of Bethlehem shall illumine
The earth, scattering the darkness of the tomb.
The bloodless banner or the cross unfurled,
Shall wave in triumph o'er the peaceful world,
And from the rising to the setting sun
All realms uniting, mingle into one.
Then jarring sects from bitter strife shall cease,
Forget their feuds, and harmonize in peace
Nor then as now, with rage and passion blind,
A separate heaven, a variant Godhead find,

* * * Clifton Park.

*The synonymous term of grave.

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XVII.

SPIRITUALIST.—In our last interview we discussed a variety of topics, but especially your idea of heaven and hell. You seem not to like the matter of fact and practical kind of life which we are taught by spirits to expect in our next stage of existence.

SKEPTIC.—No, it seems eminently absurd. But before I ridicule it let me hear your own exposition of it.

SP.—I should state in general terms, that it is like this. It would be more easy to tell wherein it differs from it than wherein it is like it.

SKP.—Well, tell me wherein the next stage of existence differs from this.

SP.—You will understand that I describe it as I have been taught. There are many Spiritualists who do not believe as I do. They may be right or wrong. It depends upon the depth of their investigations. When I had been but a short time studying the subject, I jumped at conclusions which I have since had to change. I find many of my fellow Spiritualists where I was four or five years ago. Very few people actually investigate; they enjoy the communion of saints, but take little interest in learning the minutiae of their lives. To qualify myself to speak on this subject, I have devoted to it between five and six years and have never for a day relaxed my exertions. I know of no person who has had such facilities, in the number and variety of reliable mediums to be consulted. I, therefore, have some right to speak, and tell that which many spirits have told me through a hundred mouths—in hundreds of visions to myself—in face to face conversations—by means of raps, and every known species of manifestation.

SKP.—You seem to have been highly favored, should it happen that it is not all a delusion.

SP.—I have been eminently favored. I have had friends in the spirit world who have joined their labors with mine and have aided me to pass the almost insurmountable barriers that separate

the two worlds. They have worked harder than I have, and I am deeply grateful for the love they have manifested.

SKP.—Well, tell us of the nature of the spirit life, as you understand it.

SP.—Instead of the awful mystery veiling it, we have a clear daylight shining upon the last scene in this first act of life. The man is upon his deathbed: he is wasted away by a consuming disease. In his room and near him to aid him are his fellow mortals. Near him also, and doing much more to alleviate his pain, are his loving friends and relatives who have already past the portals of death. They lay their hands upon his brow to infuse into him their own pure vitality and to supply the waste caused by disease, and as far as possible alleviate his pain. This continued magnetization produces in many instances a clear vision. The dying man sees around him his departed friends and talks to them, often in raptures of delight, seeming to have a foretaste of heaven. The mortals around witness this and consider it delirium. At length the body of clay is unfit for the habitation of the man and he must quit it. The last breath is breathed, the heart has ceased to beat, and the man, unconscious in his individuality, and guided by unseen and almighty power proceeds to divest himself of the worn out body or garment which has lasted him through one stage of his life. There is a period during which there is no evidence of the existence of the man. The body is dead and there is no visible spirit. After an interval, varying from a second to several hours, the form of the man appears above the corpse, floating unconsciously in the air. The spirit seems to leap into it—for it becomes at once alive, yet not at once sensible of its condition.

In the room with the dying man are those spirits whose specific duty it is to attend upon the new born spirit. Some of the friends of the deceased of the same sex, are also present. All the others will have left the presence at the time of the death.

The form of the unconscious spirit is clothed in befitting garments brought for the purpose, and when ready he meets and embraces his friends. At his first waking he does not realize that he has died. But he soon sees his cast off body and understands his condition. Though to mortals, clothed in the body of clay, his form is intangible, to himself it is just as firm, solid and tangible as ever. When his friend he embraces his sister or

salutes his bride and knows no difference from his earthly embrace. But there is a difference in him; his pain has ceased; he has a new body to serve him, another life. He finds himself possessed of powers of locomotion unknown to his earth life. He has but to will it and he moves through the air with lightning speed. The new spirit looks upon those of his mortal friends who linger weeping near the corpse, and realizes that between the two states of existence there is verily a great gulf fixed. He speaks to them, but his voice does not reach their hearts—he lays his hands upon them, but the touch is unfelt, and he turns away, perhaps with a tear, to join the new found friends who are to conduct him home.

They go together to that world which is the destined home of the new spirit, and to the house of that friend or relative in whose family he is to be a member or guest.

SKP.—You have now taken home the departed spirit, tell us his position and occupation.

TR.—He is like a man who has taken a journey to visit distant friends. The circumstances of the case will vary with every individual. Some will be received with eclat, some with quiet hospitality, some one way and some another, according to the state of feeling between the parties and the situation of the spirits who visit or are visited.

When the new guest is domiciliated and feels at home, he will be guided by his tastes in his subsequent movements. Perhaps some one of his friends will be his guide while he visits the most distinguished localities of the new world of which he has become an inhabitant. He will visit or be visited by the friends he had known on earth; he will be greeted by many others who have appreciated his course on earth and thus become his friends. Some will arrive in the spirit world as an humble immigrant comes hither from Europe—a quiet and glad meeting of friends and the excitement is over. Others, those especially who have distinguished themselves on earth, will make their advent amid an excited throng of friends and admirers, and for a long period live in a whirl of changing scenes;—but at length they too, will rest from their labors.

SKP.—Well, now that the excitement of the spirit's arrival is over how will he occupy himself?

SP.—Suppose him an artist, and that he has visited the studios

of those great masters whom he has long worshipped, will he not naturally arrange his atelier and proceed to surpass all his earthly doings? Suppose him an author, and that he has visited the libraries which are accessible to him, and become acquainted personally with many of those great minds he had long revered, and that he had spent an exciting year or two in travels and explorations on earth and in the spirit worlds, and had perhaps collected round him such of his own works as he could procure, would he not ambitiously set to work to originate some work which should surpass all his former efforts?

SKP.—Possibly it may be so. I cannot believe that men will paint pictures or write books in heaven or hell—and in one of those places they must surely be.

SP.—Suppose the man an artisan or mechanic, will he not feel within him energies irrepressible that must be employed? he will seek for employment and he will find it, if his heart is in his vocation. If while on earth he was, from stress of circumstances, compelled to pursue an uncongenial occupation, he will now change his course. Having an opportunity to live his life over again, he will try hard to be in the pursuit that pleases him. As a rule, no man would be indisposed to labor in congenial occupation. Labor is only irksome when it does not interest us or is not to our taste. There is, for the most indolent, some pursuit in which he would be diligent, industrious and persevering. His mind not being roused and excited by the task before him he loathes the work.

SKP.—I agree with you that here, the cause of sloth is chiefly from uncongenial occupation, or from a want of proper stimulus to the ambition. Show any man the way to rise, and make it clear to his hopes, and he will labor with a ready will. How it is in the other world I do not know. I had supposed that there we paused from our labors—that the wicked ceased from troubling and the weary were at rest.

SP.—To me the only rest would be congenial labor. I think it would be so with all; assuredly idleness would be no happiness, but on the other hand would be infinite misery.

SKP.—Then you think that the man who has labored on earth will continue his labors in the next stage of existence, as you term it.

SP.—He will continue to labor—perhaps not in the same path; the mechanic of earth may there be a mechanician or an engineer,

the farm laborer may aspire to be a gardener, the musician may become a composer, the builder cultivate his mind and become an architect. Many will change their occupations altogether. The boy artist or poet that careful parents crushed into a counting room, will now find "ample room and verge enough" to expand his soul, and the timid scion of aristocratic birth, pushed by ambitious relatives into military office or into a pulpit, for either of which he was unfit or disinclined, will spring free from the trammels of his earth position and seek the path to which his organization has directed him.

SKP.—All this sounds very well for authors, musicians, architects and artists, if there were any real, tangible thing for them to do, but there is no romance in carrying a hod. Will the sturdy laborer who tumbles from a scaffold and breaks his neck, resume his hod or his hoe in the spirit world?

SP.—That will depend upon circumstances: the humble laborer of earth may find in the spirit world a father or brother of high position, and be received in a palace. In such case he would be provided with tutors who would travel with him and teach him until he was fit for the society of his aristocratic relatives.

SKP.—So you have aristocratic distinctions there, as well as on earth?

SP.—Why not? The man who labors must rise, and the man who does not labor must stand still or sink. He who works and cultivates his mind, must soar above those who grovel in a sensual existence. That difference is aristocracy. If through the accident of wealth, a child on earth is well educated, he reaps the benefit of that accident, and rises to an aristocratic position, while his fellow, equally good, but not so fortunate, must toil with his hands in a drudging employment to the neglect of his higher faculties, and wait for another life before he can get the opportunity of cultivating his intellect, and taking the first upward steps in his career. Yet the time is not lost that is spent in humble labor. will have given many practical ideas, and may have laid broad and solid foundations for the superstructure of a splendid character. Thus is produced the infinite diversities of the human character. No two can ever be alike in any particular, for their organizations will have been different from the first and will have undergone a different development.

SKP.—But there still recurs the question, do men drudge at laborious employments in the spirit world?

SP.—Assuredly they do. Drudgery I take to be uncongenial labor. It is not possible that every one will at once find the occupation he is best fitted for, and he may, nevertheless, wish to be usefully employed so as not to be a burden even to the one who has received him into everlasting habitations. No true man is willing to be the pensioner upon another's bounty. It is the feeling of true worth to desire to be independent. A man, who on arriving in the spirit world, did not after a reasonable time find the path which he desired, would naturally temporise with events and turn his mind to something which was not quite congenial to his tastes rather than be idle. If he were but an humble laborer and had no ambition for higher occupation, it is probable that he would continue there to labor as he had labored here, and wait the slow growth of his mind before craving anything higher. There must always be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Neither that world nor this can get along without them.

SKP.—Ah! That is not the heaven I wish to go to! It is not the heaven of the Bible.

SP.—Do you know what sort of a place the heaven of the Bible is?

SKP.—No, but I am certain it is not like what you have described.

SP.—As the Bible is silent upon the nature of the world to which we haste, we must seek elsewhere for the information. Spirits came to give it to us, and few of us are ready to receive their testimony. Each one has imagined a hereafter, and he makes war upon any other idea. It is not strange, for words in any given form do not convey the same idea to different minds. Therefore if I should write my idea of a future life and all the world should read it and accept it, they would not then agree upon the subject. Let a hundred read a description of Paris and all on going there will be disappointed in many things, and yet no two will have gathered the same idea of the place.

SKP.—Why then do you attempt to convey an idea of the hereafter, when even a foreign city could not be so described that we could understand what it was.

SP.—All truth is useful. Knowledge is power. If we cannot

know exactly the nature of the next life it is well to make the best approximation to it we can. It would make a vast difference with mankind if they could realize that life never ceases, and that though we change our condition and residence we are the very same, and nothing different. But every body seems to think of death as the end of life—practically. They believe that they will have a conscious existence somehow and somewhere, but they have no faith in it as a life with practical purposes. They therefore dread death as an event not only attended with pain but with the extinction of life. Now our teachers from the better world inform us that life never ceases. That the spark which vivifies this body is still existent to vivify the next body we wear. That the body we leave behind bears no more relation to us than does a cast off suit of clothes. It belonged to us, served us, was often out of order, and as constantly repaired, fitted us perfectly, and was the best possible for the purpose, but was never part of us. All of the man still lives. The thought, and feeling, the will, the affections, all remain intact at the arrival of the spirit, as an immigrant upon the shores of another world.

SKP.—Then you would have me believe that the man is unchanged and the world he goes to much the same—what is the purpose of having another world at all?

SP.—I cannot answer a question which involves the purposes of the Almighty. I think however the plan of creation infinitely wise. It seems to have been the design of God that his children should be like himself immortal. He chose to originate their existence upon globes of gross matter, the coarse construction of which, was not adapted to eternal duration in any of its forms. But he knew how to refine matter through successive stages of sublimation until it should be indissoluble and consequently immortal. Upon whatever globe we exist our form must partake of its nature and be of sufficient solidity to enable us to cope with it. The child of God is therefore shrined in a form of clay that he may dwell upon a clay world. The form must be entire, within and without, in all essential things, and the spirit gives it shape and motion. Armed in this proof, the spirit can act in the battle of life. When in the long catalogue of accidents, the spirit covering is injured so that it will

SP.—Suppose a man a scholar upon earth and inclined to literature. He finds open to him vast libraries, including all that is or was valuable on earth. He feels that his life will be long enough to enable him to master so much of their contents as he desires to study. He feels that he is beginning his life anew. He was fond of study on earth and his first life laid a foundation and only a foundation. He plans the superstructure of his future life.

He gathers materials from the realms of nature and art, and goes on with a hearty good will to his work. Is there nothing in this ambition worthy a child of God? .

He finds that upon earth he neglected to cultivate many of his faculties. These he proceeds to develope. He has extinguished in his heart all petty animosities, and his heart is large enough to embrace all mankind. Suppose he spends two or three hundred years in this place of departed spirits, and achieves a glorious name before he goes to the realms celestial—is not that better than to lose one's individuality and become but one of the items in the vast concourse of useless beings with which you would people heaven?

SKP.—I own my predilections would be for the kind of life you describe, and yet "Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive what God has prepared for those who love him;" and how do I know that after death I should not prefer our orthodox heaven?

SP.—With nine tenths of your friends and relatives in eternal torments!

SKP.—That is an awkward idea in our theology, I must confess. I do not now see how I could be perfectly happy if my dear children, and my father and mother were in hell.

SP.—Well you need have no apprehensions, God will take care of all his children, and when you arrive in the next world you will be somewhat surprised to find all the sinners you had consigned to the bottomless pit, dwellers in the same world with yourself, and happy or miserable as they shall behave, and as they shall deserve to be, even as it is upon earth.

SKP.—Still my instincts tell me that your arguments are sophistical, and I am not prepared to agree with you.

SP.—Not your instincts, but your prejudices. Admit that I

cannot prove the next world to be as I describe it, what proof can you give of your theory?

SKP.—None whatever. I take what there is in the Bible—which is exceedingly little, and own that I know of no other authority.

SP.—From the Bible I learn that men wear clothing in the next state of existence. As they were always seen clothed it would be absurd to suppose they only put on garments when they came to earth. They had bodies or they could not be clothed. They must have been recognizable else no one spirit could have been known from another. I do not readily see though, how the disciples of Christ recognized Moses and Elias, or how Gabriel was known. But one thing is established—spirits came to earth and held communion with mortals. They had human forms which were clothed in proper garments. It is a reasonable inference that they wear clothing in Heaven. If they wear it, somebody must make it. If they make clothing they must make every thing else, for all the trades are mutually dependent on each other. It is folly to say that human beings have creative power, or that by the action of their will they could cause themselves to be clothed. If spirits live in a better world than this they must possess all the desirable conveniences of life, for here we find that in proportion to our refinement and progress our wants multiply, and in proportion to the number of our wants gratified, is our happiness. I do not see how people can be happy who have no wants.

SKP.—It would seem to me the reverse. How can one be happy who is in want?

SP.—By gratifying his want. If his want is love or sympathy, he becomes happy on being beloved. If he suffers from want of food he becomes happy as soon as he eats. The contrast between his want and its gratification gives the zest to his happiness. If he had no want in that next world—if he had no pain—he would be a very miserable being, certainly but a few removes from the brute, perhaps inferior, for even the groveling animal enjoys the gratification of the appetite which spurred him on to seek food. Do you persist in the assertion of your remarks that the next life has no wants?

SKP.—Well, I must think of the matter. I have never looked at it in this light before.

There is one thing I do not understand in your argument. You

assume, with me, to respect the Bible, and yet you are continually throwing doubt over it by comparing with it your modern prophesyings.

SP.—I accept the Bible, of the Jews as a revelation given to them by gods, as spirits of a high order were called, but I do not cast disrespect upon the Creator of the universe by charging upon him all the absurdities committed by their priests and kings.

The Bible of the Jews is the best book, take it all in all, that has come down to us ; and though some of the teachings of the old Levitical law are totally inapplicable to mankind at large, especially at the present day, yet the teachings of Christ were perfect, and the time will not come when we shall have anything better.

But our Bible will not, and cannot be accepted by all nations. There are vast numbers of people who reverence the Koran as Christians do the Bible. They would have all the world believe in their Bible, and had they the power they would cause the Koran to supersede all other books. There are Eddas, Avestas, Oracles, and books of divine laws with all people, and each people thinks its Bible the best. The mistake is in assuming infallibility for any human record. The book of Nature written by the hand of God can be read by every one of his children, and its records are infallible. It cannot be translated, falsehood cannot be interpolated into its pages, it cannot be mutilated, lost or destroyed. It is forever open before the eyes of all mankind and glowing upon its pages is the everlasting truth.

SKP.—I admit all you say of the book of Nature, but revelation is higher still.

SP.—Nature is the habitation of God. His revelations are to be revered, whether they come directly from him or are sent to us by his angels.

When you speak of the infallibility of the Bible you should remember that it was written many centuries ago, and when not only the earth but the spirit worlds belonging to it were less advanced than they are now. Even angels were then more likely to err than they are now.

SKP.—That seems very strange.

SP.—Yet it must be so if there is progress in the future existence.

SKP.—You spoke some time ago of spirits living some hundreds of years. Is not this life eternal?

SR.—We hope so. If life be not eternal we are not immortal. Spirits have a term of life in their world as we do in ours. These changes from world to world are part of the system of the Creator to make life eternal in a created being. Not being self-existent like God we require to be sustained and nurtured to enable our existence to endure. As no one body will last a great length of time a new body is requisite. If another were given to man of the same gross material, the task of sustaining him would be eternal. But when one body wears out, a new one is given (developed from within, as it were a sublimation or essence) so much more subtile and refined that it will endure much longer and be less liable to the attack of disease. When that is worn out the man receives another in like manner, still more refined, and he must go to a world the matter of which corresponds in refinement with his body, else he could not live and manifest existence. How many changes of this kind he undergoes, we know not. No spirit can tell us. Each life becomes longer until from millions of ages in duration, it takes its final degree and is eternal.

SKP.—You speak of things far above your reach.

SR.—I know it, but may we not look at the stars and question of their nature?

SKP.—You speak of the ages of spirits and angels.—Do you assume that earthly affections last through those incalculable periods?

SR.—Why not? The loss of love and sympathy would be the loss of happiness. The young suppose there is no love worth having except the fevered fancy which to them is so beautiful. Age to them seems cold, because there is less of earthly passion. But their youth is as it were for a day. In the long eternity before them is there nothing else, after exhausted passion has left them satiated and cold? The irregularity of the young affections does not often survive youth, but love which is enduring and progressive, grows with a man's growth and strengthens with his strength. In my opinion the angel who had lived a million years, would love a thousand times better and more truly than any lover on earth. But there is a mating time given, and it is beautiful. Other stages in life follow and they are more beautiful. Other stages are to

come and they are still more beautiful. Is there a man who has reached the age of fifty, who is not better for the years he has lived? Some will assert there are many bad men who have grown such from very good youths. I should reply that the goodness of the boy was negative. He had not yet had the time and opportunity to sin.

As I think, every stage in our eternal career will have its beauties, and they will surpass all that have preceded it.

SKP.—I judge then that you do not consider death a judgement upon mankind for their sins.

SP.—Death is an ordinance of God as much as birth. If by the fall of Adam death came, then we may feel grateful to him for falling and thus giving us immortality. What would be the number of persons on earth now by natural increase if there had been no death?

SKP.—It is said that the surface, land and water, would be covered over with mortals piled six feet deep.

SP.—So you see, death was part of the plan of God. It is supposed that half the human race die under five years of age. You would consider that a calamity, would you not?

SKP.—Certainly, the greatest of calamities.

SP.—I assume God's doings to be right, and endeavor to see the reasons for his action. If none died young the spirit world and angel world would be wanting in that beautiful element of society, infancy and childhood. So to scatter that greatest of all blessings through the higher worlds, many infants are created with physical organizations intended to last but a short time. They die, and they are truly a god-send to those above who desire their company and to have the pleasure of training them.

SKP.—This is the first time I have heard death pronounced a blessing. You will find few to agree with you.

SP.—True, for few ever realize an overruling Providence. The old dogma that "with Adam's eating an apple, sin entered into the world and death by sin" has made the world look upon death as a curse, though to my eyes it seems part of the infinitely wise system of creation.

SKP.—I suppose it must all be right, else it would not be. Doubtless God can work good out of our evil. You seem a sort of optimist, considering the existent state of things the best that could be

SP.—Yes because I admire the wisdom of the Creator so much that I cannot see where he has failed in his plan.

SKP.—So do I admire the wisdom of God. He created mankind perfect and they sinned and fell, and are now depraved in consequence.

SP.—It seems by your doctrine the first pair created fell into sin, and that God was unable to remedy the evil, but must suffer his whole family through the countless ages of time to be depraved in consequence of the acts of two persons. This would not say much for the perfection of his work, or of his power over his own creation. That old dogma is worn out. There might have been an Adam and an Eve, but there have been many original pairs of the human family, every land and climate producing its peculiar kind.

Since skeletons of men have been discovered from ten to fifty six thousand years old it is time to drop that old story that all the world sprang from a Jewish Patriarch and his wife who lived some six thousand years ago.

SKP.—This is blasphemy. I thought you affected to believe the Bible.

SP.—I state nothing of Adam or Eve that is not warranted by the Bible. Sundry passages in Genesis prove that it was not intended to convey the idea that the family of Adam were all the inhabitants of the world at that time. The regions round them were populous. Take, for instance, these passages, "And God set a mark upon Cain, lest any one finding him should slay him." Previous to this passage Cain says, "And it shall come to pass that every one that findeth me shall slay me." Then again, "He knew his wife in the land of Nod," &c., and "he builded a city," &c. After all this Eve bore her third child. But let this pass, it is of little consequence. Those old errors arising from a hasty reading of the text will explode themselves. Since it has been proved that there were hundreds of populous nations on the globe at the assumed time of creation, and many of them civilized, it is not necessary to show that Adam was not the first man.

SKP.—I do not myself know how to meet your attack upon the Word of God, but there are people, learned in these things, who could mow down your arguments like grass before the scythe.

SP.—Doubtless to the perfect satisfaction of their flock, but not

to the satisfaction of themselves. They know my position to be true.

But we have wandered from our subject, which was the nature of the next state of existence.

SKP.—Yes, proceed with that if you have anything more to say, with other matters of infidelity I am more familiar

SP.—I have but few more words at present. Tell me why you are so averse to believing that the next life is practical and useful like this?

SKP.—Because as I have often told you, it vulgarizes the glorious heaven I have been taught to expect as the reward of my labors here.

SP.—If you knew how much more beautiful God's system of creation is than your own fancy, you would not call it vulgar. If we had never had any teachings on the subject of the next life, and were told that we were yet to live our lives over many times, we should assume at once that the next stage would be in some respects like this. If it were not so the inference would be that there was some mistake in the plan of this. But as this is one of the Creator's worlds, adapted expressly to the beings upon it, their bodies being made out of it and their spirits being part of himself, analogy would teach us that his other successive worlds to which he will transplant us must be like this, in all important uses. The next world may be brighter, better, happier, but it must be like this in kind, as it is expressly adapted to the earth's inhabitants.

SKP.—That is a question I am not prepared to solve. At any rate the solution is important, and I should like much to be satisfied. But I fear that will not soon be.

SP.—Well, time works miracles. At a future day this idea will have grown in your mind, and you will be a Spiritualist.

SKP.—That will be a miracle indeed.

W.

THE SONGLESS TREE.

BY ANN M. HOYT.

Each bird with a glad and hasting wing
Cometh back when cometh spring,
To the old, old, forest tree to sing,
To the dear old lonely forest tree,
It shaketh its boughs with a thrill of glee
"Oh gladsome life, oh dear; dear song!
"Long is the night, and the winter long,
"It is blessed to be remembered."

Showers of sunshine through waving leaves
Wake the heart which waking grieves,
The heart of oak through its brown trunk heaves,
"These birds only stop at the spring to drink—
"They only stay for a moment to think,
"Vainly I've waited and watched for them
"Through drooping vine and wild flower stem,
"It is blessed to be remembered!"

"Long have I waited—early and late
"I have listened amid the silence great
"To the solemn tread of a mighty fate,
"But never the step of a blithesome bird
"Among the whispering leaves is heard
"Long have I watched for summer to bring
"The sunshine back on the wild bird's wing,
"It is blessed to be remembered."

"Sometimes through the night-bough's restless dream
"Rays of wildest music gleam;
"A distant song, like the day's first beam
"This music is joyous, though not to me,
"Some bird is welcome to every tree,
"Lo through the dusk which the shadows fear
The coming footsteps of death I hear,
"It is blessed to be remembered!"

DANCING WATER.—A TALE OF NEWTOWN.

WRITTEN THROUGH IMPRESSION.

The village of Newtown lies in a valley stretching from Flushing bay to Hunter's Point, L. I. Through the low ground a stream still meanders, indicating the truth of the tradition that the tide formerly overflowed the whole district. The spirit legend from which we extract, alleges that the Indian tribes on its border called it Dancing Water, and that the chief of the story gave his daughter the same name. Her lover sought to win her hand by the usual Indian custom of scalps. We extract—

Chief, said he, upon our waters,
I have seen a white bird's wing
Spreading like a hawk—its talons
Must destroy us, mighty king

I have loved thy Dancing-Water,
And will prove before you all
That Kakama wields a scalp-knife
Which shall make the white man fall.

* * * * *

Must I tell you of the maiden,
Kneeling with disshevell'd hair,
Asking pity from her captor
With the shriek of wild despair?

Clotted gore despoiled those tresses,
Trailed upon Kakama's spear,
Bleeding, dying by the ocean—
None that maiden's voice might hear.

But ere long the white man's vengeance
Rang in shouts these hills among,
And a thousand unseen arrows
Pierced our warriors, old and young

Then Kakama with his trophy
Called again the braves around,
Claimed the hand of Dancing-Water,
Proud of scalps his spear head bound.

DANCING - WATER.

"Hear me," said the dark-eyed maiden,
"Once I loved Kakama true,
And my soul adored his footsteps
Till the bird the fowler knew,

Now I love on earth no longer,
Lonely will I build my nest
Like the bird by mate forsaken,
Till I sink in death to rest.

Ne'er, I swear, shall Dancing-Water
Wed a hand that's dyed with blood.
Tho' my father gave his kingdom,
And could make our beauteous flood

Sweep its current o'er our marshes,
Gemm'd with pearls along its shore,
Know ye braves that Dancing-Water
Scorns the 'gifts that fools adore'—

Prizes more the kiss of friendship
Than the broadest hunting ground
Bought by treachery and bloodshed
And the war whoop's dismal sound.

* * * * *

Sullen, dark, he left the council.
Must a father tell the rest?—
No,—suffice that Dancing-Water
Sheathed the war knife in her breast.

Dancing Water, once my starlight,
O'er the lonely forest trail,
Once the nerve that twanged my bowstring
When the deer fled o'er this vale.

She to me was as the garden
When its flowers perfume the spring,
Was it then for me to pardon,
Could I do it and be king?

'Neath my hatchet sank the traitor,
And to arms his tribe arose;—
Deeds were done of mortal prowess,
Chiefest friends became our foes.

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Given through Mrs. Clark of Philadelphia.

Brother—We must all labor, that good may take the place of what is now called evil. Evil is the opposite of good. Evil is the absence of good. Evil is induced when the truthful elements which a life of goodness brings into action are wanting in the spheres of man's existence.

It were an easy, happy task for beatified intelligences to give mortals glowing descriptions of that which exists in beautiful and consecutive order in higher spheres, if that employment were all that is needed to instruct and reform the immatured intellect of man. This pleasure is only a part of their ministry.

To promote the highest good of men we must labor with them. We must patiently wait the fruit of our labor. We too are amenable to higher spheres for aid. Thus my brother would I be understood, and looked upon from the spheres of earth, as a fellow laborer like unto yourself, the only difference being, that I have a different field of action. I labor under different influences; my source of strength is the same as yours, but the mediatory influences are different, inasmuch as spirit is more refined than matter. So I am in a state to be taught from more refined and intricate stand points, inasmuch as our individual conditions are different, yours being almost entirely relative, mine being almost entirely abstract.

I can perceive, and make intelligent to others, what is for them a truthful course of action.

Think me not my brother your only arbiter. In your aspirations ever ask wisdom of God the Father. That state of mind which recognises its dependence on life giving influences proceeding from the Father; is the one that ministering spirits ardently desire to find, for then their labor is lightened, and the love element can be more freely permitted to mingle itself within their sphere of action.

I could tell you much that would be pleasing for you to know, but of what absolute avail would a knowledge of anything as it exists among us, be to you, if you had not true wisdom to guide

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and direct your mode of action; after you had become possessed of this knowledge? I say this to you brother, for I wish it to be understood on earth, that the ministry of heaven is not like earthly ministration.

It is more absolute, more freed from secular considerations.

Our ministry belongs to true spheres of order, proceeding from eternal causes. Yours is conditional proceeding from relative causes.

As mediums become truthfully developed, we shall be permitted to explain to mortals many particulars that seem like mysteries to them.

Until that time arrive the ministry of higher spheres must patiently labor and man must as patiently wait, asking ever for faith asking ever for wisdom. Oh be assured my brother, no one thing done by man for the good of man, is unappreciated in the higher spheres. One noble effort of man for the good of his fellow creatures rises at once to spheres of true intelligences, and then it finds the aid it needs, and in its descent to earth, returns laden with the blessings of Heaven, to the mind that conceived, and to all, whose state admits of progression.

I shall tire my cousin, if do not change the subject, for she receives the impression from the sphere of causes, and is not sufficiently developed to bear the effects.

I wish you not to look upon this as a mere communication, but words of instruction and guidance.

When you meet with mediumship, do not sit down with a vague undefined feeling in your mind to hear something, you know not what—but try to feel that you are to meet a friend, who has your highest interest at heart, and who holding within himself the aid of superior conditions, can and will impart a portion of these conditions to you. Come with a defined purpose in your mind to receive more of truth. Come in faith, that, unseen though it may be to the outer eye, there is an awaiting loving truthful Presence.

And do not waste time in "tests" —

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tion. In the mean time go on quietly, and calmly observing the many manifestations of the spirits and ever questioning their use, looking always to the practical part of the manifestation, never forgetting to use your reason. This will afford you an opportunity to rightly test the truth of what you see and hear. Bring all things to this test, but be not hasty in deciding. What may seem to-day impracticable and visionary, another day may make plain, and of real worth. When you do not understand clearly be willing to wait till you do, doing in the mean time the best you can. A course like this will save you from the error of condemning a thing prematurely, and give you an opportunity of improving means which otherwise you would lose the benefit of, for it is not always that a man can find the courage to acknowledge an error of judgement—especially to look for aid from a thing or person he once condemned.

Now, my brother, I wish to speak to you of an error I made in judgement, when I was first born into the spirit sphere. I will call your attention to my communication through cousin S.

I spoke of my unceremonious introduction into these spheres, and I spoke of the causes that had led to this. All that I then said was true in respect to the facts; the error was the consequence of my giving the result as an abstract truth instead of a relative one. It is true that mortals are hurried out from the earth sphere, and this occurs because man is ignorant. It is certain that the good which a true man would have done on earth cannot now be done by him, and it is true that that kind of progressive development intended by the Creator to take place on earth, cannot now be his individually, and I spoke, and reasoned, and felt from that stand point, of my recent spirit birth.

Now, thanks be to that Love which overshadows every child of earth, as soon as it is born anew within the higher sphere, I reason from the superior stand points, consequent upon my progression. And I now know that Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom ever holds within itself the power to make good to the individual soul of man, all the seeming evils that he is subjected to while he dwells on earth, for earth is but one of the life sphere of an existence which is never ending in its course toward infinite light, purity, and wisdom.

The natural life of man is not the first, but the second. The

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embryonic is the first in natural causes. This holds within itself a still more embryonic and interior condition, within the sphere of material existences, and what you call man's first sphere is in reality a condition dependent upon two anterior spheres. This Infinite Love and Infinite Wisdom exerts ever a controlling influence over the acts of man, whether done ignorantly or designedly, for the result to the thing acted upon, is nearly the same. Ignorance by itself, acting blindly, or ignorance united to a partial knowledge, acting designedly. Thus mal-treatment sends persons out of the world, as unceremoniously as the bullet, or dagger thrust; this you will perceive: but to come to my point. I now have been instructed to see that a good is to be wrought out of what seemed to be an evil. I hold a position of love and am in a sphere of instruction, which belongs exactly to that condition of things of which I felt I was the victim.

I was removed from earth with all the affections of my nature in full activity. I can now labor within the sphere of those affections. I possess a full consciousness of the difficulties in the way of my own progression and apprehension in the true sphere of knowledge, and the means which leads to it, and I can labor with patience, and I feel a charity for the weaknesses of my earthly brethren. I hold a directing energy, I labor with aids of heavenly birth. I see before me an inheritance that belongs to spheres far removed from those of earth, not understood by man as legitimate, and not seen as within the spheres of order.

I hold a means of progression consequent upon my state when I left the earth, so I am not really a loser, the only difference being I am developed within a different sphere of orderly affinities, not needed to be taught to man, as their existence is among the things that eternal and infinite wisdom holds within its control. Thus you see my brother, I speak to you as one man speaketh to another, still I would not now advise that you make a local application of this that I have spoken, for what you may be able to comprehend, and make good use of, a weaker or less wise brother, or sister, might fail to use to their advantage.

This you can say to all. Be not unreasonably downcast at any one of the seeming misfortunes of your brethren in the flesh. For there is for all a living fount of wisdom whose supply is equal to all the mistakes the undeveloped mind of man is capable

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of falling into, and there is a fount of Love fully equal to every want of the soul. Cheer on, ever, the labor of all. Be not discouraged. The ministry of Heaven is not among the "accidents" of your earth life, but is real, eternal, and will never cease its efforts for the good of man.

Now brother for a season good bye. Think on my words, reserve to yourself, hours of quiet communion. Draw nigh to the remembrances that connect thy life to thy waiting brother in higher spheres, and ever think of me as living, only removed from sight for a season waiting the "Well done" of thy life's efforts for truth and good on earth, as an ushering in, of thy birth into higher spheres of life and glory.

There a bright and beautiful band awaits thee. There will greet thee, loving hearts that early passed from earth, to grow and thrive amid the more genial influences of purer elements.

Oh, we are a glorious band, and patiently do we wait, each one in their own sphere, the loved and cherished, of their more immediate affiliations. Mother, wife, child, sister, brother, friends innumerable.

All, all are looked for. All, all are ministered unto, by loving kindred, and bright and heavenly ministers, connected with and conjoined to immortal and eternal affinities. An eternity of love is ours to contemplate.

Brothers are we co-workers in God's vineyard, and life immortal waits to crown with joy our every effort. And angels aid, and give to us their heavenly joy which fadeth not, which passeth not away, but on, and on, it leads the soul, towards its heavenly birthright of Eternal Bliss.

JAMES.

I cannot sit down in the torpor of grief. Up and beautify the life. Up and do, and the sorrow is but a remembered dream, is the cry of the infinite good in our hearts. No evil is remediless. The soul rejects the stain that evil would affix upon it.

E. OAKES SMITH.

OUR SPIRIT SOIREEES.

Newtown, L. I. February 14 1856,

DEAR W.—You say truly that your idea of the Spirit world seems to be the only reasonable and "liveable" one.

As a child I had always a dreamy conception of a royally beautiful heaven, yet whose regal glory was only the angel of this world, only the gorgeous painting of which earth was but an engraving—Such rivers as I saw there, rolling their sapphire waters among the banks of glowing, blossoming, living trees—Such birds, brilliant and songful—Such breezes as danced there, tinged with the odors of roses and violets, and the delicate sense of fragrance from the dew damp forest—Oh that was a pleasant dream-land!

I have grown older now; yet still the expectation of living in the "open air" has ever been one of my favorite anonymous idealities. Indeed a woman finds so much of her confinement, so much of her trammelled incomplete existence, in that beautiful monument of patience, the household, that I believe the soberest of them have positive intentions of going without clothing, flying through the "endless circle of eternity," and roosting in the nightless rest of paradise, among the branches of the Tree of Life! I had myself not the smallest idea of wearing a sun-bonnet, or doing anything in the least to disconcert my perfect realization of freedom.

You laugh I know, as you often have laughed, at these christian-pagan pictures, which people sometimes make suffice them as something to live for, and something to die for. The creations of God were sublime to me, the creations of man I thought utterly unworthy of a reproduction.

The shadows of those ever-living trees, and of those eternal rocks, seemed often to fall upon me, in the heat, and stir, and violence, of life. But cramped by the rules, and the unbending proprieties of social existence, I never caught a glimpse of the New Jerusalem, whose golden streets, and jasper gates waked the extacies of John the beloved. I was tired of bonnets, long dresses, and gew-gaws, and the world which I painted was unfurnished with any of the

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up sign-boards and flaming swords to direct them thither, but has somehow left them to find the way themselves, just as if he didn't care much about it one way or the other.

So, oddly enough, the sulphur waves, and the fire-water, which appear to be a sort of Congress Springs to some ministers, very beneficially administered by them in small doses at present—and a place of general resort, whither they send all those spiritual patients whose maladies they cannot heal themselves—seem to have fallen, into disrepute. Our spirit friends don't seem to have found them, or finding them didn't stay there.

The other night a lady came to us, and related a piteous tale of a false life and false ambitions, ended for this world, but existing still in the self reproach, and self pity, of another sphere.

She had been beautiful in her young days, and vain of her beauty—ambitious only of the honor attached thereto. She had deserted a husband who loved her, to accept the heartless embraces of a miserable old man, whose miserly habits and pettiness of mind had brought him wealth. Noble was the home, she said, that her beauty bought for her—she had sold herself, but the price paid was a glittering one. Her vanity and extravagant tastes were gratified.

She was the belle of the evening assembly, the admiration of the fashionable world, the theme of artist and poet. Could she dream in this glare and excitement of life, that a cloud was gathering? In the brilliant company of those who thronged her drawing rooms she met one whom she falsely thought she loved. He tempted her:—the future tempted her:—life, and the absence of true enjoyment, tempted her: and slowly, gradually, imperceptibly, she received the idea, and commenced the task of putting the old man to death. Nothing, it seemed to her, in the desperate sophistry of her heartless existence, should stand in the way of her pleasures.

The old man's life was no benefit to anybody, it was a horror to her. She became a murderer.—What improvement do we add to the power of that word, by making it feminine?

Her repentance was as fierce, her self reproach as dire, as her passions were strong and uncontrollable. Wildly she upbraided herself, her fate, and regretted even amid her despair, the loss of her queenly beauty and power. She appeared to have been hurried breathless into eternity ere scarcely she had completed the deed.

Haunted by the thin pale face, the expressionless eye, and the

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bloodless lip of her victim—fallen, degraded, forsaken, she looked and spoke the embodiment of remorse.

She gave her name as Lucretia Spalding, and stated that her former husband was a merchant, still living in Texas.

A poor German, with the thrifty, enterprising, but not very far-reaching look peculiar to his class, sat quiet and unnoticed in the corner of the room, apparently much interested in, but not much understanding the proceedings. Presently the spirit of his mother, an active bright woman I should think, on the same plane of intellect as himself, came and shook hands with him in energetic style, and commenced speaking in German through S. He understood it well, and answered in the same language. Of those who assert that mediums can give no more than is in their own minds, or the mind of the inquirer, I would like to ask—how this language of which S. is ignorant came just at that time to be so clearly and emphatically inscribed on her intellect? And how it happened to cross the mind of our German friend who speaks scarcely a word of English, that in his first visit to a circle he would probably be talked to in his native tongue?

Some of his comrades afterwards translated the substance of his mother's communication, which when we heard we could not really help laughing. She congratulated him on his safe arrival in this country, encouraging him to try and succeed in his worldly affairs, and winding up with a promise to assist him in earning a house and lot in the country, with plenty of fresh air and chickens! Some other equally "solid information" and philosophical truths she added, and took her departure.

Talk of German ideality, and Spiritual ideality! Here I think was unquestionable German reality, and Spiritual reality. What the good 'Frau' will think of our reception, and whether she will ever visit us again I do not know. But I expect when I have become a traveler in the upper world, that some dewy summer morning as I am strolling along I shall light upon a pleasant farm house with all the farm house surroundings of joy and good cheer; and I shall recognise through the clear air her busy inspiring voice, as she blithely works away in her blooming garden.

ANN M. H.—

PLEASANT TALK WITH PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Home Journal.---

Very much pleased are we to find that the "spice lamp" at Idlewyld can spare a ray now and then to other subjects than the accepted literature of the Editor's table. It does not make ridiculous shadows of Spiritualists, nor banish ghosts entirely, to 'dark circles'.

Spiritual Herald, England.---

This interesting new monthly is on our table for future notice.

We stepped into the studio of Mr. G. Innis the other day, and enjoyed the pleasure of a quiet dream, a peaceful sort of trance there, among the pictures.

Artists, like poets, delight to think themselves inspired, but then that is only ideally. As matter-of-fact, they now-a-days abjure the notion. This may be the case with Mr. Innis, and perhaps we had better not say we seemed to see there some old world artists,—Rembrandt, Gainsborough, Ruysdael, Vandyke and Sir Joshua Reynolds—inspiring his pencil and prompting him to touch and retouch unwearingly.

We do not believe they painted for him—not we!—they only let the light from their heaven-dipped brushes fall upon his canvas, and reveal to him how this color should be lightened and that softened, how that outline should stand in relief, and this in shadow.

Mr. Innis possesses the rare gift of imparting feeling to his subjects. When studying them you seem penetrated by their atmosphere.

You are not merely conducted to the outskirts of nature and left there, but are led musingly into its very heart, forgetting the mountains, trees, rivers and sky in the feelings they occasion.

So with his portraits—the head upon his canvass is permeated by the soul, and you are not cognizant of the flesh and blood being—the stranger.—You do not even think of the skill of the artist until after.

* * * * *

Music itself is so harmonious and spiritual that we always expect those connected with it to be so also. It strikes us as something unnatural and incongruous to have a sweet song or a pretty waltz dealt out to us by a sour, crabbed clerk. So if we feel cheerful and songful we drop into Horace Waters' establishment where we know our tuneful feeling will not be jarred.

Speaking of music, we are so old fashioned as to call for our old friends, the Hutchinson family. We hope that they will not forget their annual visit to our city.—

We have a pleasant reminiscence about them.

Standing some years ago in a crowded audience, an interesting, agreeable lady shared with us, her seat and refreshed us with bon-bons from her reticule.

After that came a pleasant surprise when she was introduced to us as the wife of one of the "brothers." As sister Abby has it, "Bright things can never die," and it pleases us who believe in attractions, repulsions, spheres, and all such transcendentalism to have been received so trustfully by one so intimately connected with that band of reformers.

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THE INDIAN COUNTRY TWENTY YEARS AGO.

October, 6.

Dear S.—You are aware that it was a part of my duty to distribute \$150,000 among this barbarous kind of stuff. I had a right to classify them; and each one in the first class would receive about \$2000. When I came to make up my list, I was astonished to find that out of six hundred, hardly twenty could read or write, and not ten of those I had in my first class but were illegitimate children, or their mothers were. I determined to alter this if possible. I accordingly visited every family, and with only two exceptions returned disgusted with my reconnoissance. I then inquired among the whole people for the instance of some orphan child, who was in such hands as to ensure its proper education, or for some hard working, honest and industrious widow, who was struggling to maintain a large family. And I avowed my determination to make them rich if I could find any such. I could find none! The nearest approach to it was a family where the father was a drunkard, the mother had been what shall be nameless; but some of the children could read and write. That family I made independent for life. And the thanks I received was abuse, because I would so place the money that the improvident parents could not spend it! This was a fair exemplification of the whole class. I had however one exception. In the course of my walks, I found a French family who appeared pretty decent. They too I made rich; and the old man when he took his money did say "God bless you." That was a diamond in the desert, and in some measure compensated me for the vexation of being made the instrument of distributing so large a sum of money among so worthless a people.

This Indian treaty making is a strange business. A treaty is drawn out with

LETTERS FROM THE INDIAN COUNTRY.

sold their land and must leave it; but what they were to get for it, they did not know or comprehend. When paid their \$100 or \$500 apiece, they could not count it. All they knew was that one's pile of silver was larger than the others. We paid the Indians \$50,000 in silver in four days, and before the evening of the fourth day more than \$30,000 of it were in the hands of the trader, expended for trinkets, finery, &c. I frequently see an Indian, male or female, no matter which, covered over from the neck to the legs with silver ornaments, silver bands around the arms and around the hat, covering all the arm but the elbow and all the hat but the brim and crown,—the ears borne down with silver rings, and the nose so full as to be uncomfortable. The profusion in the ears was so great as sometimes to break off the rim of the ear.

The Indians are passionately fond of raisins. One trader told me he had for seven days made a clean profit of \$8 per day in retailing raisins! This would astonish our merchants; but they would be equally astonished at taking in daily, from \$1000 to \$1500 in silver, simply in retailing goods. Yet this happened at Mackinac. The worst of it is, the Indian will go home to his lodge, and suffer all winter from want and cold, when a little prudence would have made him comfortable. But there was no guarding against this improvidence. Their universal custom is to starve one day and feed to repletion the next. And money seems to be thrown away upon them. But they are as generous as they are improvident, and just and honest in their dealings except when contaminated by too much intercourse with the whites, and then they learn from us to be selfish, to lie and to cheat.

The Indians from the borders of Lake Superior, are the wildest, and give us the best idea of them in their savage state.—The chief of that band is a noble specimen of the race. Tall, strong and fearless, he bore himself in our presence like the head of an independent people. At our last council with the chiefs, I told them they must go home, that their young men and their young women were getting drunk, and the traders were getting all their money. "Yes," said the old chief, "Our father said he wanted our land and we must give it to him. We did so, and you have given us money and presents for it. But your traders are taking that away from us, and we shall return poorer than we

came Tell your children not to come to my people with their fire water. They will never return to tell you what became of it."

You ought to have seen him. With his blanket wrapped around his waist, all above naked—with the scalping tuft on his head and his face blackened for the loss of four brothers who had died while on the Island,—he stood before us, and absolutely looked down upon us.

"What good," said he, "has it done us to come here? We did not want your money or your presents. Leave us alone in our woods, and we will not molest you. But you said we must come here. We have come. Some of our warriors will never go back. My children have become mad with your presents. My young men and women have drank of your waters and become beasts. We want to go home. When next you want us, come to us, but leave your fire-water behind you, or it may make us forget that you are our brothers."

But I must draw this long letter to a close. On Saturday I am going into the interior to look for land. I shall probably be gone eight or ten days and this long letter will answer for my silence during that time.

You need have no apprehensions as to my visit to the interior. I go in company with Judge Morell, who is going out to hold a circuit in the woods, and shall be pretty well off. Besides I am getting to be so much of a traveller that I learn how to take care of myself. Yours ever,

J. W. E.

P. S. The name which the Indians finally gave me was Ogemah-wah-yah-be-we-wa-gnaw-nade—or the chief with the white hat. For you must know, I got me a white hat on my journey.

LIGHT.—The scripture hath said "God is light," in which saying thou conceivest of a metaphor and not of a reality. But as sound is the voice of God, so light is his robe, and wherever the light is, there is God.

H.

SPIRITUALISM—ITS TENDENCIES,

WITH DOMINIE BEER'S OBJECTIONS AND SYMPATHIES AROUSED.

The writer of this sketch assures us that this conversation actually occurred not long since. We hope the good dominie will not neglect to send us a copy of his sermon on "True Dignity."

"And you realized nothing from this valuable invention; why you should have made a fortune." Said the good dominie Beers to the artist Burnish, as he glanced at the working model before him.

"Nothing, or next to nothing," said the artist. "In fact, found myself poorer after its introduction than before. But what of that, dominie; I have the usual inventor's reward. The machine has been successful, and I have the gratification of knowing it is doing great good—the public is benefited and it has found its way into both hemispheres. Friend Beers," he continued, with solemn emphasis, "if we poor mortals had but one short life to live, and long enough for the misery we endure, I for one should really be discouraged."

"Yes," joined in lawyer Cramp, with a comic leer, "Burnish believes in the rappings and tippings and all this popular humbug; believes he can communicate with departed spirits, ha, ha, ha."

The dominie rolled up his eyes and sighed deeply in pious horror and reprehension, and then followed a prolonged pause.

"True," resumed the invalid, (for the artist was confined to his home by sickness, "I have received great consolation through this source of knowledge."

"And you really then believe in this wicked delusion!" said the dominie. "Ah, you should inform yourself on the science of electricity, psychology and mesmerism."—tapping the artist affectionately on the shoulder.

"Why dominie" said the artist, "don't think so poorly of me as to suppose me ignorant of the existence and influence of such an all-powerful agent, or that in the investigation of this important subject I have neglected to examine it in all its bearings. Yet if

you will find me an individual who really knows more about electricity than its mere effects—one who can analyze and give its component parts, you may send him to me.—I am ever anxious to learn, and if Spiritualism is electricity perhaps he can tell me who is at the other end of the wires ; or who sends, or whence came such surprising messages. I think you cannot have investigated the matter.

"Not I," said the dominie triumphantly, "All I know of it is that it is making sad havoc with some of the strongest and most brilliant minds in the country,—and the most profound."

"Then you would be quite safe in looking into it. But really, it seems like folly and misspent time for us to argue the truth of so important a subject, when a few hours' practical investigation would prove to you either its falsity or reality."

There was a pause, and the dominie resumed :

"But now, seriously, friend Burnish," addressing the sick man feelingly, "what have your spirits through the tipping, rapping or writing scribblers, taught you—what fact that you could not have obtained elsewhere,—come now, what fact?"

"Taught me dominie, that is a question not easily briefly answered ; but to be short they have demonstrated what all the church catechisms could never have done—the immortality of the soul—the continuity of an existence after death ; for I want you to understand I was made like thousands of others through all antagonisms, discords and inconsistencies among the various christian sects, a confirmed but unwilling atheist, without God and without hope."

The dominie stood aghast !! "Friend Burnish you surprise me ! You believe in the scripture and miracles of Jesus Christ?"

"Now, I do," replied the sick man, "Now I can believe in what you call miracles—and why ; because I have seen what might pass for miracles, or phenomena similar in its character to those spoken of in past times."

"And why not believe before you witnessed such wicked sorcery?" said the dominie earnestly.

"Dominie I think you are affecting to be more ignorant and in-

proof adduced of events transpiring eighteen hundred years ago was too far removed for this demonstrating age."

"An age of infidelity," said the dominie bitterly.

"No, the fact is, and there is no discussing it," said the artist, "the age of blind faith is passed—this is one demanding absolute knowledge. The great error with all religions has been, too

'Much was believed,—but little understood.'"

"A knowing age, indeed," said the dominie sarcastically

"Yes, an age of individual responsibility and knowledge, that is." said the artist, "Every one begins to feel and exercise the liberty of doing his own thinking in religion, as well as in every other matter of life."

Dominie Beers looked thoughtful, but shook his head doubtingly.

"Friend Burnish," he resumed solemnly, "I am convinced that this so-called Spiritualism is a delusion, and I conjure you—I beg of you to try to abandon its fascinations and give your testimony against it and in favor of that religion, the atoning blood of Christ, which is freely vouchsafed to all who will partake thereof, and has stood the test of ages."

"Dominie Beers," said the artist, calmly, "you don't know what you ask, or what would be the consequence were it in my power to comply, or to control my convictions. Convince me," said he with increasing emphasis, "that all I have witnessed—all I have felt—all the intelligence I have received from my departed friends—all the encouragement I have had to persevere in well doing—the teachings of Jesus—the teachings of divine truth, that these are all wild fancies and delusion,—hallucinations of the mind, and you will succeed, as Paul truly said, in making me 'the most miserable of men.' And I think too well of your natural goodness to suppose you would wish to bring me back to blank, despairing, hopeless atheism."

"Atheism!" said the dominie, starting back.

"Atheism," said the artist, "for there is no middle course; for the human soul once so cruelly trifled with in its warmest affections, if this all be false, must of necessity become incapable of further reliance on any proof; becomes callous, cold and prepared for the commission of suicide, or any desperate impulse.

"You shock me!" said the dominie.

"You know," said the artist, "you cannot demonstrate the immortality of the soul by any species of logic. At best, with you it is a matter of faith and belief; hence it ever requires the support of every kind of exterior show of forms, ceremonies and catechisms and costly decorated churches, seemingly to protect the inquiring soul from the torturing and blighting intrusion of skepticism."

"Immortality," said the Reverend, "not demonstrable?"

"Not without asking us to receive more equivocal proof, and yet of the same species as the Spiritualists now offer you. And when I say demonstration, I mean personal, individual intelligence, direct from the 'other side of Jordan.' The same species of proof that Jesus had, and exhibited, the same species of proof that convinced and sustained his disciples and followers."

The dominie looked vacantly into the sick man's face, but suddenly collecting himself, said, "Friend Burnish, I shall be blamed, and I blame myself for inducing you to talk so much. I do wrong, I must retire."

"By no means, by no means, you do me good. The truth is, I feel Spiritually sustained," said the artist laughingly. "Sit down, sit down, and you lawyer Cramp, as you are most interested in the law and the *proffers*, as understood by the world, prepare an opinion on 'sharp practice,' and the moral tendencies of the study of the law."

The dominie with some reluctance again dropped into his chair, and lawyer Cramp took out his pencil, and to show his indifference to the subject, jocosely went to work to solve the insolvable problem of what constitutes the dimensions and solid contents of a "piece of chalk."

"Well," said the dominie, resuming the conversation, "if they are spirits at all, they must be unclean and lying spirits, for I understand some of them tell woeful lies."

"In that respect," said the artist, "I confess they bear a strong identity to some of those spoken of in the Bible, assuming to be messengers of God, and some of them do tell us at times many foolish things, and exhibit a great share of their earthly proclivities and vindictiveness of character, but not a whit more so than those who frequently misled the seers and prophets of old, and made them say nonsense and do ridiculous things, and who often in-

cited them to mischief and cruel and bloody deeds. But to those who have progressed beyond the plane of blind faith, catechism, and church dogmas, there can be no harm done, for we soon know what reliance to place on ignorant teaching and soon seek for higher sources of knowledge. The human mind will gauge everything—Spiritualism and all, by the only true standard,—reason.

(To be continued.)

A DAY OF JOY.

Purple, golden, and azure sky,
With never a shadow hazing nigh,
Where amber cloudlets like dimples lie
In space of joy ;
Thus rest serenely my soul and I.

Blithely singing the nest-birds swing,
While trees to the air their branches fling,
My life is a song of bird on wing,
A gush of joy.
Earth blooms like a sunset eve of spring.

Love's bluest eyes bespraying me,
Rocked as a dimple on laugh of glee,
Is this the earth I would yestreen flee,
A blush of joy,
Oh radiant earth, my love loves me !

Skies as brilliant as opening rose,
Water that over soft moonlight flows,
Birds that on mellow sunbeams repose,
Speak not the joy
Which round me this summer night doth close.

S. H.

BERTHA'S STORY.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. FITZGERALD.

In the hill country of Switzerland, there lived many years ago a happy and joyous girl. At the morning's dawn her voice was carolling forth sweet and joyous notes of happiness, speaking of the peace within, that many a one who dwells in crowded cities would envy. She tended her flocks day by day, and was the happiest of them all. I was that happy girl.

Now turn with me to the humble cot where I had never known sorrow, though I was an orphan child. I lived with an aged aunt, whose every thought was devoted to me. The flocks I tended were goats, and we sold the milk for a living. These were my days of happiness and innocency. I wish I could stop here; but the truth must be told, though it is a sad story. Too soon the tempter came in the form of a beautiful but base man—beautiful only in the external. He met me on the hill-side among my innocent flocks, when I was as pure as they. He told me I was beautiful—that my voice was like a bird's. He told me it was a shame to see such beauty in obscurity; and that such a voice, if trained to sing, would bring me fame and boundless wealth. Thus by honied words, he won my trusting heart, and then he informed me that we were to be separated. I was in despair, for I had learned to love him, and I felt that I could not endure to be parted from him, my peace would be destroyed, and I could never again be happy. As I said, he was as base as he was beautiful, and soon he knew his power over me, and used it to my ruin.

He told me I must leave my home and go with him, and he would lead me up where honor's wreath would be placed upon my brow. I went with him. Yes I went with him to a foreign land, and left my friends at home! but sad was the fate that met me there—disappointment and sorrow at every step I took. My peace was gone, and in my soul a canker-worm was gnawing. Remorse for what I had done made my sorrow insupportable. The thought of my aunt at home with stricken and palsied limbs, and my flock upon the hill-side—who would tend them when Bertha was away? They thought me dead in my hill-side home. They could not believe I had fled—I that had so loving a heart.

They trained my voice to sing, and I excelled. Oft before the audience I sang, and flowers bestrewed the stage. Money I had in abundance. I needed not costly gifts, but I received them.

PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNIVERSE.

The Circle of Hope met, Nov. 14, 1852. Through the medium, the following communication from Swedenborg was given to the circle.

Bright and beautiful is the spiritual atmosphere around and above you. Bright are the shafts of spiritual light which descend upon you. The veil, which hitherto has hid from man's view the Shekinah, is rent in twain.

Should those ponderous orbs which roll around us in space descend upon us, they would crush us to the dust. Awful would be the catastrophe, if the sun should fall to the earth;—wonder where it would lodge!

It would be much more in harmony with the laws of God for them to roll quietly on and not create a jar in the machinery of the universe, that vast and complicated machinery which came from the hand of the great Architect of the universe.

Look at the grand whole and listen to its mighty notes of praise. There is not a jar in that universal hymn, not a discordant note. Behold yon distant planet wield its rapid flight in the fields of space. It rolls along on the plane of its motion, kept in its place by the forces of surrounding worlds; which forces are the magnetic emanations of the Great Positive Mind. Should that one planet leave its track, the universe would fall to ruin; and what a ruin it would be! World would smite its fellow world. Those mighty bodies, with force and momentum inconceivable, would drive headlong through space. That mighty hymn, so harmonious, would be turned into universal confusion and discord. The orbs, the worlds of the universe, would be resolved into dust. All life would cease, or if living would become diffused. The dark cloud of anarchy and death would unfold its black wings and spread a death-pall over the works of God. Light would become extinct, blotted out. Destroy but one cog in the vast universal machine, it would cease to go, or going, would tear itself to pieces. So wise have been the arrangements of God in his creative produc-

PHILOSOPHY OF THE UNIVERSE.

tions, each part fills its own and its proper place. There is nothing superfluous in the universe. God is not guilty of acts of supererogation in any respect. Hence destroy but one part, and the whole would fall to ruins. But if that one part change its particles by the same interior forces and in accordance with the great principles of interior life, no jar occurs. So, should the judgment day be what men have dreamed it, the universe would be a wreck.

But many who are interested in the spiritual developments, are asking "what is the judgment day? Where is the point where man meets the reward of his deeds? Where flies the soul when its chrysalis is broken?" And ye are preparing to answer this question to the world.

'T will not hover, as the ancients thought, betwixt Heaven and Hell. 'T will not be, as that old conception seems to teach, without form, size, organs or powers, and situated on a point which may be called Nowhere. 'T will not be as I once taught in my writings, in my "Arcana Celestia"—situated between two contending forces, the one ever drawing it upward, and the other downward; for then it must go in the direction of the strongest force. If it do, and his satanic majesty is holding the balance of power against the Almighty, in that he succeeds in decoying ninety-nine hundredths of the race to follow him, thus the mass must descend down, far down the inclined plane of retrogression, until, to its rudimental life and perceptions, it is wrapped in the black folds of its nethermost hell.

Oh! how wretched were the destiny of man if this were true! How dark, and black, and midnight like, were his approaching fate! A family tied together by the ties of nature and of love, parted forever in twain. The one part revered a book and worshipped on the altars of its forefathers, who ascribed power and honor and glory, with the lips, to earlier manhood's conceptions of God; who separated themselves from the world, and alas! in too many instances drew closely about them the mantle of sectarianism and self-righteousness. They would shoot away from the grave's dark portals, like the bird of Paradise, rise on their downy plumes, bathing their beautiful forms in the descended light of love divine, and truth and wisdom too. While the other, who could not believe as they did, or worship on their altars, who could not

revere those early conceptions of God, would be sent rolling down that inclined plane, an accelerated motion downward, governing the speed until they would become buried in the blackness of night itself, and they become to all intents commingled with the elements of darkness itself.

Friends, I have long wished to correct my errors—the errors of my writings. This was one of its most prominent ones, this antagonism of Heaven and Hell, of God and Satan, of light and darkness, of life eternal and eternal death, which in contrast stands but not in truth, only in my rudimental conception.

To a mind immortal, progression downward is impossible, because from the very constitution of mind itself, action produces refinement, expansion, elevation, and purification of the elements, which are physically speaking, active. At every exercise of any or all of your faculties, there is refinement, something grosser is thrown off, and something purer is taken up. That occurs as a consequence of action—expansion. That expansion is progressive ascension toward the higher plane of thought. Then how can the immortal mind eternally retrograde? The very pains of Hell itself, were there such a place, would burn up the soul's impurity, the hotter the flame, the speedier the purification, and the consequent ascension of Good. If this be true all Hell would rise to heaven.

Ah! Friends! The reason why man thinks the soul retrogrades is, because he cannot see through the gross rudimental senses, the soul's interior state.

You trace an individual in his life. You find him at one point of his earthly life mingling with the respected, the intelligent, perchance the so called virtuous and good. At another point, later still, you have seen him besotted, in the haunts of drunkenness, amid the scenes of vice and sensuality. When you have looked on his bloated face, and his wildly staring eyes, and have beheld his staggering form, you have thought of him, "How he fell!"

The contrast is truly striking, and upon external view might seem to argue retrogression. But take not a hasty glimpse at the man. Look at him in the light of science. Hold up before his mind the lamp of intuition. Let it cast its rays upon the interior features and form. Your preacher would tell you it is black with

guilt. He would tell you that from the black depths of his totally depraved interior being, there comes no ray of hope or promise forth; but upon his blackened soul is set damnation's seal—thus there, upon what was once the noblest work of God, you behold the L. S. of his Satanic majesty! Not a pure thought comes forth, it is said, not a right deed does he ever perform. He can't be subservient to the law of God. Upon his being, the mortgage of Satan is pressing, therefore his soul, from Heaven, from life, is doomed to death.

This is a dark picture! But look at it by the light of intuition and see if your immortal soul can bow to the sentiment that the mass of God's noblest beings have thus to remain.

Let us look at it philosophically, in the light of nature now. Can that soul become smaller than it once was? Or in other words, lose what it has gained in point of interior development? Can the rosebud go back and diffuse its elements on the stalk on which it grows? Can the mighty oak be crowded into the acorn's shell, which once enclosed the living germ from which it sprang? Or can it shrink until it becomes again the mere sprout of its early life? Neither can the soul, for it is immortal—

But you may say, the oak may die and rot away. True; but then you may say, the soul shall never die. This is true.

But another point, showing the truth of these remarks. Look at the quality of the spirit, and see if that can degenerate. Strictly speaking, the quality of a thing, (we mean humanly speaking) is determined by its use, and the plane on which it is; but philosophically and strictly speaking, the real interior elements of things are ever the same. There is no impurity in the universe, for God made it pure. True, the bright and beautiful form of the angel, and the manner of human thought and speech is purer than the gross animal; but if you could discover the interior quality of things themselves, you would behold them alike. It is the relative position in the scale of progressive development of a thing, which to your minds is high or low, pure or gross; but to him that is pure, that is, God himself, pure light, knowledge, wisdom, all things are pure.

Now, man's powers are not blackened, the essences of his spiritual nature are not depraved, but the external brain and living form through which the spirit acts, is clogged, deranged in its ac-

tion by the introduction of impure substances into it. The spirit, the interior brain then is unable to manifest itself through its outer form harmoniously ;—it cannot govern its movements, for there are hinderances along the track of the nervous system, the nerves and fibres over which passes the spirit's agent, namely, the substantial force evolved by the spirit-brain, and hence all those angularities and eccentricities.

Now that strong drink, or those low, grovelling and vicious magnetic influences which appealed to and unduly excited his exterior brain, and exciting its lowest faculties, it gave forth its animal and lowest manifestations, uninfluenced almost, unguided quite, by the higher faculties of his interior and spiritual being. Like excites like. Like causes produce like effects. Hence the stimulating drink, or the low magnetic influences which emanates from those who live in the extreme and constant action of the lower propensities, excites his lower propensities and not his higher.

The influence from their misdirected love, or combativeness, or destructiveness, excites not his philanthropy, his mildness, or his spirituality, but those lower faculties, akin to those from which it came. Then, for the time being, the soul's expansion and progression are hindered. There is a counteracting tendency from the exterior to the quiet and harmonious and happy upflowing of the thoughts and affections and desires of the inner being.

But friends, those untoward external influences can never blacken the essence of the spirit, or destroy its inner life ; but should that form fall even surrounded by those vicious things, the spirit would be more pure than the external. It might like the rose in its closed bud, be transplanted into the spirit world ere it bloomed, but like that same bud, it is destined to unfold its beauties which now were wrapped in its closed petals, and to send its fragrance to permeate the atmosphere for its higher life.

Yet those influences may alter the apparent external equilibrium of the manifestation of those faculties, and thus the relative harmony of the exterior be destroyed, or lessened rather, and the spirit-brain itself, in consequence may not be as fully developed as it otherwise would have been. Hence eternal punishment is a truth ; though not in the gross material sense of mythology ; not in the idea of eternal misery, not in the dark conceptions of human depravity, but in truth and reality.

BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Written by spirit inspiration on the arrival from Europe of the news of the battle.

The sentinel walketh wearily,
The camp fire burneth low
While fitfully and drearily
The winds around him blow.

A misty morn is breaking,
And wrapt in sullen gloom,
The drenched soldier waking
Marks where the shadows loom.

What is it in yon valley
Moves like some forest grey?
Is it the foeman's rally,
Is it the fancy's play?

Yet stepping, slipping, creeping,
The sound comes on apace,
Now like a deluge sweeping,
Now like a giant's race—

Fire! fire! the foe is on thee,
The Russ' has gained the steep!—
Thy challenge is unheeded,
Thou findest thy last sleep.

On, on ye struggling legions,
The hail of death I hear,
The lion of these legions
Unchained is lying near.

What streams are those, seem tracing
The cold, grey earth with red—
Where thousands lie embracing
In death's dark bridal bed?

See! where the sythe of battle
Whole squadrons moweth through—
The dash, the roar, the rattle,
Where none for mercy sue.

Cheer for the British lion!
Cheer for the Gallic pride!

While fierce the fiends of ruin
Dance o'er the crimson tide.

The bayonet is bloody,
And gory is the plain
Where lie the horse and rider
Mid mangled heaps of slain.

Tis not the peaceful ploughshare
That makes those furrows yield,
But war's fierce bolts of thunder,
That ridge the battle field.

* * * * *

Is Catcart's legion steady?
Where is the French reserve?—
They come—those swooping eagles
Were never known to swerve.

* * * * *

Tis done and day her curtain
Lifts slowly, as in fear
Lest sight of such vast horrors
Should freeze e'en pity's tear.

Yet not alone our earth sphere
Was present in the fight,
But myriad spirits near,
Hung on the clouds of night—

Napoleon and his marshalls
Ranged mid that battle hail
And hosts that bore his eagles
Watched when the foe should quail.

And mighty slumbering nations,
The holocaust of war,
Mingled amid the columns
Of Russia's waning star;

And from life's swelling ocean
One mighty wave they bore
Beyond that tide of battle,
Upon the spirit shore.

H

DIALOGUES,

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SKP.—We were at our last conversation discussing the probable nature of heaven and hell, or as you would term them the abodes of departed human spirits. Let us talk a little further upon that subject—or at least, let me understand your ideas upon the place where you put your heaven.

SP.—Yes, we will speak of the location of heaven; for the heaven spoken of by spirits is a place, an actual locality.

SKP.—And is there a local hell also?

SP.—As much one as the other. Properly speaking heaven and hell are conditions of the mind. But we will in treating of this matter speak only of the localities of spirit existence.—

SKP.—Do I understand you to say that heaven and hell are in the same place? That the burning fires which are to consume the damned, mingle with the day beam from the throne of God?

SP.—No, there are no burning fires for the damned. That old idea finds now scarcely a believer among civilized nations. Heaven and hell are in the same place in the world of spirits, just as they are in the world of mortals. Each one carries his heaven or his hell in his own breast.

SKP.—That is, there is no hell in your theology.

SP.—Yes, there is a hell in our theology, to punish every sin; you will not allow that there can be a hell, unless it be a place prepared expressly for the torment of human beings and devils. But we find on earth there is heaven for all the pure and good, and there is hell for every sinner.

SKP.—Still, practically, you do away with hell, and therefore the believers in spiritualism have nothing to fear. They feel sure there is no bottomless pit to go to, and they will sin as much as they please.

SP.—All men sin as much as they please, and no idea of a hell ever conceived will make men good, if otherwise inclined. As to locality, heaven and hell are in one place, and that place is where the spirit resides. As there are many spirits and many worlds, there are many heavens and hells.

SKP.—But to the locality, where is your heaven?

SP.—It is like this earth and all other localities, in space. The spirit worlds belonging to our solar system, and intended for the residence of its departed spirits, comprise a solar system like our own, though much more magnificent.

SKP.—Indeed! Then why have not astronomers discovered it?

SP.—Simply because the light which emanates from it is a sublimated light and inappreciable to mortal eyes, and the light of other suns which might reach it could not be reflected from those worlds to us, as it would pass through them. If the light of the sun did not pass through a spirit we could see it with the natural eye. The invisibility of a spirit, or of any sublimated matter, arises from the fact that light in its first condition, as we see it in the sun, is too gross to reflect from it under ordinary conditions. It passes through it as though there were no obstruction.

SKP.—That seems to be a philosophical cause and I am satisfied with it. But why have not philosophers demonstrated it?

SP.—Because they ignore spirit in their investigations into the properties of matter, just as physicians ignore mental and physical effects produced upon their patients by the active operations of spirit friends, who in nine cases out of ten effect the cure in spite of the Doctor's drugs.

SKP.—That is possible, though I do not understand it. But to the localities of your spirit worlds.

SP.—The Spiritual solar system has many worlds for the residence of human beings after they have left the body, some of them are adapted to Earth's children, some to those of other planets, and on all the Spiritual worlds there mingle, in some degree, the natives of two or more of our planets. This is in some degree a matter of choice, but generally a spirit must go where his friends reside, where they speak his language and where the climate and conditions correspond in some degree to those of his native place.

The Spiritual system lies to the north of ours, at a great dis-

tance, a distance however scarcely noticed by those who traverse it, as it is in effect a vacuum, and a spirit passes it with the effort of the will.

SKP.—How do you know the direction and locality of that system?

SP.—I have been told so by many spirits, on many occasions, and under circumstances which left no doubt on my mind. I do not expect you to believe it. I should not, upon any testimony if I did not find it reasonable.

SKP.—What reasons do you find for it?

SP.—The direction of all spiritual systems must be North, (magnetically speaking) of their parent systems. Their locality has much, if not all to do with the variations of the needle. Magnetism, or the flow of sublimated matter is always in one direction.

The spiritual solar system is at a fixed distance, established by the magnetic repulsion of our solar system. The worlds next beyond, and suitable for the residence of spirits in their next life, as angels, hold the same relation to the spiritual system as that does to ours.

SP.—But is it not taught by some of your teachers that the spirit worlds are around this earth, and enclosing it? And did not you yourself once propagate such a doctrine?

SP.—Yes, but that theory will not stand philosophical investigation.

SKP.—Why will it not as well as your newer theory?

SP.—If the earth were enclosed by the concentric spheres of the spirit worlds, they could not practically be lighted. If there were any source of light for them (as our sun's light could not serve in its gross state) it would have to pass through their bodies, their houses, and the ground upon which they trod. If spirits and their worlds were thus transparent there could be no privacy, nor any alternations of day and night.

SKP.—Well, I never believed that idea, and see as well as yourself how perfectly absurd it is.

SP.—The spirit worlds could not well have a fixed location within the bounds of our solar system, for the earth in its orbit would be forever changing its place, and some possible disturbance might arise from erring comets. Their system of worlds could not be independent of ours, because ours is in motion. You

know, I suppose, that our sun, and numerous other suns, revolve with inconceivable speed about a greater orb, and that myriads of these greater orbs with their congeries of suns and planets revolve about a still mightier central sun, and so on, none can tell us how far. If the spirit worlds were situated in space independently of us we should soon be whirled far away from the locality and in time it would be beyond discovery. Thus it is a necessity that our future residence should be forever part and parcel of our own system. Doubtless all the successive lives we shall live will be upon successive solar systems, in a continuous chain, and we shall probably only become free to this universe when we shall have reached, in some unimaginable period of eternity, the last degree in the refinement of matter.

SKEP.—Well, this is all of a piece. If one part of your theory is sound it may all be. Tell me, are those spirit worlds like ours?

SP.—Yes, in all natural conditions. The laws which govern matter upon earth, govern doubtless, all the other worlds of gross matter in the universe. As the spirit worlds, are probably sublimations from gross matter they must partake of all the properties of their parent. The spiritual body is, in one sense, an emanation from the natural body, and the spirit is therefore perfectly adapted to live upon a world, the matter of which is an emanation from the gross matter out of which was formed his native world.

SKEP.—This seems abstruse.

SP.—I have not expressed myself clearly. Suppose a time when the matter of our solar system was in a gaseous state, revolving upon its centre. It was then as now gross matter, that is, matter in its first estate. From this aeriform globe which filled a much wider space than our system now does, there was thrown off by magnetic repulsion at the northern pole, a sublimation, the subtile property of the matter, as the perfume is thrown from a rose. This sublimation of matter in the form of a vast sphere, many times larger than its parent sphere, would be repelled just so far as the power of repulsion would go and there it would remain, forever in the same relative position. The sublimated sphere thus thrown off would have a rotation in the same direction as its parent sphere, and every particle of its matter would be identical in quality with that from which it emanated—except for its re

finement. This sphere of sublimated matter, would throw off, by magnetic repulsion, another sublimation still more extensive and expanded, possessing all its own qualities, which would take its station at the north, rotating on its axis in the same direction, and this sphere would throw off the next sublimation, and so on we know not how far. All these spheres of matter would obey the same natural laws. They would gradually flatten and condense, and increase in velocity, throwing off from their periphery the superior planets, which in their turn would throw off their satellites, and thus the gross material solar system, and all the sublimated systems would take their form. These worlds, whether gross or sublimated, would all partake of the same nature. They would all contain the metallic bases, the primitive constituents of the rocks and soils, fluids and solids, caloric, electricity, &c, and have all the same properties of matter. As these worlds material and spiritual, condensed to incandescence and cooled to solidity, and formed air and water and soils, and became covered with vegetation, they would be all obeying the same natural laws and a similar result would occur in all. It is a fair supposition that the great fountain of matter in the Universe while in chaos was homogeneous. That by different primal aggregations of its particles an almost infinite variety of forms would spring. That all systems of worlds would be the same in kind, varying only in degree. That they would be found to possess the same great properties, but in the details of their construction and development infinitely varied. That as the sublimated matter of the worlds for spirit life, are a natural emanation from gross matter, it must be the same in kind and its development, though more beautiful and more perfect, must be generally the same. That the spiritual body being born from the natural body of earth must partake of its nature, just as the spirit world partakes of the nature of the gross world.

Therefore we have a philosophical reason for believing that we shall be the same after death, and that the world to which we go will be similar in kind to this.

SKEP.—Well—The theory is ingenious, but tell me more particularly of those worlds. Do all the phenomena of earth appear there?

So that these worlds took shape and developed their

phere, water and soil, they became covered with vegetable and animal life, which, as was the case with this earth, was the result of natural causes. It was God's mode of creation, which creation had no one point of time for its performance, but has ever been going on, and will never cease. The spirit worlds grew as this earth grew, and were in process of development at the same time and when the first human beings, of the solar system died, those worlds were ready to receive them.

Vegetation covered the spirit globes as it covered ours, earthquakes shook them, upheavals took place, volcanoes broke forth, floods prevailed, coal formed, minerals and metals took shape and position, and all the natural laws operated to make a world fit for the habitation of man. How far God or his angels may aid by direct action these developments, or whether or not He ever interferes with the operation of his own laws, we can none of us know, since the influences which he exerts upon the world are invisible and incomprehensible.

SKP.—I understand then that the spirit abodes have all the imperfections of this world.

SP.—I do not know what you call imperfections.

SKP.—You spoke of volcanoes and earthquakes, upheavals and floods.

SP.—Yes, and what would a world do without them. You might as well call a chimney an imperfection in a furnace, as a volcano an imperfection on earth. What if there had been no upheavals and no shrinking of the earth? There would have been no land above the water. Have floods done nothing in preparing earth for the use of man? I fear we should lack our coal formations and many other desirable things, if there had not been thousands of floods. To suppose that the spirit worlds could be formed without any of the processes and changes witnessed here, is to suppose a miracle. Those worlds are material like this. They have rocks, earth, air and water as we have. A spirit never thinks, unless reminded of the fact, that the tree he is chopping down is less solid than the trees of earth. All things there are relatively the same. The axe there is as much harder than the tree as an axe

derstand or cope with sublimated matter. Yet it is a mathematical certainty that it is so. A spirit finds it difficult to comprehend that his brother, who has passed on to a higher world—who has left his spirit corse behind to be inurned, and has departed to a world of still higher sublimation, still lives on, the same individual. He sees his corse, but does not see the man. Yet the spirit who has taken his second degree in spirit life, dwells in a world which to him is just as material as the one he left, nor does it occur to him that he himself is less substantial than he was before.

SKP.—And you assert that he has a solid body.

SP.—Yes, a body just as solid to him as ours is to us. Many spiritualists ignore the body of the spirit and suppose he can come to them through the walls of the house, as easy as through an open door. This is unphilosophical and indicates want of thought upon the subject.

SKP.—I have heard some of your people say that a glass window was no more hindrance to the ingress of a spirit than it would be to the rays of light.

SP.—Yes, I know there are people who think so—indeed there are few who think otherwise. They assume that the spirit's bodily organization is held together by so frail a tenure that it is resolvable into its primitive elements at pleasure. Of course they assume that the spirit wears no clothing, for no textile fabric could pass through solid matter. They laugh at the idea that a spirit could be obstructed by any bar, and yet if questioned on the source of their opinions, would be unable to give any reason beyond mere assumption.

SKP.—Well, as you are in a minority in your ideas of the matter, why should I not rather take their opinion than yours?

SP.—You can if you please. But I have spent five or six years in the investigation, and my opinion is not mere assumption. Is it not generally the case that investigation enables us better to understand our subject?

SKP.—Certainly. Those spiritualists who flippantly express their opinion, without having taken the proper measures to learn the truth, I look upon as blind guides. To such teaching I pay no attention, but I listen respectfully to, (if I do not accept,) the statements of one who has by long and earnest philosophical investigation qualified himself to judge.

So you think really that a spirit could not enter a room if there were no aperture?

SP.—I am sure of it. I spent a year in the study of that especial matter. I observed that some mediums were annoyed by intrusive spirits who interfered with the manifestations. It was necessary to exorcise the spirit. All moral force having failed, I conceived of the idea of a double door, of peculiar construction, through which a mortal could pass, and leave behind any spirit that attempted to follow. The opening was made just the size of the medium who was to pass. The two doors formed a closet like a coffin. The medium entered it, and the door was closed behind him. The other door was then opened, and he entered the other room. If a smaller person attempted the same thing it would be necessary to pack all the interstices full before closing the door, else a spirit could accompany him.

SKP.—It seems very strange that you could shut out the airy substance of a spirit.

SP.—Remember that a spirit has a body quite as perfect as your own. That he wears a suit of clothes, and as he walks or glides about the room seems as solid as yourself. He could pass through a narrow aperture, as the crack of a door, if open an inch or so, by an effort of the will, voluntarily elongating or flattening his figure. But if the door were closed he could not enter through it, though the panels were made of tissue paper. Nor do spirits like to enter a house or a room in so undignified a manner. They prefer to walk in at the open door, like an honored guest. But the ignorance of mankind on this subject forces them to resort to any and every means to gain admission to the domiciles of their friend.

SKP.—It may be as you say, but it is difficult to suppose that a free spirit would find any obstruction in bolts and bars.

SP.—To me, who have probably thought more on the subject, it is impossible to understand how an organized body could pass through a mass of matter in which there was no opening.

SKP.—But in a pane of glass there are millions of openings, though so small we cannot see them.

SP.—Yes, but none of the holes are big enough to admit a full sized man.

The question is resolved into this, has a spirit an organized body? If yes, then it cannot be supposed to be resolvable at pleasure.

If a spirit has arteries and veins, lungs and viscera, brain and bones, these must be in a state of organization, and action. You may compress them or elongate them and their natural elasticity may admit of it, but so to dissolve them into their original elements as would enable them to pass through a pane of glass, seems to me impossible.

SKP.—Does not electricity pass through a solid body.

SP.—Possibly it does. Some think it only passes along the surface. Some think that many distinct currents could pass in opposite directions on the same wire, without jostling each other. If that be the case it would favor the supposition that the electricity did not pass through the substance, but only over it. However this is not a parallel case, for that fluid is not organized, nor endowed with life.

SKP.—There are many things that flow in their course undisturbed by matter, the magnetism which gives polarity to the needle, for instance.

SP.—Of that we know little, but we know that it is not organized. There is another obstacle to a spirit's free passage through solid matter—his clothing.

SKP.—How do you know how a spirit's clothing is made?

SP.—It must be constructed in some way. It is a reality and not an imagination. No matter how it is made it must have continuity and strength. If rent or sundered it can have no natural affinity which would reunite it. Possibly an organized body might reunite or heal, after being sundered, for it has life, and the parts have a certain affinity; but the seams of a suit of clothes can have no mutual affinity, nor the threads of the warp or woof.

SKP.—That is the greatest absurdity, that a spirit's robe has warp or woof.

SP.—It may seem absurd, but I know of no way in which a stuff could so well be made. It might be made of the skins of wild beasts, would you think that preferable? But even that would not reunite in shape after it had been resolved into its elements.

SKP.—If spirits wear any clothing, it must be of some material of which we have no knowledge, and which it would be in vain to reason about. Doubtless God gives them whatever is necessary to their happiness.

SP.—Possibly he may give them all things, but if he does so

of the inhabitants, something is necessary to protect from the inclemencies of the weather.

SKP.—But I have supposed that in our next state there will be no heat or cold, no wind or storm, no cloud or darkness, but that there we shall revel in eternal day.

SP.—It is a poetical idea but not very practical. To lose the infinite variety of climate, would be a loss to me even in heaven. To have unchanging day would be intolerable and contrary to the established system of creation, where change and alternation are universal.

I like better the system God has established, of infinite variety of climate, of vegetation, of light and shade, and of color and form. All these constitute infinite beauty.

SKP.—I am inclined to agree with you in this. There could be little variety of beauty in the light if it were perpetual noon day, and I think I should weary of it and long for twilight, if not for darkness.

Upon the question of clothing, I do not see much harm in angels wearing robes, if they see fit. If they are of woven light they may be very beautiful, but would not be very substantial.

SP.—If they wove the light they would have to spin it first. If woven or constructed at all it could not pass through a pane of glass without dissolution, and the reunion of its parts could never take place by affinity unless the clothing possessed life—nor, as I believe, even then. Therefore it is my settled opinion that a spirit, however sublimated in his essence, could not pass through, or dwell in solid matter; consequently that he could not enter a house through the walls or the closed doors and windows.

SKP.—I think your argument all of a piece. If there be any such practical sort of a spirit world as you claim, then spirits must have substantial bodies and wear substantial clothing and require reasonable openings to enable them to enter a house.

If we have guardian angels, as is thought, I suppose they would be likely to desire to come and go at pleasure.

SP.—Yes, that is but natural. On earth children have their natural guardians to protect them. The office devolves on those who most love them, or who are connected with them by ties of consanguinity. It is not otherwise with guardian spirits. They endeavor to serve those they love. There are few mortals so debased that

some pure spirit will not be interested in their welfare. Therefore it may be safely assumed that all are watched over by spirits in the first or some higher estate. There are some to love them, to be near them, to prompt them to good thoughts, and good deeds, watch over,—and protect from evil influences. It is not always that such gaurdians can save those they have in charge, but generally they work in this labor of love, and do their duty. Suppose that you should die, leaving children open to the seductions of the world, and much in need of guidance, what would you do?

SKP.—If there be any truth in your doctrine that spirits can return to earth, and mingle in its affairs, I would at once seek my children and be near them to watch over and protect. If I could by magnetization gain an influence over their minds, I should make any sacrifice and incur any amount of labor to guide them in the path of duty. If I saw them going headlong to destruction and had not power to stay them I should be very unhappy. Hence I infer that in heaven we are kept ignorant of the doings of those we leave behind, or else we have power to guard and guide them.

SP.—Your inference is a reasonable one, unless, as you have heretofore supposed, the departed spirit is an entity without form or substance—without love or sympathy, hope or fear, or any emotion except that of a love for God—then you could be as happy as possible. But I think you would not give up all your natural sympathies for any amount of stoicism that could be found among the angels. Sympathy is a beautiful thing, and human love is that which most allies us to the Divinity.

SKP.—I begin to think I have been in error in supposing the departed spirit to be a bodiless entity without its human individuality. I used to think of the soul after death as a particle of thought, without a local habitation or a name, and having nothing of a human being except the capacity to be happy in heaven or miserable in hell. I begin to find that it is a pleasanter idea to think that we are immortal in our individuality, that we live after death with all that we have acquired, with all our cultivation of mind, our loves

SKP.—I understand you to assert that a human being after death has the exact body which he wore on earth, that is the exact shape, and that every artery and every nerve are there and perform their functions as before.

SP.—Yes, it is so.

SKP.—And that, therefore, the body being organized and in action, it must wear and require sustenance.

SP.—Certainly, that is an inevitable condition.

SKP.—And that the spirit's body is susceptible of pain and disease, that it can be wounded and that it can die again.

SP.—Yes, that also is an inevitable condition.

SKP.—Then it follows that a spirit must in his intercourse with mortals shield himself from their unconscious interference, that he must not subject himself to the danger of being wounded by an accidental blow.

SP.—Probably it is so. I have an idea that there is a certain natural repulsion between gross matter and sublimated matter that would in some degree protect a spirit's form from injury when it comes in contact with an earthly weapon; possibly if a spirit were asleep and he should be struck a blow by an earthly weapon, his body would evade the blow, and in some way be protected. Yet I believe that if one spirit struck another spirit with a weapon of sublimated matter, he would feel the blow and be wounded.

SKP.—It does not seem very probable that a spirit's body could be injured, or that it could suffer from illness.

SP.—I have been informed, however, that such is the case. But as I have not yet fully comprehended the idea, I do not fully accept it.

SKP.—How would a rain storm affect a spirit who was exposed to it?

SP.—The rain would certainly incommode him. I know not in how much it would injure him. I know that spirits have often excused themselves for their non-fulfilment of an engagement to meet me because it rained incessantly. They chose not to come, and I think there must have been good reason. It is certainly philosophical, to suppose that even if a spirit's body could bear uninjured the passing through it of a thousand drops of rain, his garments at least would be torn to shreds for they could have none of the body's life and affinity which might cause them to reunite when sundered.

And yet I doubt if a spirit could live when perforated by what would be equivalent to a thousand buckshot; unless, as I suggested, there be a repulsion which prevents gross matter from wounding a body of sublimated matter.

SKP.—Would it be the same in a snow storm or a gale of wind?

SP.—I cannot tell. I suppose in any case the spirit must steer between the drops. A gale could offer no obstruction.

SKP.—Probably not; as a spirit can move through the air with great velocity. From what you have said I infer that a spirit could not dive in the water nor penetrate in the earth.

SP.—No. I think that would be impossible.

SKP.—But if a man were buried alive or were drowned, his spirit would have a resurrection, would it not?

SP.—Certainly. But when a man dies, there is a brief period when he has not an organized spiritual body. The matter of which it is composed leaves his mortal body in particles of an essence which can penetrate and permeate all gross material bodies, and when in the free air unites in the form of the spirit by natural affinity. Possibly if a man were buried alive and put in a vaulted chamber, his spirit would leave the body and the coffin but remain in the vault and die there; and even then his spirit in its second condition might not be able to escape, if the vault were hermetically sealed.

SKP.—It cannot be expected of me that I should follow you in all this conjecture, I do not believe that we have more than once to die.

SP.—Then you do not believe in the second death alluded to in scripture?

SKP.—I do not understand it.

SP.—Well we will defer to another occasion the further discussion of this subject.

W.

PAIN.—It is the violent disrupture of cohering particles which the spirit, with interest more or less intense, perceives. The impulse of all spirit is to union, harmony. The motion of matter in milder forms produces sensations of pleasure, because the mind appreciates matter as returning to equilibrium.

WEBSTER.

In the world's firmament a star has faded,
An orb the brightest that hath risen yet;
And the earth that it shone on now is shaded—
Its course to us is ended—it hath set.

High was its place in heaven—beneath its shining
The smaller orbs that cluster'd round were dim.
Even in the solemn hours of its declining
It wore the brightness of the seraphim.

'Neath the horizon has that star descended—
Yet 'tis not quench'd—still doth it shine afar;
For now with light immortal it is blended,
And in a mightier orbit rolls the star.

A twilight lingers, and a golden glory
Tells where it sank triumphant in the west;
So memory long will brighten o'er the story,
And shrine the lingering radiance in her breast.

E. K. C.

THE VOICE OF GOD.

An Ideality, through spirit inspiration.

Thou sayest that sound cannot be the voice of spirit, in all material things,
because the falling of the rock from its mountain height maketh a sound,
The wind stirreth the surface of the ocean and of the earth, and giveth forth
sound according to the density of matter in motion.

Thou talkest of the mechanism of the ear, of its auditory nerve, its various
wonderful appendages,—

And thus thou hast mastered the origin of sound.

But doth thy familiarity with the keys of the instrument of music solve the
problem of its various modulations?

Because thou handlest the lightning, and discourest with distant places
through its wondrous speed, doth this prove that its component elements are
known to thee? Canst thou put its elements in thy crucible?

So sound being of the Infinite, is therefore the Infinite voice.

Suppose I say with thy theory, that God is everywhere—

Must he not then be present with each atom, giving or imparting motion?

What then is thy dilemma? Either that matter hath motion in itself, or
that God moves it? And if he moveth matter, is he not revealed to thy eye by
motion, and to thy ear by sound?

ELECTA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE RAMBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

Alice smiled upon Electa, and placed a wreath of flowers upon her head: and her angel mother told her that it would be always there, that the flowers would be bright and fragrant when she spoke pleasantly, and behaved kindly to those about her—but that they would wither and their sweet breath would die away when she was rude or unkind.

Electa at this period was past her twelfth year; and all the succeeding years that she remained with her uncle she tried to keep her beautiful wreath bright and fresh. Sometimes she failed. She was not always what she endeavored to be, helpful and willing. It was not at all times that she could smile, and speak pleasantly. But she did her best. She tried to teach her little baby cousin to be beautiful like Alice. Often she rehearsed to him stories which her mother had taught her about fairies who liked good children; and of a strange old man named Santa-Claus, who used to come down the chimney on Christmas eve, and fill her stockings with presents. But her uncle put a stop to all such story telling when he knew of it. He "did not wish his children to be instructed in falsehoods. He would allow nothing but stories from the Scriptures to be recited." So he took the fork out of the stocking which Electa had hung for little Charlie in the chimney corner, one Christmas eve—telling her to "put it away, for he would have nothing but plain practical common sense taught his child." Electa had to bear this without a murmur, and to go away up stairs, with the toys and sugar-plums she had bought with the new half dollar till then kept so sacred because her mother had given it to her.

Thus Electa kept expanding and contracting, between the heavenly warmth which visited her from the spirit world, and the frostiness of a home which not even the lake of fire—about which their min-

ister talked every Sunday—could thaw. But like many children we have seen, Electa progressed beyond her instructors, and could not bring her judgement to believe that a merciful God could so horribly punish any whom he had made.

The Reverend Mr Devine could not be blamed for Electa's infidel principles. He knew nothing about them to be sure, for Electa had been brought up "not to question but obey." So her heresies troubled no one, and Mr. Devine thanked God he had "cleared his skirts from the blood of his people."

Some romantic folk like Electa averred that it seemed to them when he spoke thus, as though he was making the sign of the cross in his mind. But of course that was a vagary, for no one spoke so harshly of the Catholics as he did, though in his way he was a real anchorite, yet fond of the pomp and show of wealth in his congregation, and a true pope too in the homage he exacted. Afterwards when he did join the Roman Catholic church, his friends used to say it was all owing to "that Mrs. Devine who would have her own way, and so put him out of the notion of women altogether;" though others said they always thought he had popish notions, and a few young folks declared that he had even reminded them of a Jesuit.

He was a very dictatorial man, and never reasoned with any one. You would no more think of saluting him in the lecture room for a friendly chat, than you would the Russian Bear, nor half so soon. The REVEREND Mr. Devine was always uppermost in his mind, imparting to him a stern awe inspiring aspect, so that to his people he appeared unapproachable, like a God.

Mr. Devine despised in his sublime way (that is, he walked straight along as though there were no such thing) all denominations save the one in which he was a shepherd. Unitarians and Universalists—of which former society there was one in the town, he treated as a distinct perjured race of beings on whose peculiarities it was both naseous and sacrilegious to dwell.

Mrs. Devine, in whom her feverend husband saw a most unfeminine inkling for freedom, was obliged to endure every morning before the long prayer, the reading of St. Paul's chapter on "wives submit yourselves to your own husbands." "As if"—the wilful Mrs. Devine used to mutter, "we would submit ourselves to any other husbands."

All Mr. Devine's sermons were an immersion the regular people

seemed but profane models of the Old Testament Jehovah. Their mercy was meted out by the scrupulous justice of a Jew. They looked upon sin when they could see it outside of the Baptist church, with abhorrence and neither did they think it wrong to spoil the Egyptians, which they did by using every petty means in their power to overreach them in trade, for they were a money-making people, and in this labor as an example, the minister helped materially by his parsimony.

There was but one man who seemed in no awe of Mr. Devine, that was a farmer who lived some distance back in the country, he supplied Mr. Ridly's family with such vegetables as their own farm did not produce, and often at such visits he met that reverend clergyman. He used to say, that "dominie Devine always looked, to him, he seemed so savagely resigned, as if he had just been immersed through a hole cut in the ice of squire Davie's mill-pond, and had come out all blue and glazed into the frosty air of mid-winter."

Electa liked nothing better than to see this man enter, when Mr. Devine was present, for he would assail that gentleman's errors in a manner so innocent, so unconscious, the while he still kept pressing down, of treading on any one's toes, that the attack was pleasurable to Electa. A hale energetic, sanguine and agreeable man, was the farmer, so fond of talking and diving into matters of mind, that he could not be brought to see by any curtness of reply, that a 'colloge man' like Mr. Devine, might not like it as well as himself.

"Well, Dominie," said he one day, (he was never reverential, either from principle, or a deficiency of that organ,) "I would like to know what's your opinion about these communities and the like o' that, which are making such a stir now-a-days? There's young Mister Joyce and his wife, neighbors o' our'n, jined them last week, and I've been considering on it some, and far as I see it 'pears pretty nigh right."

"They are a godless impious people! I do not wish to hear anything about them." ejaculated Mr. Devine.

"I can't judge about that, Dominie, but 'pears to me they keep mighty square to the old book! They divide all their truck 'mong each other so I heern tell. and that's more 'an those do who count so

he got out of employ, and his wife was sick, and the young ones ailing—he sot off to ask one of the richest men in the church if he wouldn't help him get something to do. The "brother" whoever he was, spoke right smart sarcy to him, and told him "he couldn't bother about other folks' coffins, he had business enough of his own to mind."

Young Mr. Joyce didn't think that was exactly "doing as he'd like to be done by," and he up and told him so, and they had a real set to. After that Mr. Joyce went off and jined the communities. And 'pears to me, as he says, 'taint exactly right for a man who lays out to follow Christ, to be buying up all the land round abouts; and then make poor folks work like dogs, and pay such mighty big rents, for what don't cost them a bag of meal."

"To him that hath, shall be given, and from him that hath not, shall be taken away even that which he hath,"—delivered the Reverend Mr. Devine, as though from the sacred desk. "All these new things, which assume to teach men more than the Holy Word, are snares of the Deviser of mischief; they are pit-falls into which all will be entrapped who do not rely for help on the Son of David, but seek out a way of their own invention. Satan goeth about as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.—Socialism, Mesmerism, Phrenology, Universalism, and kindred devices are but modes to entrap the unstable."

When mention was made of phrenology, Miss Nancy in view of Electa's presence, ventured a timid suggestion in its favor. But she was silenced into all but annihilation by the minister's severe rebuke—

"Young woman, your opinion was not desired."

"Well, for my part, I can't see much of the devil into any on 'em," replied the farmer.

"Perhaps not, my friend, it is not given to you to know the mysteries of God."

Mr. Devine always looked bluer, and more furrowed, after such conversations, like a man who would deal out punishment, but is restrained against his wishes—so, like David, in his self-righteousness he was troubled, and bit the dust, because the "adversaries of the Lord, vexed him sore."

"The old chap would have us all to the block, if he could. Ain't that your opinion Electa?" the farmer would say, as he sprang gaily

to his wagon and drove off. He was very partial to Electa, who frequently accompanied him to the gate, and even was permitted to ride a short way with him when miss Nancy was in very good humor; he lent her books and papers, and conversed with her during their rides on the stirring topics of the day—for Electa's mind was far more mature than most girls' of her age, and she possessed an extraordinary gift of conversation. She always mentioned him to the day of her death with respect as one to whom she owed much of the liberality of her opinions.

All this time Electa was growing up to be a tall graceful girl with a countenance of rare spiritual beauty. Wiser than her cousins, because she read or studied all her spare time, and because she listened as they did not to teachings from a higher world. But she never, until she left her uncle's, touched her pencils or attempted her much loved employment, painting.

She often remarked in her riper years that though the lesson that Mr. Pink had read her, had given her nerve and helped her measurably to overcome her tastes and desires, yet the effect had been otherwise baneful to her; and this effect followed her through life; weakening her efforts—rendering her most doubtful of success, when boldness and selfreliance were most needed.

This can be seen from her letters. In one to a friend, dated Italy, she writes—"Latterly the burden of my thoughts has been Truth! Oh! if the teacher, the poet, and the painter, the philosopher, the statesman and the orator were but true to their inner perceptions, what a greatly improved world would we soon have.

"Here, in this sparkling Italy—this radiant land—this sublime arcanas, where the thoughts which stirred in a by-gone era look down inspiringly upon you; you feel incapable of falsity. I can understand now the superiority of these old giant artists. I can perceive how, working under such penetrating eyes of light—under such cloudless, skies, they should have become soul delinators. And thus it is that all improve in art, who come hither. They become more beautiful and grow to despise the false accompaniments with which they embellished their works to gratify the popular eye,—which ignorant of, or unaccustomed to truth, and dazzled by brilliancy, is willing to be pleased at any expense. I have met many who have come hither from our own country, inflated with pride, made dizzy by an admiration so easily won—men ready to throw down the gauntlet at those

"old masters" whose palettes were ever illuminated by a halo from an atmosphere even beyond the sun of Italy—whose colors were analyzed by that unerring light, and blended according to the truth it inspired. These too have seen their error, and grow here more spiritual artists; working out upon their canvass more boldly, their interior idealities. They will return to our own beloved country America, and work on, caring less to gratify a perverted taste, than to be honest to the clear light which has penetrated their being, and thus in time will genius flourish and society be enlightened. I know well, if there were none who suffered, there would be no improvement.

I too am advancing here—I who had given myself up as an unfortunate being, born with the desires, but without the talents of an artist—beneath this magic sun am being brought out. And should not I more than any, inculcate the necessity of truth, when I remember that it was the erroneous judgement passed upon my childhood that nearly buried me alive, like some old paintings I meet with in my researches, all blackened and discolored by neglect; whose bright tints long covered by dust and dirt, may be by care measurably restored; yet they will never startle the beholder with the splendor that originally belonged to them. Yes, thus it is with myself. I must suffer, and this it is that renders me so earnest in my appeals to society to place faithful, intelligent, unbiased instructors over the young.

CHAPTER III.

Miss Nancy formed at singing-school an acquaintance about this time, with a Methodist 'class-leader' by the name of Ebenezer Sharp. Everything about this gentleman was as eminently striking as his name, from his steep and highly polished beaver, stigmatized behind his back, by the sabbath-school boys, as his "stove pipe," down to his emphatic boots. He was gifted with a "tremendous pair of lungs," so people were accustomed to say by way of complimenting his efforts with the note book, and this with his other gifts, award-

father; Mrs. Sharp would scream to him at the top of her lungs, to "wipe his feet!" when she saw him coming in. When he could be got to hear, he would very humbly retrace his steps to the door-mat, but he always forgot it next time. Mrs. Sharp's voice, which was always loud, now grew shrill as a rasping iron; but the old gentleman though his deafness was a great annoyance to his friends, would never listen to any proposal to purchase him an ear trumpet. "He would not tempt God, by any such unhallowed interference with his providence."

It was a sore trial for Electa, to have to bend to all the religious vagaries of those with whom she was obliged to live. She wearied of the prayer meeting, and class meeting, to which she generally had to accompany Mrs. Sharp twice or thrice a week. The groans, the shouts, the wild and noisy singing, really made her nervous. But if she hinted to Mrs. Sharp that it made her head ache, that lady would sneer in her pious way, and say that "she must have a very weak head indeed, and if that made it ache, she was afraid she would have to endure the head ache all her life." Year after year Mrs. Sharp grew more sharply perfect under the excess of religion with which she considered herself blest. Her deportment became more austere and unsociable. Finally the sacrifice was complete—the earth overcome—and Mrs. Sharp ready for translation, having adopted a sober methodistical costume, then quite out of fashion in the church. This grey lifeless dress was worn with characteristic decision, and its individual asperity was ever a dead rebuke to the bright colors of the gay church members.

She would not wear lace, nor a bow on her bonnet, nor even an end of ribbon; nothing but a flat knot, which could not possibly be misconstrued to mean anything but a knot, would she permit the milliner to place upon it. The malicious asserted that even that was put there for no mortal purpose but to show the heavy brown satin material. She certainly took a little earthly pride in the expensiveness of her plainness, although she supposed herself, and imagined that every one else supposed her to be, one of the most humble, St. Paul's model of a woman, ever sanctified. Even her little children wore large spoon-shaped, sad-colored bonnets.

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

We make the following interesting extracts from the *Spiritual Herald*, a new monthly published in London. They show plainly enough that spirits while they condescend to men of low estate, do not particularly 'mind high things' but walk into noblemen's drawing-rooms, and move mosaic tables with as much nonchalance as the most republican philosophy could desire:

FROM SIR CHARLES ISHAM'S LETTER.

"I perfectly agree in the usual affirmation, that the fact of a table moving or the appearance of a hand, should not at once be considered a *per se* demonstration of the presence or agency of departed spirits; but when the numerous phenomena, in their totally dissimilar and ever increasing phases, are taken into consideration and duly weighed, the theory that it is entirely the result of the minds of parties present or not present, will appear almost as inadequate to a rational solution as Mr. Anderson's foolish exhibition of a table. The action of embodied mind, voluntary or involuntary, is naturally the first suggestion of the philosopher, and this concession carries us unintentionally some distance towards the spirit theory; for if mind is allowed to be capable of moving matter independently of the bodily organs which were created for that special purpose, the affirmation that a departed spirit could not by any possibility exercise a similar power, loses considerable weight.

That the supposition of spiritual agency is subversive of preconceived notions, appears upon closer examination to be without foundation. We need only consider ourselves in possession of an additional fact, the manifestation of a law hitherto obscured through want of sufficient knowledge, and we are acquitted of the charge of outraging the reasonable preconceived notions of any man. Those who rest on mundane causes for a solution, must, indeed make fundamental concessions of preconceived ideas. They must prepare themselves, judging of present aspects, for disorganisation of the union of mind and body, which it is anything but satisfactory to contemplate; whereas those who recognise in the phenomena a foreshadowing of a more intimate connection between this world and the world of spirits, however insignificant many of the evidences may hitherto have proved themselves, are in harmony not only with the spirit and promises of Holy Writ, but with the highest and most exalted aspiration of human nature. Those who have had opportunity of studying the beautiful introduction which has been prepared for it by the newly recognised faculty of mesmerism,

SPIRITUALISM IN ENGLAND.

may be led by imperceptible steps to the very verge of the portals of spiritualism. These persons behold an extension of the laws of nature; the others must rather recognise a threatened subversion."

One of the finest descriptions we have seen of a first interview with the invisible powers that be, is contained in an article from which we have only room to make a short extract. It is entitled

EVENINGS WITH MR. HOME AND THE SPIRITS.

It was perhaps a fortnight after this that Mr. Home came, by invitation, to my own house, to sit in the circle of my family. He was brought to the door in a pony chaise by some friends, with whom he was staying, and the little carriage was full when he was in it—a fact which I mention, because again it is incompatible with the paraphernalia of a wizard's art. I watched him walk up the garden, and can aver that he had no magic wand up his trouser leg, nor any hunch in his dress that could betoken machinery or apparatus of any kind whatever. Arrived in the drawing-room, the "raps" immediately commenced in all parts of it, and were also heard in the back drawing-room, which opens into the front by folding doors. The party assembled to constitute the circle consisted of Mr. Home, my four children, my wife and myself, and two domestics. We sat round a large and heavy loo table, which occupied the center of the room. In a minute or two the same inward thrill went through the table as I have described in the first seance; and the chairs also, as before, thrilled under us so vividly, that my youngest daughter jumped up from hers, exclaiming, "Oh! Papa, there's a heart in my chair," which we all felt to be a correct expression of the sensation conveyed. From time to time the table manifested considerable movements and after cracking and apparently undulating in its place, with all our hands upon it, it suddenly rose from its place bodily some eight inches into the air, and floated wavering in the atmosphere, maintaining its position above the ground for half a minute, or while we slowly counted 29. Its oscillations during this time were very beautiful, reminding us all of a flat disc of deal on an agitated surface of water. It then descended as rapidly as it rose, and so nicely was the descent managed, that it met the floor with no noise, as though it would scarcely have broken an egg in its contact. Three times did it leave the floor and poise itself in mid air, always with similar phenomena. During these intervals the medium was in a state of the completest

H. W. BEECHER ON SPIRITUALISM.

"I think it is the weakness of mine eyes,
That shapes this monstrous apparition!
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing!
Art thou a god, some angel, or some devil?"

We see from our quotation that even Shakespeare had some misgivings, and therefore lesser intellects are certainly more excusable.

To show fair play to all we give the following a place in the "Circle." It is from the "Independent" of March 20, and is addressed by Mr. H. W. Beecher to meet the inquiries of a friend. As he numbers each paragraph, we suppose his position is intended to be, at least figuratively, very precise.—

"1. I have no doubt that there are curious and surprising phenomena witnessed in "spiritual circles," quite worthy of scientific attention and investigation. The fact that imposture is often mixed with such exhibitions, and that many peripatetic exhibitors are in part or wholly designing men, does not alter the fact, that the phenomena witnessed in these circles are often, such as have never yet been adequately accounted for.

2. But I am a stout unbeliever in the spiritual origin of these phenomena either by good spirits or bad spirits, or any spirits whatever.

3. Although many sincere and excellent people do believe in modern Spiritualism, yet it has seemed to weaken the hold of the Bible upon the affections and conscience, and to substitute diluted sentimentalism and tedious platitudes."

When a man has the misfortune of being a lion, we are not disposed to turn either hunter or worshipper. We have no capital to make out of the position or opinions of any man. If Mr. H. W. Beecher thinks there is something in spiritualism, that is a real gain to him. Should he think best in his first lessons in arithmetic to deny that $8 \times 8 = 64$, we should expect about as much from his novitiate. Perhaps by and by he will learn to cipher out the problem of "ministering spirits," in his own creed, and tell us how that is effected, and then he may be better able to comprehend the reality of their approximation. He will learn, if he can appreciate evidence, that the court rule that "a man must believe his eyes," governs the claims of spiritualism. "Platitudes," indeed! and this from a critical observer! "Not spirits!"—Well for the reputation of our philosopher, that the whole thing is to him unaccountable! "I see men," says he in effect, with a half opened eye, "I see men as trees walking."
H.

OUR SPIRIT SOIREES.

DEAR W.—I am beginning to be but very little of a hero worshipper; I find I have to hold on with the tenacity of a death-grasp to my faith in men lest I lose it altogether. Perhaps it is one of the tendencies of this leveling age; at least I think Carlyle himself could desire no greater coolness, than that with which we Spiritualists receive the most distinguished guests from the upper world. Yet there is nothing more wonderful among the wonderful vagaries exhibited by the human mind, than the constancy with which some souls seem to be wholly filled with the idea of some others,—nothing more singular than the generosity with which they have crowded themselves out of their own tenement to make room for a more illustrious guest. Some times great minds, sometimes small ones seem possessed with this enthusiastic love, and long years after the departure from this life, their actions, thoughts and hopes are halo'd by its inspiration.

A poor old man, one freezing cold day of this pitiless winter introduced himself without knocking, into our back kitchen. He announced himself in a shower of French and German words, which soon brought us hastily in to see what was the matter. His speech was so patched with the phrases of these two languages that it was really difficult to find where the Dutch seam ended, and the French began. He was a tall, dignified old man, and carried a flute, which like himself had probably seen better days; they could not, likely have seen worse. Its voice, like his, rang wiry and tuneless, when notwithstanding his frozen fingers he proceeded to give it a chance to speak for itself. Intermediately between his enthusiastic playing, we gathered from his broken scraps of words and sentences, that he had been a soldier or a musician in Napoleon's army—and, poor man, the glow of that awful and hallowed name seemed to wrap him about with conscious importance, and to keep him warm in his thin coat and ragged boots. Napoleon! the fire of

his eye seemed to flash out of the old man's, as, in a sort of princely way, not in the least condescending to beggary, he accepted the snugest seat by the fire, and played away on his flute. He was staying at the village inn, he said, for a day or two, and strolled out in the evening to gather up a few shillings to pay for his lodgings. After he had played till he was tired, and talked to us to his own satisfaction in a jargon of which all we could understand were the constantly recurring words, "Napoleon," and "the army," he left with the name of the dead emperor lingering almost prayerfully on his lips. It was our usual evening for a visit from our friends, in "the land that is far away." Not long had we assembled together, waiting their arrival, when we were somewhat startled by the very passable imitation of a fife—the invisible musician certainly gave us as fair a specimen of his abilities as was to be expected, considering that he had no instrument save S. to play upon! Having completed his performance, he contrived to make us understand in English which was most irreparably "broken," that he was a Frenchman, that he had belonged to a band in the army of the first Napoleon, and had not yet forgotten a very dear friend who had been with him there.—Suddenly it flashed upon us, that our old beggar friend had brought, unwittingly, a companion with him, who had stayed to announce himself at our soiree. The power of an ideality was shown very forcibly in this. With the living man the fact of having been one in that conquering army, surmounted all the suffering and degradation he encountered—with the spirit it had over-lived all the thoughts and all the knowledge gained during a long absence in the spirit world. Napoleon was still his hero; Elba, St. Helena, France were larger to him than the vast the unknown realm of which he had become a citizen. And this strange union of sentiment kept the invisible man still the companion of the visible, in all his wanderings and poverty.

We had with us a little girl ten years old who, is a medium. She is generally controlled by a sprightly Irish girl called Maggie, who relates that she died in a nunnery, after the priest had vainly endeavored by penance and starvation, to tame her into a nun. She entered the spirit world rather prejudiced against the beneficial tendencies of Catholicism. Through her little medium she speaks the brogue as fluently now, as she ever could have done in "ould

Ireland." She represents herself as a substantial, strong young woman, although she endeavored to convey to our minds the poetical idea that she dwells in a house of clouds, and robes herself in the azure and down of a summer sky. Her Irish solidity (she declared herself to weigh 200, or thereabouts) worked somewhat against that theory, but it did not puzzle her own head in the least, she settled that and us with the conclusive argument that it was not "material fat!"

"Maggie" bears, I should think, about the same relation to the higher spirits who communicate, that the serving girls of our city bear to the family who employ them. Yet spirits do not deal with her as we do with them; whatever means she can find of elevating herself are freely open to her, when she comes in company with other spirits she is not thrust aside and left unnoticed, but treated with a kindness and delicacy quite refreshing to witness.

A gentleman present was inquiring the name of a spirit who had been writing through him an article on slavery, taking rather a singular view of that institution, especially, as it is generally looked upon by northern men. Maggie told us he was an Englishman and tried very earnestly to give us his name, she got as far as H-U, and gave it up. So the spirit himself commenced speaking through S. He was no other than David Hume, the great historian. He said he was very—

"Much interested in the prospects and intention of this country. It is yet a sort of chaos, but destined to work out a mighty problem. This Young Americanism which the present age finds so disagreeable and so unruly, he regards as the necessary 'rough hewing' to bring out distinct individuality of character. So that in this age, and this new country, new truths and new ideas will be developed from these very uncouth and inclegant outgrowths of character. The old world is fastened up, and smooth and self-complacent—there is not that possibility of improvement which there is in this restless, discontented, grasping new world."

And I think he was right. A graft is an unsightly mark on a tree, but it is a sure sign of better fruit. The crooked looking, daring, heaven defying youngsters, of now-a-days are the rude scars where the grand ideas of hereafter are fastening themselves permanently though roughly on the "old fogyism" of the past.

Hume is now engaged, in writing a history of the spirit world.

ANN M. H—.

THE LETTER "S."

Purporting to be from the spirit of Thomas Hood.—An Extract.

I hope you will excuse me, sir,
For though I think 't will make a stir—
To men who pay their Peter's pence
'Tis very like it will lack sense,
But those who fain would see the knack
By which the Pope gets on our back,
And how the world should be so civil,
And let him ride them to the devil,
Some little inking they may gain.
So then attend while I explain.

The tyro who from college hall
Seeks a snug berth first hears "a call."
To make it sure requires no wit,
The "Spirit" witnesseth to it.
Old men rejoice with hearts made glad,
The Holy Ghost has moved the lad.
And yet we laugh at Prester John,
Lament the farce that's played upon
The Indian world by juggling tools
Who rule their colleges and schools.

But lest you wonder what's my text,
Or half awake and somewhat vex'd
You ask my meaning, fair and square,
(Your feelings I had meant to spare)
Well then, I found in reading over
The sacred text 'twixt either cover,
That Holy Spirit needs an "s,"
And should be plural—nothing less.
For if Elohim meaneth three,
Then add the s, and we'll agree.
In Pope the first it sure was wise
With Peter's chair to blind men's eyes,
But Yankoes, who could ever guess
The Pope could dupe them with an "s!"

We've found it out, and shall proceed
Particeps criminis to plead.
Much like the cur that steals a sheep,
We drop our tail and feel quite cheap,
That part and parcel of the whole,
Once to this creed we sold our soul,

And did believe devoutly well,
This Holy Ghost in men could dwell,
Tis true I could not make it out
What the All-Wise could be about
To choose a race like erring man,
To carry out so great a plan,
And leave to all who chose to swear it,
The office theirs, and none should share it.
Hence, once in power, they made the rules
To keep out all—except the tools.

The countless votaries of the Pope
Knelt at his toe, and thus had hope
That God their sins would duly spare,
And thro' the pope would hear their prayer.
But shackles for the human mind
Are not alone to Popes confined.
The pilgrims knew their mighty power,
And forged them in the very hour
They knelt upon the Plymouth rock,
That fortress 'gainst oppression's shock.
When I accord a right Divine,
Which is not yours and can't be mine,
But still admit a favored few
God chooses as his teachers true,
And leaves it to their ipse dixit
To make my creed as they may fix it,
Why then, 'tis blasphemy in me
To quarrel thus with God's decree,
And so subdued, with temper broke
I bend my neck and take the yoke.

"Stand up," said one in Holy Writ,
"I am thy fellow, do n't forget
To bow the knee to God alone,
Whose Spirit dwells with every one."
As much is he the widow's guest
As his who boasts of Aaron's vest.
And 'tis at best a poor conceit
To get themselves in Moses' seat,
When men shall claim this inward call,
Now brought by spirits to us all.

PLEASANT TALK WITH PLEASANT PEOPLE.

SPRING.—The past winter, (that is we hope it is past) there have been some good things added to the stock on hand. We have had some good new books, some fine new lectures, some new fashions, and altogether, with the war, &c., we have managed to get along without our former little recreation of soup houses. Whether the poor people have managed quite as well is another thing, quite likely though.

Spring—well ! perhaps it is spring. At any rate there is a little bird chirping away on that freshly snow laden bush, at the window. He sings, and wags his sharp little tail about, and shakes his head knowingly, seeing in the skies and in the white snow covered earth, the promise of summer time. "Most time," says he, "most time for the green buds and strawberry blossoms !" And meanwhile he daintily eats the snow and makes himself comfortable.

Good magazines are about as much needed and as scarce as good folks. People will read, and they like to read books coming out at certain seasons, like flowers. Violets for spring, roses for June, not greenness only all through the year. The "Excelsior or Reformer's Companion," a new magazine, published at Cleaveland, Ohio promises from its title and prospectus to be one of the right sort.

Failures in the mercantile world are getting to be quite fashionable, but failures in Editors' promises always have been fatal. We don't prophecy any such thing from the business like go-ahead appearance of the Excelsior.

Seneca, whose name is far better known in this age than anything else about him, has made his appearance in a fine new dress suitable for modern society. The work is entitled "Seneca's Morals." It is a reprint, according to the publisher's preface, of "Sir Roger L'Estrange's translation in the form of an Abstract which was published about a century and a half ago." The reprint is issued by A. Barnard, and Co. Cleaveland, Ohio. The cover of this book strikes our fancy more especially, it is very chaste. The covering of a volume is about as difficult a science as filling it.

We have received from a genial-hearted correspondent a pleasant letter, from which we extract the following, as we agree perfectly with the writer's opinions.

"I often hear the remark among Spiritualists and others, that there is a great lack of Spritual literature for children. I don't see into this. It is curious enough, in a religion so abounding with all that is sublime and mystic,

We should have a spiritualized edition of good old hearty German tales, such as the "Old folks" too can enjoy. For old people are like children after all, and hate spelling books and catechisms as devoutly as they do—I often find myself slyly turning from the page "suited to my age," metaphysical lecturing, and exalted philosophy; and when nobody suspects it, entering with heart and soul into the children's corner—I can't help it. Every grown person writes, with a wise sort of groan for grown persons; but every grown person knows in his own heart that he goes to play with the "youngsters" himself. I think that all magazines and papers should at least allow them a little "corner," in their wide dominions. It would not in the least detract from their dignity, for a magazine should be like a great parlor, open to all the household, which no one would think exactly complete without children."

Among our exchanges appears "The Comforter," a new English paper, devoted apparently to the illustration of a phase of the Spiritual phenomena, universally disclaimed by thinkers, but still undeniably existing among a certain class of minds; who, in the first stage of transmission from bondage to freedom, become wild with their new liberty. Perhaps a true philosopher should not thus hastily reject these men and these manifestations, for they are in reality a portion and a result of world-wide developments.

As an original exhibition of some of the shapes into which fanaticism can twist itself, this paper is at least a curiosity. The editorials, it says, are prepared chiefly by the Holy Spirit, who takes charge of the general literary department, and supplies the "devil" with copy. Whether the Holy Spirit has become modernized into common-place-ity by a descent in these days of railroads and wickedness, or whether we are prejudiced by old associations, we can't tell; somehow the style don't seem to be quite characteristic, not quite equal to his former efforts. But here is an extracted epitome. It is addressed—

"DEAR Spiritual Friends, across the Atlantic,

"In the year 1835, I was introduced to the books of Johanna Southcott, by my husband, Mr. Daniel Jones. There I saw the Spirit of Christ,—that one—that all encompassing spirit the sworn defender of the woman Eve. I soon took my oath, that the same spirit which dictated God's plan of redemption to Johanna Southcott should be my dictator. She was a faithful medium all her life. I have been personally acquainted with the people among whom her relics have been treasured, and my wonder and admiration of their spirit teachings have filled me with gratitude.

"Here has been my speculation. I have speculated upon that stone,—that tried stone,—that corner stone which the Jerusalem builders near 2000 years ago refused. And this publication now presented to you, I hope to devote, so far as my contributions go, to the dictation of this Spirit. Let my speculation bear its own test in print; and stand flag in hand, waving over the waters inviting the holy assemblies of human beings, who dare to enter into these communications and feel disposed to send me their inspirations."

"Ministry by Angels Realized. A letter to the Edwards Congregational church" is a very interesting pamphlet, intended to illustrate the connections of Spiritualists with the truths of the Bible.

"Morals." This communication was crowded out, after being partly in type, by the unexpected length of articles previously received.

SPIRITUALISM—ITS TENDENCIES,

WITH DOMINIE BEERS' OBJECTIONS AND SYMPATHIES AROUSED.

(Concluded.)

"Dominie," continued the artist, "I wish sincerely you would personally investigate this subject, and not rely—"

"Ho, ho, ho, investigate, ha, ha, ha, roared the dominie, in convulsive explosions; me investigate the tippings and rappings! I should be well set to work; excuse me" suddenly checking himself, "excuse me for laughing; I did not intend any offence—upon my word I did not, but to me there is something so ridiculous, so undignified and so simple in the whole matter, that I could not help it; pray excuse me—

"No offence," said the artist, smiling, "no offence whatever. Laughter, and ridicule, to spiritualists, and all such as introduce new ideas to the foggy world, are something we soon get used to; they are the mildest species of crucifixion, and we are glad to get off so easy. You spoke of simplicity and want of dignity"—

"Perfect childishness—boys' play," said the dominie.

"Well, well, let it seem so. Let me suggest that your next sermon be on the subject of Dignity—the true dignity of man—that which constitutes, and leads to, the highest elevation of his nature—but be careful what you erect as standards, and through what spectacles you view him, and then, let us compare the past with the present.

"An excellent subject," said the dominie, "excellent."

"And if you will do it, I will get out of a sick bed to hear you, provided, however, you will let me assist you in laying out the work.

"I don't know about that," muttered the dominie in an under tone.

"We could select some very queer and humble models of dignified manifestations, and models of dignified moralists and statesmen, throughout the Old Testament," said the artist, rather ironi-

cally "and then," he resumed "passing to the New—taking the worldly standard of dignity, mind you—we might commence with the birth of Jesus, in a manger, among the cattle—the dignity of his wandering about without a place to put his head in; the dignity of his anointing the blind man's eyes with clay and spittle; the dignity of his associating with wine bibbers and publicans, and doubtful ladies; the dignity of thrashing the money changers out of the temple. But yet I am afraid that what might seem very dignified eighteen hundred years ago, in Christ, and his apostles, to talk about now, among our fashionable religionists would not do: particularly the "thrashing manifestation"—were it attempted in some of our up town houses of prayer. No doubt there would be a rapid stampede among the Shylocks if the experiment could be fully carried out by a few amiable, pure minded, and strong handed individuals."

"You are too severe, brother Burnish," said the dominie, trying to suppress a smile, "too severe."

"How can you say so? But we were talking of dignity. Only think of old Doctor Franklin, drawing lightning from the clouds with a kite! Had he not succeeded in his experiment, assisted as he was by his little grandson, what an undignified and ridiculous old fool of a fellow, he would have seemed. Probably by one not comprehending the importance of the experiment, he would have been denounced, as a superannuated old dreamer,—even worse than Professor Hare—one who did not know enough to come in when it rained!"

"But he succeeded," said the dominie, brightening up.

"Yes; and the success of the old skeptic, now furnishes splendid capital for orthodox parsons; and your Chapins and your Beechers, and Tyngs, with pulpit eloquence in stained glass churches, pealing to sounds of operatic music, upon the ears of admiring and fashionable audiences."

"Well, well," said the perplexed dominie, "no doubt there is much force in what you say, but then, just observe the melancholy effects spiritualism has upon its investigators and expounders."

"Melancholy, do you think me melancholy?" said the sick artist smiling.

"No, but think of Judge Edmonds—there's a shattered intellect." Was a sensible man once—totally gone now! But he

would always be running after strange metaphysical fancies which he called Progression, pshaw! Commenced life a staid Quaker—studied law—married a Catholic wife, afterwards attended Tammany Hall political meetings, became a Grand Sachem, and of course became quite careless and dissipated.—(Lawyer Cramp groaned.)—His wife died, he became thoughtful; sought these Rappers and Spirits; became a writing medium, and quit Tammany Hall and all his former associates, and is now incurably insane!"

"Quit Tammany Hall!" said the artist.

"Yes," repeated the dominie, "and all its cheerful associations, and now—"

"Stop, stop, dominie, for heaven's sake don't bring up the Judge's reformation as a sin against him—now don't." If spiritualism has saved one political sinner—

"I did not mean exactly that, Mr. Burnish, but he has become a monomaniac—a one idea man, on spiritualism."

"Suppose he is a one idea man; if that one idea is broad enough, and embraces all other reformatory and humanitarian ideas, and all the philosophy of our natures and of the surrounding creation, and gives us a truer comprehension of God and of our relations to each other; where's the objection?"

"And Professor Hare," resumed the desponding dominie, throwing up his hands—"the philosophical reputation of a lifetime, gone at once! And there's the venerable Dr. Nott, oh, what a pious mass of ruin! And now I am told that Judge Culver is troubled with the same progressive itch!—thinks there may be some truth in the modern sorcery!"

"Dominie, dominie, pause for one moment and reflect. Have not at all times and in all ages the introducers of any new species of philosophy—any new or startling idea, whose influence has benefited the world, been accused of insanity—of mental derangement? Insanity indeed; why it is the highest compliment the world can pass upon penetrative genius!—on the human intellect bursting the fetters of ignorance! Only I must confess," said the artist in a subdued tone, scratching his head, "the poverty and persecution consequent thence is at times mighty inconvenient."

"Mention some of your martyrs, if you please," said the dominie.

"In the sciences, arts and discoveries, then, let me mention Galileo,

Faust, Columbus, Galvanni, Mesmer, Franklin, Gall, Spurzheim, Fitch and Fulton. And as for teachers of moral philosophy, religious truths, we want no more striking instance than the persecution unto a painful death, of Jesus of Nazareth by the pharisaical orthodox Jews, denouncing him as Beelzebub the prince of devils; as having an unclean spirit, and as being an impostor—his disciples as wandering disorganizers, and Paul his apostle as mad."

"But," said the dominie, "certainly you will admit there was a beauty and amiability of character, and consistency of teaching in Jesus of Nazareth, not to be found in the lives of any of our ancient philosophers, or modern spiritualists—Judge Edmonds, for instance. I say consistency."

"A consistency of doctrine, and teaching, I grant you," said Burnish, "but what do we know of those exercises of the soul, which produced this consistency, or what strange vagaries may at times have possessed his mind during its course of development: for in fact it is admitted we know nothing of his divine unfoldings, or his habits of life, prior to the three years preceding his death. Of the lives of Judge Edmonds, Governor Talmadge,* of Doctor Nott with his Literature Lotteries, be they good or bad—they stand out like other public characters boldly before us; although I must admit," said Burnish, with a sigh, "the figuring of Judge Edmonds at Tammany Hall, as a Locofoco politician, is an enormity hard to be overlooked, and I doubt if Horace Greely, or many an old Whig, can ever forgive him!"

"Friend Burnish," said the dominie, suddenly rising, and taking the hand of the artist affectionately, "I shall not hold myself responsible for any ill consequences you may suffer in health, unless you suffer me to withdraw at once. I shall reflect on the subject you proposed—Human Dignity, and see you again."

Lawyer Cramp, who had been trying to sketch his conceptions of a personal Satan, in all the red hot paraphernalia of torture—glad to get rid of a subject, which from the unphilosophical plane of his observation he viewed with the greater levity, and in which he could of course take but little interest—withdrew at the same instant, leaving the sick artist to the benefit of his contemplations

PHOCION.

*Our correspondent assumes the responsibility of these allusions to eminent spiritualists. He gives the conversation as it actually occurred.

A VISION OF ETERNITY.

Wrapped in the pall of slumber, o'er me came
A vision of the lapse of countless years.
I stood above Niagara's mighty flow
And saw its bounds receding, and the fall
Grow ever less and less. The count of time
I recked not of, though on the hurrying waves
The ages moved as if but bubbles there.

I stood and looked, and saw with vague surprise
The far receding fall, as wore the rock
And less became the cataract's wondrous hight,
Until, receding, sinking, wearing on,
It reached the lake, and far into its bed
Had worn its channel, 'till I only saw
A mighty lake through rapids flowing fast,
And pouring to the sea its emerald tide.

Two mighty waves there were that ever moved
In long and mighty undulations on
Their steady course to mingle in the deep,
(As it were Error in the strife with Truth)
And there between, as rolled they side by side,
A huge sea monster reared himself in air
Tossed by the rival waves.

Thus died the fall—
Yet time so far seemed nothing; o'er the spheres
I watched, while wasted all their glorious fires.
The sun of this our system had burned out,
And all the darkened planets had grown cold.
Life long had ceased upon them, even the orbs
Where erst had dwelt the spirit host, grew dark,
And life was there no more, all on had passed
And nearer to the Almighty's central throne
Had sought abode—as if in colonies,
Scattered abroad in space his sons were reared,
Then gathered in his city to abide.

Slow waned and faded countless burning suns
 Yet time itself was nothing—I but saw
 The spring of worlds that in my steady gaze
 Matured and waned and froze in silent death—
 Yet rolling in their courses still the same,
 While others rose and waned, and ever more
 Sprang into being 'neath the Almighty's hand.

Matter had far sublimed, the earth's gross flesh
 Refined to matter's essence, spirit form,
 And this, refining still, grew angel essence,
 And aye in sublimation on it went,
 The covering of the mind still rarer growing,
 While mind itself preponderating still
 Grew great and mighty into god-like power.

W.

MY COUNTRY.

BY J. D. H.

What words can be found that contain as much as those two simple words. Parents, Friends, Home, Childhood with its joys, maturity with its sorrows, may all be comprehended in that one thought, My Country. There is no theme that touches the human heart like it.

Surround the exile with mountain grandeur, or flowery mead, steep his senses with the balmy air of the south, or the perfumed zephyrs of the east, surround him if you can with all the gorgeous imagery of the Arabian Nights, then let the simplest, plainest object of his native land be presented to his vision, and his soul bounds away from mountain and vale. Palace, and cot, magnificence and beauty of nature and art, fade away, while his ears are closed to the music of the spheres, as he involuntarily exclaims, "My Country!"

The love of country, seems to be one of the inherent passions of the human soul. Search where we will, from the earliest history of man to the present time, whether king or peasant, bond or free, Christian or Pagan; in each and every breast slumbers a love of country. The sacred pages of Holy writ, the ancient heathen bards,

and philosophers, of whatever nation or clime, all agree in the fact that love of country is an inherent principle. We hear the first murderer exclaiming in the bitterness of soul, "my punishment is more than I can bear, behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth"—the curse pronounced, "that the earth should not yield to his labor, did not touch him, but to be exiled from the land of his birth roused every feeling of his heart.

Look again to the closing days of Abraham, when "he was old and well stricken in years." and see how strongly blazed the love of country in the patriot's breast. To his prime minister, his "oldest servant who ruled over all he had," he says "I will make thee swear by the Lord, the God of Heaven and the God of the Earth. Thou shalt go into MY COUNTRY and to my kindred and take a wife unto my son Isaac." His love for the land of his youth, was only equalled by his faith in the promises of God. And we find the same principle strongly marked in Jacob and Joseph, whose love of country stretched beyond the grave, for though dying in a foreign land, while the lamp of life flickered on the threshold of eternity, an oath was exacted from their children, that their bones should be buried in the land of their birth. Again, where can be found a more touching invocation than that of the Psalmist, "If I forget thee O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning. If I do not remember thee, let my tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth; if I prefer not Jerusalem above my chief joy." Admit that this language is metaphorical, it shows the love of country in a still stronger light; his imagination could find no simile for an eternity of joys, equal to a comparison with his own, his native land. Turn we now to the New Testament, and see him who took upon himself our nature as well as our form. See him as he cast his eyes over hill and vale, and saw through the misty future his native land crushed beneath the heel of the invader—He wept. He who opened a way of salvation to all nations, wept over the contemplated destruction of his own. Pass from here, to the chiefest of his apostles. "Paul art thou a Roman?" "I am." "With a great price purchased I this freedom." "But I was born free." Was there no pride, no love of country in this? He who with great price had purchased a little brief authority, felt and acknowledged it, and the proud Roman went free. Need we go farther and tell of Leonides and Thermopylæ, or of Brutus whose love of

country outweighed his friendship, and made him brave the danger of tarnishing his fame with the crime of ingratitude, a crime so dark as to throw a shadow over hell. Need we go farther than the Bible, to prove that the love of country is inherent? we need not, we will not. If you would have the patriotic fire burn brighter in your bosom, read your Bible. And you may set him down, who would wrest it from your hands, as one who would tear the love of country from your heart, and who is alike an enemy to your God your country and yourself.

Note.—Whether the true spirit of toleration, and the consequent Love of Country, is a growth of the Bible influence, we do not assume, but we fear that all sects have contributed to civil and political bondage by endorsing more the divinity of the book itself, than the philosophy of its sentiments. It is chargeable to this bigotry perhaps that Spiritualists at the present day are excommunicated as readily by the Protestant as by the Roman churches. Not because of impurity of life, but for error of opinion. The dogmas that hung the Connecticut witches are flippantly quoted as applicable in the present day, their further enforcement the powers of these religious tribunals do not admit.—Pub.

MAY IN THE SPIRIT WORLD.

Come, give me a song for May,
A song from the angel bowers
And tell us if for aye;
You have verdant fields like ours?

And tell us if your joy
Buds like the flowers of spring?
If chilling winds destroy?
If birds have nests and sing.

The quiet cottage nook,
The shady woodland near,
The mead and rippling brook,
Are very pleasant here;

God made them for the mind,
To cheer it in its stay,
And will it leave behind
Its pleasant month of May?

The spirits answer, No,
Their world is full of flowers,
Except in sights of woe
Its scenes are much like ours.

PLEASANT TALK WITH PLEASANT PEOPLE.

music as this, sung in the household, elevates and spiritualizes the daily life.

Several letters have been sent us from subscribers, stating that they have not received the January and February numbers of the Sacred Circle. If such will glance over the paging, they will find it regular, the months have only been changed in consequence of delays we before explained, to March and April. The volume will end in June.

We took a trip to Flushing, the other day, and were duly introduced to the indefatigable florist, Mr. Prince, and his Chinese ward, the *Dioscorea Batatas*; which he regards as the greatest blessing to mankind, and to all friends of equality and progress, especially, that Yankee enterprise ever introduced into America. This "new potato" he argues, is rather a spiritual form of this vegetable, just the thing for spiritualists and all other immaterial folk. Should his "impressions" as to its eventual adoption in this country, prove correct,---and in this opinion he has the support of many intelligent and scientific men---there is no question that it will do something towards reform, by rendering cheaper a necessary article of food, as it is of rapid growth, easily cultivated, and apparently not liable to the diseases which seem to threaten almost the extermination of the old.

At any rate it is a good thing for the world, to have all these experiments tried.

A friend relates us the following anecdote which seems to set the poetical idea of a "guardian angel" in a more practical point of view.

The little child of a lady and gentleman---who are not spiritualists,---had

been very ill for some time, so that they had put off changing their residence, which they desired to do. He however suddenly seemed to get better, and they concluded to remove. On the morning after, as the child was playing briskly in the garden of the new dwelling, he called out to his mother, "Mother, what does that man want?" "What man?" she asked. "Why that man going up the steps." The lady looked, but saw no one, the child however insisted that he had seen a gentleman go up the steps into the house.

The next morning he died.

Our friend supposed that some spirit knowing of the little one's speedy departure, had visited him thus before death, in order that the child might recognise him on entering the spirit world, and not feel alarmed at the sudden change.

Rev. T. L. Harris it is said is intending to commence the practice of law. We hope he will not find it a "bad practice!" His surpassing eloquence will doubtless have great effect in the court room; but we should hardly think his genius calculated for the dry details of law, and the tedious hunting up of arguments. However, some good spiritualist is needed to reform and purify our judicial halls, and we wish Mr. Harris success in the arduous undertaking,

Several communications have been received, which will be published as we have room, among them are 'The Charlatanism of Spiritualism,' 'The Trinity,' 'A Child's Story,' 'Theoretically,' and 'Diary of a Medium.' We are glad to see so much interest taken in the magazine.

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XIX.

SPIRITUALIST.—We were speaking of the locality of the spirit abodes—have I made myself intelligible?

SKP.—To a certain degree you have. I gather the idea that you make out the material worlds of our solar system to be the parents of the worlds for spirit abode.

SP.—I assume that the primitive matter from which were formed the sun and the various planets of our system, gave off by natural sublimation the refined matter of which were formed the spirit worlds—I assume that all matter in the state of chaos has a tendency, either inherent, or bestowed upon it by the Creator, to form worlds, and that sublimated matter does not differ in that respect from gross matter. If this be admitted, then the spirit worlds are part of a series, and were in the process of formation at the same time with our planets. Thus many successive sublimateations of matter, and as many systems of worlds, must have existed from the early periods of creation, and when the planets which form our system, had not been thrown off from the parent mass.

SKP.—I do not fully comprehend this idea, and if I did what is the good of it?

SP.—I wished to give you a tangible and practical idea of the way the series of successive systems was connected, and how the matter of all of them must be alike in kind. If alike in kind, the same natural phenomena would take place.

SKP.—To what extent, do you assume that this continued refinement extends?

SP.—I make no assumption in the case. I do not understand how we can well get the information, since there is no spirit or angel who can possibly have any way of knowing with certainty. I think there is no limit to the refinement of matter. I think that by some hidden law of development the particles of matter are

forever in motion ; and that this motion produces the effect of refinement and sublimation. It would be a simpler exposition of the idea to say that the Creator prevades all matter and is constantly acting in it.

SKP.—That we can better understand.

SP.—I do not know that we understand a thing, merely by saying that God does it. Assuredly God does all that is done, but we know that he delegates some of his acts to his children, (who are but part of himself) and with respect to much that is done in the mighty operations of Nature it would seem that he had but given the impulse and that no more was required for development.

SKP.—You speak of a spiritual solar system, to which we go after death. Is it constructed like ours?

SP.—Yes, in all essential particulars. There is a sun in its center, and planets revolving round it in obedience to natural laws.

SKP.—Is there any particular planet to which we must go?

SP.—No, we may go as free spirits wherever we choose to go. But there is a spiritual planet adapted to the inhabitants of this earth, and no other would do as well. For instance the planets in our system which are near the sun, as Mercury and Venus, must be somewhat different from those which are very distant, as Uranus and Neptune. A similar difference exists in the spiritual planets. It is reasonable to conclude that an inhabitant of Venus in our system, would not choose, or be adapted to, one of the outer planets in the spiritual system. Thus we find that the inhabitants of earth have chosen to reside, generally, upon a spiritual planet, about the same distance from their solar orb as the earth is from ours. Spirits from earth can and do visit, or reside in other planets in their system, just as the natives of the northern regions of this earth do reside in the tropics and become acclimated there.

SKP.—Am I to understand that they have tropics in the spirit world, that they suffer from heat and cold as we do?

SP.—Why not? They have the same variety of climate as we have, and the heat and the cold are necessary for the production of the multifold phenomena of Nature.

SKP.—What sort of a globe is it, that you say will be our probable home hereafter?

SP.—The second sphere or globe from the spiritual sun is not quite so large as this earth, and is a little farther from the central orb. It is called Juno. Its year, or revolution round the sun, is not far from fifteen months of our time. It turns upon its axis in about twenty-two and a half hours. Its day is therefore about an hour and a half shorter than ours.

SKP.—Why do you say "about;" do you not know precisely?

SP.—I think I do to a second. I have made a calendar of that spirit world united with our calendar, so that I can tell the time there, at a given meridian compared with any time here.

SKP.—That seems very absurd. How is it possible that you can pretend to know the day and hour at any place in the world of spirits?

SP.—I do not see why a spirit astronomer could not as well give me those things, as he could tell me his age, or the time when he died; and those are matters of every day occurrence. It requires only the good medium, the right spirit to answer, and the intelligence to propound the questions.

SKP.—Supposing that you have learned these things it must have been attended with much labor.

SP.—Yes, much labor, and much time. I have expended my best efforts on the matter for years. I have asked the questions a hundred times over, through nearly as many mediums, and have done all in my power to get at the facts. These, in the estimation of some may not be important, but I hold all knowledge to be useful.

SKP.—Well, of what use is it to have a calendar of the spirit world?

SP.—It enables us to know when it would be convenient for a spirit to come and see us. Without this knowledge, and ignoring the fact that there is a difference in the time of the two places, people request the presence of spirits at hours when those spirits would ordinarily be in bed and asleep.

SKP.—This is amusing. I will not laugh at the assertion, for I own I do not know of my own knowledge that spirits do not go to bed, and sleep at stated hours, as we do, but it seems supremely ridiculous.

difficult to show that it is unreasonable, or improbable. What! shall a spirit never sleep? Shall he never know repose? Has he no house, nor home? Is he not a human being, subject to the fatigue consequent upon thought and study, and must he watch and wake eternally?

SKP.—I do not really see any harm in a spirit's sleeping. But it sounds odd to talk of waking up a spirit, from his bed, and asking him to come to earth, and tell his son or his nephew whether or not he is happy, and how and where he died; and that by raps or tips.

SP.—Yet all that is done every day and those spirits will esteem it a high privilege to be allowed thus to talk to their relatives.

It seems strange to you that in the spirit world their time should be different from ours. Would it not be still more strange if there could be found in space, a globe revolving on its axis in precisely the same time as this earth? Probably amid all the infinity of globes in the Universe there are no two that revolve on their axes in the same time, or whose years are of a length. Even if the spirit globe to which we are destined, revolved on its axis in the same time with the earth, we could not then have the same time with those on earth unless we resided upon the same meridian, and that would sometimes be impossible, as at a certain meridian here there would be a continent, and at the corresponding point there, there would be an ocean. Suppose an American born, lived much of his life in Calcutta and died there. He would have friends there and here. Suppose he is called, as a spirit, to converse with his friends here one day, and on the next invoked by his Calcutta friends; could he make the time equal? Do you not see that the time must ever be discordant? If you had before you a calendar of the spirit world, united with our calendar, could you not see when it would be most likely to be convenient for a spirit to come to earth?

SKP.—Yes, if spirits have day and night, and if they sleep and wake, it is evident that it must often be inconvenient to come to earth; and yet I can easily understand how they would be likely to come at whatever inconvenience.

SP.—Yes, a spirit friend rarely refuses to visit earth if he can hold intercourse with those he has left behind.

SKP.—Do they divide their time as we do here?

SP.—No, not exactly—They divide their year into four seasons as we do, and into twelve months. Their months have of course more

days than ours because their year is longer. Their week consists of eight days. One day is supplied between Sunday and Monday. This intercalary day is called "Christday", and is their sabbath. Now if we could know where, and in what meridian of the spirit world Juno, a friend resided, we could by the calendar tell when it would be day or night with him. Then if we knew his avocations, we could tell what time of day he could most conveniently leave and come to earth. At any rate, unless he were a clergyman there, he would not be likely to be occupied upon their Christday. Therefore, armed with all this knowledge, it would be easy to hold communion with him and yet not put him to inconvenience.

SKP.—I have considered the appointment of the sabbath as being made by God, and that it was therefore a holy and unchangeable institution. It seems to me that if there be a sabbath in the next world, it should be the same divine institution given to us.

SP.—It was a wise ordinance that established a day of rest with the Jews and the Christians, and I doubt not the division of time in other worlds provides generally for a sabbath. However there could not have been an absolute command to all the people of this world to observe the same day of rest, much less could there be such a command with respect to other worlds—God is almighty, whatever he wills must be done. There is no failure in his arrangements. If he had deemed it important that the Asiatics and the North American Indians, should observe a sabbath, and had commanded it, they would have done so. Amid the Italians, the Spaniards, and many other Roman Catholic nations, the number of holidays is very great. Including the sundays they occupy a third of the time. May we not err in having too many days of rest as well as too few?

SKP.—Yes, undoubtedly, I do not approve of prohibiting labor to the poor man on so many days in the year. But why, in a beautiful state of existence, such as heaven ought to be, have any Sabbath at all?

SP.—I see abundant reason for it—to mark the time, if there were no better reason. Suppose we had no names to the days or month, should we not find difficulty to make our appointments? As I said I consider the Sabbath a wise institution both for this world and the next.

SKP.—I suppose the seasons will as little correspond with ours as the time of day.

SP.—From your knowledge of this earth you know there is to be found all variety of seasons at the same moment, in the same part of the globe. In one place it is winter, in another summer—in one the rainy season, in another the dry; as the seasons of this earth in different parts, do not agree, so it must be with any other globe in the universe that revolves round a sun. Where many of my friends reside in the spirit world it is at this time autumn, but spirits come from other regions in the same globe with whom it is quite a different season. In coming to earth, spirits prepare for the clime they are to visit, besides arranging to protect them for a few moments from the cold in those vast regions of space where it is supposed that caloric does not exist.

SKP.—You still speak of spirits suffering from cold and heat.

SP.—The cold and heat we feel, perchance they do not feel. But there is a sublimation of all things. They can feel a sublimated caloric, they can see a sublimated light and they breathe a sublimated air. Doubtless the conditions of the sublimates must correspond with those of the gross matter. Spirits may pass the broad stellar spaces where no caloric exists, in so short a space of time that they may not be incommoded, and yet I think they find it necessary to guard against the cold and the heat, and the sudden changes.

SKP.—At our last meeting we talked of the difficulty experienced by spirits, in entering a house without an open door or window. Spiritualists have told me that they could call up any spirit of the past, and he would soon be present, and that without any visible aperture by which he could enter. How do you account for that?

SP.—There is nothing to account for. A man may assume to "call spirits from the vasty deep," but will they come? Many mediums in their inexperience, suppose they can command the presence of any spirit. It is a mistake. The spirit who answers the medium in such cases is false and mischievous. When persons are known to intend visiting a medium, certain spirits, relatives or friends, accompany them, entering and leaving the room with them. After the sitting has commenced, it may be desirable to send for some other spirit, and it is often done; or a spirit may arrive too late. In all such cases a door or window must be opened. When the parties suppose that the spirits can enter through the wall, and do not therefore open the door, other means are made use of by the spirits to gain admittance. If possible some one is impressed to open the window or door. If

this cannot be done, some one will be made to feel uncomfortably warm, or too cold; and when all other means fail, the spirit will communicate from the outside, by allowing himself to be represented by some other spirit who can reach the medium.

SKP.—Like much, or most of your practical communication with spirits, all this is unintelligible to me, for it makes no distinction between a mortal and a spirit.

SP.—True, it makes no distinction between a mortal and a spirit. There lies the essence of modern spiritualism. We have learned, what has not been generally known heretofore, that death does not change the individuality of the man. We have also, by the aid of investigation, learned of the tangible reality and solid personality of a spirit's form. For a spirit's form is solid. Remember, all things are rare or solid by comparison. To an angel a spirit's form is as solid as ours is to the spirit. To the archangel the angel's body is as firm as ours seems to be to the touch of a spirit. Only by comparison is a thing hard or soft. As there are many successive sublimations of matter, in each of which it becomes imperceptible to the grosser matter it has left; the body of a departed spirit is a very firm and solid thing, as compared with all the successive refinements of matter beyond its condition.

SKP.—This is abstrusely philosophical.

SP.—Perhaps so, but those who choose to look the question in the face will admit that it is reasonable.

SKP.—I find that you disagree with many well informed spiritualists on these matters.

SP.—Yes, I do. They may be right, and I may be wrong. I believe nothing that is not reasonable. I will not receive that which seems absurd, though an angel clothed with the brightness of the sun should descend to tell me. My reason is the gift of God, and I will not surrender it. It is my self, and I cannot surrender it. I listen to a spirit communication, but I do not receive the statement merely because it is a spirit communication. I receive the statement from the invisible speaker, as I would the statement of any other person. I weigh it, and consider it. I converse with other spirits on the same subject, and on many different occasions, and through many different mediums and modes of communication. I avoid the almost universal error of spirit-

one medium. There is no medium unbiassed in mind, nor one through whom a spirit could at all times give the exact words of his idea. It is therefore very unsafe to pick the fruit of knowledge all from one tree.

SKP.—I think you must be right in that particular. In all clairvoyant communications the medium's mind must inevitably color the idea.

What about the idea often advanced that spirits when at a distance can affect the medium as well as when entering into his body?

SP.—Possibly spirits may influence mediums without approaching them—I doubt it. That is, I do not believe that a spirit could at the distance of a mile, cause a clairvoyant to speak his words. He might impress the medium in a small degree. As to entering the person of the medium, I doubt that altogether.

SKP.—How about what I have often heard stated by mediums, that a spirit can only see through the eyes of the medium.

SP.—There is no truth in the statement. If a spirit could only see on earth through the eyes of a medium, how would he find the house, or reach the medium to get possession of him? You see that idea is absurd, for spirits are continually performing acts independantly. They can see as well without us, as we can without them.

SKP.—Is it true that spirits of the olden times come to communicate with your mediums?

SP.—We think so: at least we are convinced that spirits deceased for a century or more, have come to us. We know that we hold direct communication with Swedenborg. I have myself seen him as clearly as I ever saw a mortal.

SKP.—How did you know it was he?

SP.—Only from the resemblance to his portraits, when I first saw him, I did not know him. But I subsequently saw an engraving and recognized the face of the spirit I had seen. I see no reason to believe that spirits live to a great age. They are in a transitory state like ourselves. They are passing through a process of refinement, necessary to their immortality. In all states of matter known to us, there is beginning and end, spring and decay, only by sublimation or refinement could any form of matter

We are rising toward that state, as we leave the gross matter of earth and occupy the more refined form of a spirit. Thus successive stages of refinement are necessary to our immortality, and therefore a spirit must die, and enter a body of rarer essence.

SKP.—This idea I find it difficult to receive, for I have supposed there was no death there: indeed that there was no pain or sickness, no weariness or sorrow, no night, and nothing but the glory of perpetual day. That is a grand and glorious idea; and worthy of the heaven of God.

SP.—I think you would, after entering the place God has prepared for us, admit that his plan is best. Progress cannot be in a state of perfect beatitude. He who rests in quiet enjoyment of the pleasures of sense cannot rise in the scale of being, or in any way advance. To me such a state would not be heaven. I have ambition, I desire to rise, and by long and persevering labor mate me with the glorious intellects of the past. And I know that hearty and enduring labor will achieve all that the most sanguine can desire.

SKP.—As our conversations will soon draw to a close I wish to understand fully your idea upon the various subjects under discussion. In our previous talk upon the sublimation of worlds, or the astronomy of the spiritual globes, you made the remark that a spirit's body might suffer harm from accidental collision with a material substance.

SP.—Yes, such I believe to be the case. Any other view of the matter would be unphilosophical.

SKP.—You think that in a rain storm a spirit could not be comfortable.

SP.—That is my opinion. I do not know anything about it. But I have tried very hard to fathom the mystery, and I have asked of spirits numberless questions about it. The answers made directly to myself are always the same. Those made to me through raps were the same. When I address a spirit, and he answers through a clairvoyant I find the answer will be sometimes tinged by the mind through which it passes.

an incessant rain. It is true if the rain slacks for a few minutes, they can and do descend to us but, as I believe, rarely otherwise.

SKP.—I shall not quarrel with that theory, for upon the assumption that spirits wear clothing, it is easy to see that at least their apparel would suffer from being perforated by the rain drops.

There is a question on my mind which though I have asked it before, I must recur to. It is respecting marriages in the spirit worlds. I find in the New Testament that Christ says; "In the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage."

SP.—So writes Luke, secretary of St Paul, some thirty years after the death of Christ. Mark also makes the same statement. I do not remember that any other of the evangelists makes the same statement. As neither Luke nor Mark speaks of his own knowledge, they never having seen Christ, it is possible that neither of them gives the exact words of the statement, even if Christ ever spoke of the matter. In writing the biography of a man who died thirty years ago, and whose history was not written, I should find some difficulty in putting down his exact words on a matter of doctrine. In those ancient days when very few could write or read, and when there were no newspapers, almost all events went unrecorded except the great affairs of state. Tradition served instead. People remembered and told one another. But tradition must ever be uncertain as to facts, and still more uncertain as to precise words.

It seems to me probable that Christ in answer to the question as to whose wife she should be, of the seven brothers, said to them, (as common sense would dictate, if there had been no knowledge of the case,) that at a man's rising from the dead, he was not married, nor given in marriage; for one excellent reason, that all earthly marriages extend only to the termination of this life. The language of the rite among all nations, implies as much. Therefore as a person on earth is only married during this life, he is free at death. As in the next condition of existence men and women are the same in their affections, and in their persons, and naturally desire to live together in families after the manner of earth, it does not seem strange that the union of two parties should be marked by some sort of ritual or ceremony. Such union would be marriage. Indeed any union of the sexes would be marriage, since it could not be without mutual consent, which is the essential thing in a marriage. Doubtless in those worlds, as on earth, there are nations and sects that

do not marry, and others where polygamy prevails; for people carry into their spirit existence all their habits tastes, and feelings. A polygamist of earth would be likely to be a polygamist there.

SKP.—I cannot understand how such abominations can be suffered there.

SP.—They are doubtless abominations, but some of the good old patriarchs, whose words form the texts of the Bible, had many wives, we trust they have, long before this time, learned better. Thus much I say as a common sense view of the case. I have other foundation for my opinion. I have as reliable knowledge that certain of my spirit friends have married since death, as I have of any fact appertaining to the intercourse with spirits. Many a wedding party of spirits have visited me so that I have seen and conversed with them. In such cases I have discovered no difference in them from earthly bridal parties, except that as we cannot call on them they call on us.

SKP.—I do not know what to think in the matter. It is reasonable enough, on your assumption that we are the same after death. I can easily understand that the lovers separated on earth would gladly be united there. I think if my daughter were to form such a union, I should wish it to be sacred and permanent.

Do wedded parties form households there as here?

SP.—Certainly they do and they establish families, though they do not have children born unto them. All spirits have relations on earth, whose children dying young they adopt to educate. In the spirit world as here, "a babe in a house is a well spring of pleasure" as Tupper says; and great is the competition among spirits when a child is likely to die, as to who shall possess it. Truly it is a god-send to them, and a fortunate thing for the bereaved parents—however they may mourn, and still more fortunate for the child who will be much better educated in heaven than on earth. W.

O selfishness! essence of every ill
That theorists have germ'd of Adam's fall!
Driven out from heaven, on earth thou reignest still,
Where eager millions listen to thy call,
I hail thee the Supreme, the tribes adore,
And burn unhallowed altars, one and all;

ELECTA,

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE RAMBLES," ETC.

Mrs. Nancy Sharp's nose seemed to turn up instinctively when ever she came across a child in pantalettes, and her small blue eyes followed lecturingly "the vain indecent things" as far as she could see them.

Her little brown children imbibing their mothers horror—when they had occasion to mention "a gril in pantalettes," did it in a whisper. She gave up immersion and advocated baptism by the spirit, becoming one of the most efficient members of the Methodist church. As she had no heart, or at least no tenderness, she had to worship God by system; every religious duty was accomplished regularly like clock-work, and as a hardened sinner once said, "the Lord knew precisely at what time to meet Mrs. Sharp at prayers and was not detained a moment."

She very seldom visited her father, when she did there was always a quarrel about doctrines of faith, though of course no such war or quarrel applied to herself.

CHAPTER III.

Hitherto the details of Electa's life, are such as I have gathered from her aged friend the farmer, and the gossip of other old persons who reside still in the same village in which she was brought up, for she kept no account of her early days. Her diary commences between her seventeenth and eighteenth years. Ommitting the minute details of a journal, I have formed from it an autobiographical sketch.

"It was my birthday, I believe I was nineteen years old that day though I scarcely knew, it seemed to me as if I had been living fourteen or fifteen years with cousin Nancy, and yet her twin children were but four years old. Cousin Nancy was never particularly unkind to me, but that day she surely had forgotten that I was now

a young woman—forgotten that I was endowed with feelings and sensibilities, that I was human—or she never would have dropped those bitter taunts, those low-minded hints, which had smote me as with catalepsy that morning. Those few words revealed a nest of impurities, covered up in that breast which claimed christian perfection—all the religious pride, pious self-delusion and intolerance, had not killed the vipers. She with all the prayers and precepts of church and preacher, had never dreamed of a love as pure as my love for Gabriel Newland. I had not a friend in the village save him—not a heart in all the living earth throbbed for me, if his did not—not a mind appreciated me above a machine, except the mind of my friend. I was not ashamed of my love, not a shadow of doubt as to accepting the All-father's gift, had sullied the blessed lustre of the boon—God knew what hymns of gratitude arose from my lonely heart, for his supreme goodness in raising me up so true a friend! If he were a woman I could love him without having my affections thus ruthlessly probed, and ridiculed; and why not love him? a brother—a fellow heart, traveling to the same eternal bourne, even though he were as cousin Nancy had sneeringly observed “a husband and a father.”

Mr. Newland had been a resident of our township nearly two years, I had met him a twelve-month ago on a pleasant summer's day like the one that now smiled so blandly upon my distress, when my heart was bent by despair as now, and he had lifted me up—first by a friendly glance, and afterward by strong manly words.

He was a writer and a poet, celebrated for his originality of thought, for the quaint life-like style of his compositions, and loved for his German-like idealities, and the soul of peace and trust that pervaded all his writings. I believe he was considered eccentric and proud, by the town people, though I have seen him in affable unconstrained conversation with the most insignificant among them.

He had purchased a charming villa, about a mile and a half from our village, and with it several acres of wood-land, which place was my favorite haunt. It was my habit when sad, or troubled by useless regrets, to start forth with basket, trowel, and garden-knife, in search of wild flowers and roots, such occupation usually restoring me to my accustomed calmness and content, and when I could take the time for so long a walk, that was the direction I took, for the ground was wild and hilly thereabouts, affording rarer floral speci-

mens than I could obtain nearer home.

Well almost in the reckless mood of a revolted slave, I had walked thither that day—I was down on my knees upon the turf, tugging at a root which I was anxious to secure, but found some difficulty from its knotty formation, in loosening it from the soil: while thus busily employed I heard a cheerful voice at my side inquire—

“Shall I assist you, Miss?”

Looking up in surprise at the unexpected salutation, I encountered the gaze of a pair of full significant reflective eyes, whose dark orbs had kindled with all of earthly passion—shone with the heaven of hope, and flickered with the hell of despair—so read my hasty survey: they were bent upon me with a half curious expression and a desire to assist. They so penetrated me with their strength and good feeling, that I laid down my trowel almost involuntarily, and stood up presenting my hand—it struck me afterward as a peculiar and reprehensible movement on my part, toward a stranger.

He smiled as he took it, and I liked the smile, it reassured me. For embarrassment had very quickly followed my seemingly bold step.

He was a well made man—tall, and broad chested, with limbs shapely and full. His appearance was imposing. It bespoke an aspiring though friendly spirit—a fine constitution, free from every excess. I judged his age to be somewhere about forty, perhaps past—looking younger than he actually was. I noticed his features particularly; they were grave, but not misanthropical; strongly marked, and prominent.

A spice of sarcasm, lurked in the corners of his mouth, and around his eyes—but all was mellowed by a singularly beneficent expression, rendering his countenance truly beautiful. His hair was fair, abundant and loosely curling, complexion ruddy with the glow of a sanguine temperament, and a healthy mind, the eyes were deeply blue, shaded by dark arched brows, and finely moulded lids. Such was the exterior of Gabriel Newland, as it developed to my view while he slowly walked beside me, after having captured my root, and placed it in the basket beside some of its more fragile sisters. With native ease, he drew me into conversation,—talked about plants and their habits, a subject in which I could meet him readily, he pointed out with nice discrimination the peculiar beauties of some wild flowrets I held in my hand. “I like them, said

he, "their fragrant breath and harmonious arrangement of tints—their delicate shadings, stir me with a rare delight, but I have not the patience requisite for a genuine botanist, the study is too minute, I could never have perseverance to analyze and classify such small matters. But I always have them upon my table while writing; and every poem I create, is born in an atmosphere of flowers."

From this, I gathered that he was an author,—for at that time I was ignorant as to whom I was talking with.

He walked slowly while thus speaking. Following a slight bend in the path, we came upon a most lovely opening; and to my surprise, I beheld a rude rustic lodge, embowered in azalea, briar-rose, and vine, occupying the very spot where I had but a few weeks since gathered flowers, never dreaming of such invasion.

He smiled when he saw my surprise.

"You see, Miss, I was determined upon having some place to myself; this is my palace and kingdom.

I began now to wonder in earnest, who the stranger could be. I remembered to have heard some of the neighbors speak of some 'city gentlemen' having purchased a fine place out in that direction, but the name had slipped from my memory. "I do wish he would mention his name," said I to myself. He must have divined my thoughts, for taking a card from its case, as we paused on the threshold he presented it to me, saying, "he supposed I ought to be made acquainted at least with the name of the proprietor, before I became a guest in his house." Upon the enameled face of the dainty slip I read—"Gabriel Francis Newland."

"And your name is—"

"Carlen—Electa Carlen," I replied, filling up his hesitating blank as we crossed the threshold.

The interior of the lodge was far more cozy and handsome than the exterior promised; the rude logs of which it was constructed were within adorned by a fine lattice-work, arching upward to the roof. It was painted a lively green color, exceedingly pleasing to the eye. A large circular table stood in the center of a square of soft crimson carpet—two or three chairs, fantastically formed of tree-branch, and root—a settee of the same unique fashion—a violin and a bass viol,—formed the principal furniture. The windows were without sashes, and closed in with a cool, light, net-work, through which the green vines, briar-rose, and honeysuckle, twined

in and out, like the harmonious rhymes of a poem. I noticed several books upon the table, and a bouquet of choice flowers, in an antique vase. There was also a silver vessel, of exquisite workmanship—a present, as I afterwards understood, from some titled admirer across the ocean. He was proud of the gift, as he was of everything that bespoke an appreciation of his genius.

"Here," said he, "I study, write, and enjoy myself. If you are fond of reading, Miss Carlen, and are the book worm I take you to be, you can find plenty of food here, I think, to gratify your taste.

You will oblige me by turning in to this my lowly cabin, when tired in your rambles. Hunt over my books, and treasures, to your heart's content. You will always find the key to admit you, in that hollow tree, beside the door; for I am not quite free hearted enough to be willing to have my sanctum invaded by every rude urchin who chooses. I am about fencing in the grounds, but they will be always open to you—and to any one, for that matter, excepting at night."

I thanked him gratefully for his kind offer; for I felt grateful to him, for the trust he reposed in me—a stranger. Seeing me make a movement to leave, he took the flowers from their vase, and presenting them, said,

"Miss Carlen, accept these as a gift from your mother, who stands beside you. I see her plainly—a tall graceful woman, with rich brown hair, and full, dark, radiant eyes. Was your mother a poet, or painter? I feel that she was one, or both. And you also belong to the sisterhood. I read it on your forehead—I see it in your eyes,"—bending upon me a quiet, thoughtful gaze.

"You must not disappoint me, Miss Carlen, I hope to see you again soon," he added, as I hurried out; for it was getting late.

As I walked home, pondering on the day's adventure, I became satisfied that it was my dear mother's spirit, ever active in my behalf, which had prompted Mr. Newland's cordial reception of my insignificant self. She it was, seeing my dejection, my weariness of a changeless existence, my desire and yet inability to carve out for myself some other path—creating a constant fever in my veins,—she it was, seeing all this, who had awakened in the impressible mind of the poet an interest in my behalf. Oh! I did feel thankful that we had some other help to rest upon beside the help of earth. That there was a kind Father over all, who in his invisible home

cared for our sorrows—that His beneficent wisdom had prepared a way, seldom dreamed of, by the children of earth; a means which left no heart utterly forsaken. In the hour of our despondency—in the bitter night of hopelessness, when all earthly succor failed—He had made it possible for souls like our own; hearts of earthly birth, purified and glorified by death and eternity, to surround us—beati-fied spirits of those who have suffered as we suffer, and have triumphed as we eventually will triumph, to aid and strengthen our failing courage!

I felt able to endure now the burden before insupportable—able to submit to Mrs. Sharp's uncongenial frigid demeanor—able to see my early and cherished dream buried, to let my ambitions and aspirations be entombed.—Eternity might unearth them—the Resurrection of the spirit, might perchance find some remnant of life, in the bound and fettered things! Let them be buried!

CHAPTER V.

I met Gabriel Newland, many many times, after our first encounter; and enjoyed the rare pleasure of reading an author's works and studying his character in its unwritten aspect, at the same time.

He would have been considered an infidel in principles by most minds; for he believed with an unshaken faith, in the eternal progression of the human spirit, and in the ultimate harmony of all things. Every thing was to him beautiful—All discord and evil, to his comprehensive mind, were but the purifying elements which would eventually produce in the turbid waters a crystalline clearness. He was always forgiving, and lenient to the follies of others, believing that he himself was but an advanced and developed type of the most abject wretch on earth, it was but the fortunate circumstance of birth and education, that effected the difference.

He alluded once and but once, to his wife, whom report said was an exceedingly handsome woman, though haughty and overbearing; she painted to enhance her charms, and dressed extravagantly to display them. Some said he had removed to the country purposely to wean her from the gayeties of a city life. If that had been his object, common consent said he had failed signally; for she drove to town at her pleasure, and received as her guests the most fashionable and dissipated of city society. We had been conversing upon

ideality, and the soul's power of living on a mere fancy—when he observed in answer to some remark I had made—

"It is not best to let the senses master the judgement. We were wiser if before gratifying our insatiate love for the beautiful, we call in to our aid every faculty, and with calm deliberate consideration, canvass the decision of each. But if you delight in gorgeous paintings—if you like splendor of color and grace of outline—if you desire to see what an inimitable artist, a master hand, can produce of female beauty, in the voluptuous, sense-captivating style—you should see my wife. I have an unspeakable reverence for your sex, Miss Carlen," continued he, "and a beautiful woman, can storm the 'massive towers, the donjon keep,' of my fortress, by a flash of her eye; that is my foible—But still I discover much to censure in the sisterhood; I wish they would reverence themselves more—that they would more wisely cultivate their natures, which I consider essentially superior to those of our rude manhood. But their talents and capacities sleep, choked with dust, while they employ every precious moment, in polishing the exterior—painting and bedecking themselves like barbarous idols. My wife has fine qualities, as what woman has not? certain minds can draw them out—certain persons can shake the jewel, so that it emits the most fascinating lustre. But I cannot! I try the plan I see them pursue, but I fail: It is beautiful to see her expand, and like a sensitive plant throw herself out with a graceful strength, it pleases me, though I know that I cannot call forth the movement. She was a humoured spoiled child—my poor Caroline, before I won her; and I go on spoiling her because I can do nothing better with her. But you cannot know Electa, though your eyes look so soft and sympathetic, the sense of desolation I experience, sitting alone in the quiet dusk, and in the solitary night, with no one near to cheer or solace me. My wife in her parlor, entertaining those with whom I have no sympathy, or away in the city, too utterly absorbed in the pleasures around her, to give one thought to her neglected husband. She is satisfied with being my wife, proud of my literary position, and content if I permit her to pursue her own amusements, to let me seek what enjoyment I please—but it is at best a dreary, unsatisfying life!

I felt that it was, and told him so. "But Mr. Newland" added I, "I believe that our earthly existence, is but to develop our spiritual strength, to try our powers of endurance, to prove to us

(From the Sacred Circle.)

THE FIRST EXPERIENCE OF VOLTAIRE AS A SPIRIT.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

In the bustle and confusion of the outer life, how utterly do men forget the last great scene to be enacted on the visible stage, before they enter the portals of the unknown land, whither they go, as they think, never to return. My life was one of deep yearning and unsatisfied longing. I was fierce and bitter, deep and grasping, in my search after the invisible wisdom, which was shut out from my hungry gaze. I could not be satisfied with what other men were : I desired something which they had not. The deep within me called to the deep, from which God once spake when he said "Let there be light." But with me there was no light. For humanity's surface presented to me nothing but a fleeting picture, filled with mimic shadows, called men and women. They lived either above me, or below me, I then knew not which. I was among them, yet not of them ; their forms and ceremonies sickened my soul, and provoked the ready sneer and the sarcastic remark.

When my spirit came into its earthly temple, it was altogether positive, in its manifestations. It had none of the ready sympathy, and the gentle charity, necessary to bear it pleasantly through life ; it was angular, and ever going out in quest of some real support on which to lean : but as the world then lived, it found no true resting place, but was tossed about from billow to billow, without an anchor, even left at the mercy of every wave which would dash it hither and thither. When I asked for

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for those to lean on, who desired no other authority, save what they were told was right; who prayed by rule, and served God by measure. I despised with a heartfelt contempt, the child's play which I saw daily enacted by kings and princes; and I felt within me a power, that I could give it utterance, would hurl all their air-built structures to the earth, and leave them, (poor idiots that they were) naked in their own ignorance, and clothed with nothing better, nor more durable, than the gold and tinsel with which they covered themselves, and gloried in their greatness. But it was I who was the madman. If they were as children, I had not thought of my own impetuous and unreasonable nature. I had not seen myself as the world saw me, for I had only sought how I might tear away their bright illusions—their dream-like fancies, and probe to the bottom, and lay bare to their gaze, the folly of their so called religion.

I did not deal in sarcasm and bitter invective, because it pleased me; I did not level the shafts of my satire because it was altogether pleasant, but it expressed more forcibly my feelings—it gave the keenest edge to that which I could utter, to cut and tear away the thin vail of conventionalism, and rank hypocrisy. Ah! my life was a sad one, in many respects; it was made up of so much that was discordant, that gave pain, that made the victim writhe in conscious knowledge of the truth of what I wrote; for I knew, and felt, that maledictions loud and deep, were poured out on my head. But what cared I? I gloried in them! And it made the waters of bitterness flow on more merrily in my soul, to see what an army arrayed themselves against me, striving to crush me into forgetfulness, that my voice might not be heard, that its sting might not be felt. And I defied them, for I exclaimed, "You, who have the mighty power of Christianity upon your side, the voices of past centuries, the power of kings and sceptres, of popes and of cardinals! You need not raise even a finger against so insignificant a pen as mine; for I am but one man, while you number in your ranks the whole christian and enlightened world! What can I do at all? Let me utter my voice, my thoughts, and

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standing upon a sandy foundation, when so slight a cause could so agitate and confound them.

I experienced many triumphs in my own way; they were the only pleasant spots which my earthly existence knew, for I did love power, I did desire to hold the reins in my hand, by which I felt I was controlling the human mind, and making it as a mere machine; and God knows since, how deeply I have repented the means which I used, to bend the mind, to bring it on my own plane of action. But it is past, and the memory of it now is humiliating to me. But I could not be other than I was, my character was strongly marked, and it left its impress behind it, long after the body had perished from remembrance. I met the angel of death calmly, fearlessly; I thought I had proved all things, and nothing more remained to be proved: I thought the yearning would die with me, and I was content to die, and be forgotten. I had often desired to know the philosophy of death. I had looked upon the fading flower, and the withering grass; they but served to enrich the earth; to spring forth in new forms to please the eye; and should not the elements of my body go to perform some like service? I might peer as I would, but no voice answered my call, and I was thrust back upon myself. Oh! it was a mountain which rested upon me, because I felt it all, yet could give it no utterance; and now the time had come to prove it. The limbs were nerveless, the eyes were glazing, the voice was mute: earth was fading—receding; but the intelligence—thought, thought lived still. The body no longer obeyed me—it was no longer mine. All sensation ceased, save in the top of my brain, and there was thought still; it would not die: but there it sat, independent and strong, apparently gathering up force, body, and form, unto itself. I made one effort to forget,—to die; I could not: but without an effort the thought still lived. And now I must say, the spirit left the body, and hovered above it. So intensely did I believe in the utter death of soul and body, or of intelligence with the body, that I did not desire to live; I strove to sleep, to forget, to blot myself out. Senseless worm! Nature's laws no longer obeyed me, my control over natural things was at an end. And I found myself,—where? you ask. I knew not where. Gloomy and sullen, refusing to believe myself a spirit, and yet feeling intensely alive, having no desire to be so—can you imagine the keen agony of that moment? Pray God that you never may! I who had denied this thing, was now compelled to believe it. What! must I myself, prove myself to have been deceived, in spite of all I had spoken and written? Was there still a reality in the weak imaginings

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of what I had heard men prate? Oh no! I could not bear the thought, I would rather die ten thousand deaths than live to prove the falsity of my own position. It is true I lived, but how and in what condition? The location in which I was impelled to rest, presented no inducement to the sense, nor the eyesight; it appeared as one vast, uninhabited country, bleak and gloomy, mountainous, barren of all beauty; everything wore a sombre hued mantle, no life broke the leaden atmosphere, whose very silence oppressed me and pained my whole being. The very waters flowed along sluggishly in their murky depths, and seemed as though they were molten lava, death and disease lurking beneath their dark surface.

Alone, quite alone, I stood in this bleak solitude, still I was fearless and undismayed, still I sought to die, to be blotted out. I would not believe that this was other than a terrible phantasy of the brain. No human being was to be seen, yet I rejoiced in this, for had such appeared, I should have fled, and hidden myself in the clefts of the mountains. The thought of my own likeness appearing in any other form, was horrible to me. I wandered up and down, gloomy, wretched and incredulous. Proud and defiant, I sought to be still yet felt that gnawing pain, that yearning desire to know more. I forgot myself in the struggle. But the silence and solitude were so incomprehensible, that I knew not where to turn. Whom could I ask for knowledge? Where would I bend my footsteps to find it?

"No," I said to myself, "This is a dream, a horrible dream, one of those strong delusions under which men labor who are grappling with disease and death. I shall return to earth and forget this; it will serve as a vision for some of the puppets to profit by." And again I held my head erect, waiting to awake from out of the unnatural trance.

I know not how long I waited, but that my heart sickened within me. A great heaviness and sense of desolation fell upon my spirit, a weakness overcame me, and I trembled with an undefined dread. I prayed—no I did not then pray—I wished that none might see me in the hour of my weakness and great humiliation. I gradually became accustomed to this scene of desolation and dreariness, it well accorded with my spirit's gloomy mood, and I spent long periods of time in meditation deep and profound. I wandered up and down the place I had been compelled to inhabit, seeking in vain for some trace by which I might discover the laws which forced me thus

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to be the only inhabitant of the country. And I sought long and in vain; I asked not for sympathy nor love, I only asked for knowledge, and yet it was denied me. But I demanded it with a heart full of revilings toward the cause of all my misery. No answer came—no marvel that it did not to such as I then was. When I would blaspheme or when I would rail, it was alike impotent, there was no object upon which to vent my feelings, or to combat my vengeful threatenings.

I prided myself upon my solitary life. I said, "I desire no human sympathy, I could exist without it, within myself." Thus far I had been looking without, and had become weary, O, very weary of the changeless prospect. I turned to look within. Ah! what was there to see but a fountain filled to overflowing with bitterness and unbelief, of railing against everything good and lovely; a heart of adamant, walled around with brass, impervious alike to fear or love. I prayed for slumber; as well might the eagle slumber while winging his way through the pure ether of heaven's blue arch, with the sun's rays blazing in his eyes, as I could forget for a moment, that I lived, that I thought, that I knew there was a something beyond myself, which I yet knew not of.

I know not how long I tarried in this place, but it were a very long time; the sameness, the monotony and silence was dreadful, the little knowledge, only gave additional fear and dread of what might next be revealed. Oh! death to me had been the gate of horrors, the plaything of mystery, growing greater and denser as I proceeded. I knew not how much the pleasure of my earth-life had consisted in opposing, in assailing and setting at nought the opinions of my fellow man. It had called forth my energy, it had given play to my intellect, diversion, and recreation to my every day existence; and now, there was none but myself, to strive against myself. O! the utter, utter misery, the want of companionship which I then experienced! At first I had thought I would flee from the face of a fellow being, I abhorred the thought of a witness to the downfall of my theories, but the rocks gave me no reply when I upbraided them for their silence; the winds did not fan my cheek caressing, but harshly, the trees appeared as though formed of rock, so unbending in their appearance, everything seemed locked up against me. The grass was crisp and hard, and when I sought to hear the waters ripple there was but a hollow echo, as of a moan, from their turbid depths. I

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saw no twinkling star, no silver moon; all was inanimate save me, —and who—what, was I? A thing of life, of what value was it? I had better be a stone, for then I would be in keeping with the scene. My stoicism gave way, the hard walls of adamant were beginning to break down in utter wretchedness for want of sympathy, and I groaned aloud, "who shall deliver me from the body of this death." And now there arose within me a desire for sympathy. Of something which was pervaded by human life. A dog would have delighted me, it would have called forth a flood of tears; something, anything to which I might unbosom my overcharged heart.

The still small voice, whose silvery tones I had crushed back for so many years, now came up faint and indistinctly, as a silver thread, the slightest jar might have snapt the feeling and smothered its tone forever in my heart. But the voice grew stronger, and I wished, O how earnestly, for some human feeling to be aroused within my breast. Tears came at length—strong and mighty was the struggle, but the citadel yielded, the strong man bowed down and wept like a child. And I prayed, as I had prayed when an infant at my mother's knee; and I had prayed to God all along, before I had known it, but now I felt it.

It was the beginning of repentance—the breaking down of the barriers which had so long kept me separated from the better impulses of love and human sympathy. Too long had I steelled my spirit against every power, but that which I vainly conceived was of myself and within me, I disdained to own other authority than my own; but now I wished to flee from myself. I wished but to know that there was a power beside myself, that I might see it. My earth-life, rose up and confronted me with nothing but dark images of distrust in all things sacred, of reverence for nothing good. Gloomy picture! How it pained me to look back upon the seeds of dissension, and unhappiness, which I had planted in thousands of hearts, I turned away and strove to shut my eyes upon the dark picture, but go where I would, my sins still found me out, they followed me, and ten thousand vices seemed to upbraid me, and point their fingers toward me, as the author of their great unhappiness. I could not curse God and die, I could not longer oppose the evidence of a power which made me a very child in helplessness, but not in innocence. My grief was still for myself, my repentance was not of the right kind, I was still rebellious in the knowledge of my suffering, for I

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did not feel that I merited such punishment as had been meted out to my sins; and I wished if there was a power wise and good, that I might be made to feel it. If I had sinned beyond recall, I desired to know for what I was thus harshly judged.

There arose within me at length a most intense desire for some intelligent being, with whom I might take counsel, but none came near me. Long and dreary seemed the time which I spent in that place; reviewing the past, uncertain, and unprepared for the future. One, by one, my stern resolutions gave way, and with no witness, save the voice within, I was compelled to acknowledge in that dreadful solitude, that there was a power, grand, supreme, and inscrutable. My spirit was bowed in shame, and deep contrition to the very earth, and I prayed, Oh so humbly, that the great Intelligence would vouchsafe to hear me; to speak in some manner, to break the wretched sense of loneliness which was becoming insupportable. And I slumbered long and deeply; and a vision was given me, for I thought I knew, that bright forms stood beside me—that they soothed my weary spirits—that they spoke in silvery tones of love and peace to my breaking heart; and I thought I had left that place of gloom, with those bright guides; its chill air no longer oppressed and benumbed my movements, its death like quiet was only a dreadful dream. But I thank thee O my God, that it was no dream, but a bright and glorious reality. I had left that place, and with it, all the repulsive attributes, all the dark garments of sin and selfishness, unbelief and arrogance, which had so long been my close companions. The heart which had seemed as of marble, cold and insensible, was now fresh and warm.

O I had found sympathy! Human voices greeted me, they took me by the hands, they called me brother, and they said, I had come up from out of the vale of repentance—that I had learned that God was love, and all powerful, that I was but a spirit who depended upon that great cause for every breath which gave me life. O how sweet were their tones, and how gentle and kind their looks. They led me along by a pleasant path, and sought to make me forget the dark place which had been my abode so long.



EXPERIENCE OF VOLTAIRE AS A SPIRIT.

PART SECOND.

I still trembled, uncertain, and fearful that I should have to return. But the spirit who had acted as my guide thus far, bade me not to fear, for I had lived there long enough to know my own power, and my own strength of endurance. I had learned to crave, yes, even to beg for the sympathy which I had before so despised; I would have hailed with joy the most ignorant companion which might have been given me, so deeply and sensibly was I made to know how much I had to depend upon others, who formed between me and the Deity the chain of electric intelligence.

Now I found I was wholly ignorant of all the laws controlling the newly opened phase of existence before me. Now I knew that I lived. It was a pleasant hoping life, and there were within me ten thousand thoughts, new and undefined, asking for knowledge, wishing to grasp it all at once, to compass the whole at a glance; but fell back upon myself weak and nerveless.

"Brother," said my guide, "first learn the principles which govern the vast system of wisdom revealed before thee, then lay the foundation, stone by stone; it is thine own temple, make it as beautiful as thou desirest, but mind that thou dost hew the stones out of the quarry of eternal wisdom. Too long hast thou dealt in the imagination; too far-fetched have been thy groundless theories; therefore build not a baseless fabric, which shall crumble away from before thine eyes, in the hour of thy need, and thy trial. The structure which thou didst erect for thyself while on earth, was not sufficient for thy support when thou hadst left it.

Therefore be free, and try thy newly fledged wings, and see if thou canst find aught worthy of thy labor, in this sphere. Long thou didst stand alone in thy supposed strength and might, stand alone still, when thou canst, but when thou dost need assistance, thou hast brothers and equals, who will gladly aid thee. Thou

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dost behold but a hand's breadth, vast and boundless as these domains appear to thee, and yet thou canst not tread one inch of this holy ground, but what is teeming with hidden knowledge, precious wisdom.

Dost thou behold the many souls who are passing and repassing thee? their numbers seem countless, but every one of them is more exalted than thou, because they are more humble. But thou hast not outlived all of earth and its errors, yet thou wilt overcome them one by one; and daily thou wilt acknowledge that man's heart is a universe, wherein is contained all the mystery, all the beauty, and all the love of the divine Godhead, constantly unfolding, a spark at a time; but never, never, canst thou imagine the heights and the depths to which it shall reach in the unending cycles of eternal thought."

I was fired with enthusiasm; I would now obtain new knowledge, new power; I would go back and confess my errors, and astonish mankind by the new revelation. It was a boyish dream; conceived in a moment but not to be carried out until many, many long years had rolled away, and been forgotten in eternity's great gulf.

Said my guide, "Dost thou conceive that thou wouldst be welcome shouldst thou again return to earth? Nay, I tell thee thine own followers would hoot at thee; they would call thee a thing of the imagination. Dost thou not know, that the wise, the good, and the loving who have passed from thy world to this, long before thee, have endeavored to do the same thing which strikes thee now as a novel idea? They have gone back and been received by the few, but refused by the many; because man understood not the goodness of God, nor the laws of his own being. Thou thyself couldst not return, for thou hast placed a great barrier in thine own way. But fix thy thoughts, and use thy energies in thy present home; thou dost love power; thou canst obtain it. Thou askest for knowledge, it may be had for labor; thy face is now turned in the right direction. Thou hast felt thine own weakness, yea, and thou hast felt thine own strength unaided by the power above thee. As thou wert great in evil to thy fellow men, it is thy privilege and thy duty to become great and mighty in the benefits which thou canst confer upon them. Thou canst become an instrument now to counteract the very power which thou didst labor to build up:

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and inasmuch as thou didst crush back the divine voice speaking within thee,—striving for utterance, but grieved and silenced by thy power, thou must now go to others, and call it forth in their hearts strengthen them in their struggles, that they may not be as thou wast: and thou shalt become a beloved one among us, when thy works shall testify to the greatness of thy love, and the repentance of thy soul. For remember, that for every angelic gift which is given thy soul, tenfold labor will be required of thee to balance the gift. By thy works thou wilt render thyself worthy to mingle with the wise and the pure; and only as thy love to God developes within thy soul, shalt thou be permitted to know and feel its sympathies with those like thyself. Thy life was peculiar, even so thy repentance bears the same form of reparation.”

Wisely he spoke: he knew me better than I knew myself. Long and earnestly did I labor, thought-laden. I communed with the spirits of the past only in spirit—they could not come near me: and I conceived of such mysterious knowledge to be obtained by me, such God-like power, that at times it almost maddened me. I could not understand it, so overwhelming did it seem. New light, beauties, fresh and glowing from the hand of Deity, would strike me speechless. Infinite wisdom! the like of which only angels could beardown in small portions to the little pulsating thing, called spirit. Oh, how I travailed! The thought, the power which came upon me was too great, I was smaller than a particle of dust in the sunbeam. I was less than a thought, and yet I lived. Oh life! Strange mystery! When the immensity of power would crush you out of existence, then the spirit asserts its kindred with divinity; it cannot die, it will not be blotted out. It lives as I lived, to feel the resistless knowledge which I had asked for; and when it did come, Oh, I could only bow my head, and thank my God that I lived. Man, could I tell you how my spirit had soared far up among the wonders, the galaxy of his star-gemmed beauty. I would ask the countless worlds to speak, and send down an echo, that ye might know how very glorious, how vast and extended beyond your grandest conceptions, are the systems which He holds in His hands. I would tell to man the bright destiny which awaits him, but I cannot—only a very small part, because words, such as you know, are inadequate to express the mystery of power. And then I would tell you of the power within man. I would show you in its varied phases of development the

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thought which is given to man, which raises him far from earth among the archangels in power. And I would tell you how one great mind may struggle, and force his way upward, leaving behind him countless millions, toiling and striving; while he may soar up as the eagle, bold and fearless. And he may hear sounds and see sights, he may know mysteries such as man hath never dreamed of; such as spirits have not seen; such as the archangels dare not reveal because it belongs not to the earth. It never descends: but is accessible to him who grasps it. Who will have it, it is his own. Oh, when man does know the power which lies within himself, he is an archangel; his progress cannot be opposed, it tends upward, towards the divine center; it draws him near that blazing light, and into that vortex which is only approached by the sons and daughters who lived far back in the olden days, when they walked and talked with God as children.

There is a land of rest for those who need it, and there are worlds of research for those who deserve it, teeming with light, redolent with beauty, inexhaustible in wisdom; and so illimitable that all humanity which ever has been, or ever will be upon this small center of intelligence, will be but an infant school, in numbers and size.

Children of earth, ask for knowledge, and it will be given you. When ye have received it, then ye know that ye have power. Cease not to struggle, do not get weary, nor faint by the wayside. Ye have only taken hold of the first link in the sparkling chain which leads up to the grand center; countless millions of times shall ye revolve around it before ye reach it.

But I cannot give you more. My voice is faint and weak; your words are few, and inadequate to convey my thoughts. I have shown you very imperfectly the first chapter in my life, when I entered the abode of spirits. I tried to give you a glance into the upper glories, but the time has not yet come. The heavens are unfolding as a scroll of light, and the day of new things is dawning upon the children of men, and they shall know, because God hath willed it so, and sent his holy spirits to tell them, that they are free, because truth is free, and light is free. And God hath said "Let there be light," and lo, it cometh so soon as men can bear it. Therefore prepare yourselves to receive it.

atmosphere, away from those swamps of mind where poison flowers grow, and poisonous life takes to itself hideous and mystic shapes. If misanthropic and dejected and angry men, and women, could only learn, that there is a reason, as well in the mental world as in the physical world, for these sudden attacks of chills and fever!

The philosopher and the botanist must wander in bogs once in a while; but they are very unhealthy places of residence.

Our friend, the Rev. J. N. Maffit, whom we used to think the very genius of eloquence, and who if he could have retained the hearts he thrilled and enchained by his words of power, would never have died an exile, forsaken, persecuted, and heart broken—often visits us. He is always eloquent and fascinating, but more subdued than of old. He tells us that the remembrance of his earthly life, tinges his present existence with sadness. Mr. Maffit always loved 'the good, old fashioned Bible,' it was to him the only record that there was a WAY OF ESCAPE. He loves it still, but in a higher, more comprehensive sense. In answer to a question one evening as to its authority, he said, "the Bible is always being written. Do you think that God ceased his work when he had completed one volume? God is ever writing the Bible."

Rev. Dr. Cone, the Baptist divine, who was so intensely desirous of a new version of the scriptures, gave us a call, and a short address, in which he stated that he still looked upon the alterations which he had proposed, as very advantageous; though for quite other reasons than formerly. He thinks were the Bible handled as any other book, were the suggestions of different minds examined, and alterations more frequently urged, it would have a tendency to open men's minds, to make them more liberal, and prepare the way for the introduction of larger ideas.

We had a singular little coincidence the other evening. A spirit after repeated efforts, succeeded in announcing herself as the mother of Napoleon 1st. We were very much amazed, that lady having been, I am ashamed to say, entirely overshadowed in our minds by the lustre of her son's celebrity. We knew she was an energetic self-reliant woman, but like most others, were generally oblivious to the fact of her individual existence. We afterwards found that some friends who attended the circle had been reading Abbott's "Life of Napoleon." How is this? Do spirits have to wait till

they can bring some sort of letters of introduction, before they are able to enter a circle or exert any influence over a medium?

Some spirits S. suspects, come in their shirt sleeves, just from a day's work; and some without a hat or cloak dance in as if it were an evening holiday to them; and some arrive quite gleeful and breathless, as if they had run all the way. Little "News boys" doubtless sometimes come peeping in, and would be glad to sell their papers among the crowd. Strawberry girls, match sellers, and apple women, for all I know, pass by with their invisible saleables! There is a little dwarf called "Nelson," who comes and hides under the table, so the spirits say, and when they are trying to communicate, agreeably diverts himself, by making it tip the wrong way. "Nelson," however, indignantly repudiates the accusation, declaring "He only goes under there, to keep from being trod on! They lay all the blame of every thing on him, because he's so little."

One evening, while we were listening to an edifying orthodox discourse on the advantages of eternal punishment &c, preached through the mediumship of Mr J.—there came a poor little soul, who called herself "Becky," "Oh, she was afraid to go back home!" she said, "she was afraid to move. She always had been afraid of that fiery lake—Her father used always to tell her about it when she was here. But since she died she had been so happy in the pleasant land where she went to live, that she had begun to hope there was no such place after all. But now all her comfort was gone again!" Scarcely could we console her, she was so much alarmed. She had never attended a circle before, she said, for she was perfectly satisfied where she was, and so dreaded a stumble into that dismal "pit" her father had warned her about, that she avoided any extensive rambling, being nervously apprehensive that it was only by some mistake she was left at large, and that she would be taken unawares some day, and sent to her rightful residence. But this night, in a freak of light heartedness, she had followed a party she saw coming hither, and this was the result of her bravery. We did our best to convince the poor child that spirits are sometimes mistaken, and that she need not believe what the orthodox invisibility said, merely because he was so much older and wiser than she. So "Becky" at last dried her tears, and tripped off homeward with a furtive glance behind her.

Whether it was the first of May with them, or not, I don't know.

but the spirits gave us a little sort of May party, by way of romance. They came and showered us over with shining blossoms from their spring gardens, and laughingly wreathed our heads with glittering vine leaves, and white, starry flowers. To be sure they were invisible to us, the lamp light, and the dull atmosphere could not translate to our senses, the flush of their dazzling colors, or the sheen of their fragrant dewdrops. But for a moment we really seemed to breathe a perfume, and to feel a surrounding like the warmth and summeriness of fresh roses and lilies.

Verily, it does seem that the great change could take place "in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye." Could our vision be opened, seeing angels we should be angels too. The separation between the visible and the invisible, is only a dimness of sight.

"There can be no pleasanter a party of people than meet at a spirit soiree," we said among ourselves as we put out the lights, after our guests had gone. We had quite a company of warm hearted and joyous friends. Some came from quite a distance "here below," and some no doubt had rather a journey "from above."

Our new friend Mr. W. who is a true spiritualist, provided a conveyance to escort the material portion homewards, and doubtless the immaterial had something quite as comfortable at least, as a "chariot of fire." There is nothing more refreshing than a circle. A mystic union of the harmonious elements of the earthly life, with the unearthly.

If you want to dance, you can have a spirit partner—if you want to converse, you can have plenty of spirit auditors. It is their hilarity which inspires the air with such a light and invigorating sensation. It is their sparkling glances which reflect in smiles upon your face. And besides, you can give a much larger party in this way without being crowded, than in any other! The sociability and absence of stiffness, in these meetings, is also a new and refreshing element.

The formality of introductions, the exactions of a false propriety, are set aside. There is a pleasant consciousness that what each one does is pleasant to the other. There is a delightful knowledge that spirits are as glad to meet with us, as we are with them.

And this, we are told, is one of the most earnest objects of this manifestation—to make us more social, more brotherly, and more happy.

ANN M. H.—

THE TRINITY.

BY SUSAN H. HOYT.

We are all noble. There is a God striving within the innermost of every human being. Let that God have utterance.—

How inferior ever are our outward manifestations to the great I, within! Let no man, no woman undervalue their own God, Christ, and Holy Ghost, which exist in their ideal. We are indeed a Trinity—the three Godheads dwell in the souls of each—God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—a sacred Three—the producers, and the produced. The pagans in a dim manner perceived its mysterious import, and held that number sacred; a unit being powerless. And thus it is that the triangle as a type of God's creative power, as a symbol of the perfection of the Deity, has been found to exist from the remotest ages of human life; emblemizing the seed, the growth, and the flower; an eternal principle of being; an infinite multiplication; a progression that knows no limits.

Coming down to modern times we find the belief in a Triune God prevalent in civilized nations. This is a natural result of our imperfect but progressive state, a result of our limited knowledge. We misunderstand the traditions of the past, and assume as literal what with them was only a hieroglyphic sign representing an idea. Our ideas inevitably take form, and those forms are as various as the ideas, therefore no man worships one God, and no man's conception of God comprises the perfection of that being; yet all worship the true Creator, though but in part. No body of men although instructed by one priest, would form an image of God which would correspond in every particular. If each individual thought could be daguerreotyped they would be found to differ materially. And so it is impossible but that in the aggregate mankind should be polytheists; and thus heathen mythology should be as true a worship of the Deity, being their highest idea of perfection, as trinitarian theology.

If a deist, to whom the belief in a trinity is abhorrent, should analyze his conceptions of a divinity, and those of his deistical companions, he would be likely to find that the idea of one would answer to the Father, that of another to the Son, while a third would correspond to the Holy Ghost, according to the progressive state of the individual. On the plane of the sensuous, the motional, his God will be a Jove or Jehovah. On the plane of the affectional, the the emotional, his divinity will be a Christ. On the plane of the spiritual, he worships a principle, a divine afflatus, a Holy Ghost; or he will combine the three.

A mind whether it recognises the fact or not, does homage at different periods of its existence to a dissimilar deity. In youth our senses are keen and active, the visible world occupies our mind—Our idea of a God at that stage of our developement is a being of might. His attributes are unthought of by us. His force alone, his stupendous illimitable power, is recognisable. We worship then a material divinity, typified in christendom by God the Father.

All things gorgeous, all manifestations appealing to the senses, belong to him,—thunder and lightning—the clouds—the tempest—and the teeming earth. The whole world is his, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. He is lord of the creation. By war and bloodshed, by pillage pestilence and famine, he brings the chaotic earth into order. He deals only with the earthly—and in arts and sciences, merchandise and power, he instructs his children. His worship is necessary to the earth which he emblemizes. Every human being born of that earth must worship him at some time. He is the Olympic Jove, the Thor and Woden of the Norsemen, the Jubba of Africa, the Mahomedan Allah, the Jehovah of the Jews.

He is the God of youth—whose only idea of power is punishment; and men whose development has not extended beyond the material, the childhood—render him their terrified obedience. So in all ages barbarous nations, holding the same relation to civilized societies that the child does to the man, almost invariably originate a system of sacrifices to propitiate this fearful Intelligence.

We of the nineteenth century build costly temples to his worship, gold and silver and precious stones, with purple and fine linen, we appropriate to his service. Glowing paintings, statuary, and altar-pieces of fine workmanship are his accompaniments. We laud him in rolling anthems—rich voluptuous music breathing of the red

vintage, and a radiant earth! We sacrifice to him also, a horrib'e sacrifice—we render him human oblations; we consign his enemies to a Ganges more hungry than that of the Hindoos—to a river of flame—a hell of liquid fire which will toss them forever in its torturing billows!

We pass through this phase of life, and youth gives place to manhood; then our passions, our loves, compassions, humanities, are all prominent. Then our Divinity is God the Son, the second person in the Trinity. He emblemizes the heart of earth, the woe and soreness of life. He is a tear, an embrace, a thought of good. In shame anguish and despair, in temptation and hopelessness is he worshipped. He is the brother,—a member of the household. To him all the petty ills of life are familiar. To him the home of poverty, of sickness and death are consecrated. We build no temples to his remembrance. A cup of cold water and a morsel of bread supersede in his worship the sunny fruits, the rich harvests of the earth! By endurance and kindly deeds, by forgiving and forgetting, by equality and mercy he instructs his brothers. Christ typifies the passions and their powers, evil is gently but with a sublime strength put aside. They who are condemned by man—the outcasts, felons, and poor shunned Magdalens, name him their God and brother! “Ah whither shall I flee from thy presence, the whole earth is full of thee!” is the cry of the awe-struck soul before God the Father—but the loving heart, to God the Son exclaims “I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest!”

We come now to the third person in the Trinity. Slowly but surely, have our minds been progressing. We have reached our maturity. The fears of childhood, the restlessness of manhood are passed—Our minds calmed and chastened, are prepared to receive a more spiritual Deity. As the soul is unlike and yet corresponding to the outer man and his affections; so God the Holy Spirit typifying the highest aspirations of man, the innermost soul—is more subtile and ethereal, than the other Godheads.

His worship is the unspeakable orison of joy which the soul pours forth that has released itself from the grasp of earth, its joys, and sorrows, and for a brief space poised upon its own divinity takes a clear outlook into the region of immortality; comprehending then its own beautiful use to the sublime universe, its mysterious adaptation to the Here, and the Hereafter. His followers are prophets

and seers. To the human souls that call him God, he reveals mysteries before incomprehensible. Heaven is opened to them. All the grand harmonies of the universe are heard by them. They are discerners of spirits, and can clearly perceive unities and combinations before complex. A divine halo, a light from an invisible world rests upon them.

He is the Inspirator, the Approver. He brings all things in to harmony. Then follows the true and noble marriage of the spiritual with the earthly. The bride whom the apostle John saw in entranced vision, is the pledge of eternal unity.

Already has this Holy Ghost appeared upon earth—His worship has commenced—The prophecy which he has given of his advent is being fulfilled,—“I shall wipe away all tears from all eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor sighing, for the former things have passed away.” The New Jerusalem descends upon earth. The heaven so far removed from us, and the hell so nigh, have changed places. The spirit world can be seen now, its mysteries explored, by every man who calls this Quickener, Inspirer, Renovator, God—by every man who endeavors to make the world harmonious and pure. The power to enter this paradise of the Most High, this serene Eden of the Holy Spirit, is not confined to a few, the heavenly arcana is open to all.

If we wish to progress toward a true knowledge of the Divine life, we should endeavor to keep our minds mollient and yielding. By relying on any one faith as the only good, and thus repelling any interference of an opposite faith, we become obdurate and impenetrable, and our growth is retarded. Alas, we are all more ready to teach than be taught, to repel than receive.

And let us not be harsh in judging, if all have not reached our standpoint. Remember we have once worshipped as they, though perhaps unconsciously. Let us remember also that these triune Gods are but symbols of the one true God. He is above and beyond all. Immortality may not reveal him to our vision; an eternity of progression will not make comprehensible his attributes.

ELECTA

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE RAMBLES," ETC

Continued.

In the foreground, upon one of the loftiest peaks in that mountain hight, sat an eagle almost human in his expression of agony—with wings half raised, and head outstretched, screaming for his mate,—Below, unseen by him, in a deep black pool in one of those sunken rocks, his companion lay with soft white breast upturned, her feathers ruffled by the spasm of death, her eyes vacant with extinct life. The picture was richly mounted; altogether it was a gift bespeaking the exquisite taste, and generous heart of the donor. For he had drawn from me the story of my early passion for painting. I had also shown him some of my sketches which had remained locked in my desk, unvisited till then in their tomb to which I had long years since consigned them. After studying these he had said, "Electa you have rare gifts. It is wrong to keep you inured here any longer: It would be a source of great happiness to me to help you. Will you permit it? Are you not willing that I should give you in charge of some artist that you may be instructed?" "No, Mr. Newland you are very kind, God knows how I thank you for your goodness, but I cannot accept your offer, I will 'work out my own salvation.'" I have been befriended by my uncle and cousin—to be sure I have worked my best to repay them, the debt is nearly cancelled; indeed if I had not made a new friend, and not felt that I was gaining more by remaining than departing, I should likely ere this have sought a new field of action" "Is it so! Is it really so?" said he with beaming eye, and a becoming glow suffusing his cheeks, "well then; I will try and forgive you for slighting my offer."

In the note accompanying the picture he wrote "I had an impression when I first met you that you were destined to achieve no common fame as a poet or painter, I could not then decide which.

but now since I have seen your sketches, so boldly and graphically designed, and artistically colored, I have no doubt in the matter.

The picture I send you, is but a promise of what your genius will at some future day accomplish."

Cousin Nancy saw the picture, I do not know whether she wrongly surmised it to be my work or not, but it seemed to awaken all her ire, for her dislike to any such 'nonsensical waste of time' was inveterate, but when I told her whose gift it was she fairly went beyond herself, and spoke not in a kind or sisterly way, but torturingly of Gabriel's regard for me. I had been perfectly secure, till then, no doubts had arisen in my mind as to my conduct; now to hear that it had been the subject for a village jest was painful to me. I do not think Mrs. Sharp had the doubts and suspicions she expressed regarding Mr. Newland's character. I now believe that she was afraid the respect he paid to my talents and opinions, would unfit me for her humble service. But it mattered little whether she believed what she had said or not—her words had stung like an adder.

And so there was a dull gasping ache about my heart 'all that bright summery morning, which made my eyes swim with tears. Yet I sat quietly sewing, hour after hour beside the open window in the hushed sitting-room, as though all was right within. And the branches of the old locust tree, swayed slowly in and out of the casement—kissing my hand with its leaf shadows, and dancing over the muslin at which I was working. Peace and content in golden light, bathed tree and grassy lawn without. Peace and content a stranger's eye would have said was within, streaking with sunny ripples the striped homespun carpet, gilding the stained able and oaken cupboard, and slanting over a solitary figure, plying her busy needle, seated in a low chair beneath those waving shadows! The soothing click of the old family clock that filled the corner chiming in harmoniously with her blissful dreams! Blissful dreams!—yes, surely the young know of no other! Well, stranger, summer glow, and leafy shadows, quiet, industry, and youth, are not always the exponents of happiness—for there was the roar of a volcano seething, and bubbling in fearful unrest, within the breast of that outwardly placid girl.

All that long, long day, the sun kept beckoning me—I knew the wild-flowers in the valleys, and on the hill side, were holding rare revels. But they could not lure me to composure.

I had time to think while making little Phebe's new dress. Even she with her artful ways, and crafty heartless face, even she was loved, as was her twin-sister Grace. And yet they were self-willed unloving little things, I had tried my best to love them, but they would not let me, seeming to have a full grown womanly hatred toward myself, offensive from its unnatural maturity. I had usually to play the part of tutor to their untrainable minds, but their blind parents were continually sapping the foundation I endeavored to lay. Poor children! a severe schooling must they undergo, either in this world or in another, ere they are brought into harmony with truth.

Their mother had taken them out with her that morning, and I was happy to be left alone in my despair. Every one was loved, all had friends, and yet they would deprive me of my only one.

I felt bitter toward Mrs. Sharp—the time when I was a child at my uncle's arose vividly and painfully before me. I thought of the brilliant dreams I had woven then, while engaged with my paints and brushes, in my little room—how by my talents I should win a name that would make me loved by all the wise and lovely of earth; and life would be so delicious, with so much love to garner and so much to disburse!—but she had breathed upon those dreams, and they were blighted! I was nineteen, now. I had grown up into womanhood—but it was not the warm rich blooming life of woman my fancy had pictured to me. My life had been a life of repression, I was aware of that, it stirred up within me the bitter gall and wormwood of regret sometimes—at such moments my spirit would rebel, shaking herself loose from fate, and demand an end to the “wearisome days and nights appointed unto her.”

But habit had closed around me, the unchanging routine, the hard systematic ungenial life, which had been my lot so long, prepared me to pursue my course quiescently, unaspiringly, at most times.

But all that July birthday, I was thinking, thinking—something must be done, what? I had never been ten miles from the village since the day I first came there a lonely orphan—yet if I remained my cousin would keep me all the rest of my days at the same kind of drudgery in which she had employed me for the past five years. My constitution was weakened by my daily labors, and the long protracted studies of the night, for I was forced to use hours allotted for sleep, as no other time could I call my own. I had made my-

self familiar. by my own efforts with the principles of the French and Latin languages, I was conversant with every book the school library contained, and through the assistance of Mr. Newland had become acquainted with the best authors of both ancient and modern times. Considering these acquirements, though a rather meager list, I thought possibly I might obtain a situation as teacher in some school. At all events my mind was made up to leave the village, and trust to God and the angels for guidance.

Parting with my friend seemed more terrible than death—"but I shall see him, I shall ask his advice," said I to myself, consolingly. I had been waiting and watching for him all the afternoon, hoping he would call, but the sky had clouded over just before sunset, and a little after dusk as I was sitting upstairs in my room, there came a darkness so sudden and intense, over the landscape, that I could scarcely discern the outline of the tree that swept my window, soon there was a cataract, fearful in its might, rushing adown the eaves of the house top, while the lightning and thunder seemed vying to eclipse each other in terror. The suppressed agony which had been goring me all day, mingled with the disappointment occasioned by the rain, which I feared would prevent his coming that night, quite unnerved me at last, so that I bowed my head upon the window sill, and fairly sobbed aloud.

There is something solemnly grand and fearful, in the strange sympathy that seems to exist between mortal man and the world unseen. I was accustomed to seeing the spirit of my mother and also of my sweet cousin Alice. The sensation their visit awakened was always pleasurable: a soft halo of light surrounded them, and I seemed so softly baptized by the luminous rays that it never startled me. But I did not like dreams of import, or significant meaning, and I had been beset by such dreams of late. Only two nights ago, I thought that I was sitting in Mr. Newland's lodge, looking out in a dreamy revery, when I saw my mother with him by her side, advancing in the distance toward me. I went forth to meet them; marsh and bog, sand and running water, impeded me on all sides; my feet sank in the mire, my limbs became paralyzed and unable to proceed, while they receded from my sight.

To be continued.

DIALOGUES

BETWEEN A SPIRITUALIST AND A SKEPTIC.

CHAPTER XX.

SPIRITUALIST.—We left unsaid at our last discussion much that ought to interest us, for whether or not you desire to hear the result of my conversations with spirits, I certainly desire to hear your objections to the conclusions I arrive at, so that I may still farther investigate.

SKP.—Yes, we left much unsaid. I wish to understand more clearly the Astronomy of the spirit worlds as given to you by spirits; for I do not doubt these things are put into your mind in some way, I will not directly insult you by supposing that you make up all this story, nor insult you in a less direct way by saying that you think you have received this information, but are probably deceived by your own imagination. I will not doubt that you receive your information from some external source the nature of which I will judge of when I have gathered more fully the facts which you state.

SP.—I thank you. I do not ask you nor any other to receive my statements as sound doctrine, I only ask that you will hear them. When a man says to me, "I do not doubt that you think so," it is a polite way of telling me he does not believe a word I say. And yet he will believe implicitly the word of a man who wrote, some eighteen hundred years ago, a record of many miracles which it requires much faith to receive or to understand. He can believe that the Jews had the will and the power to fasten the Son of God—equal with God and therefore almighty, upon the cross and murder him; but he cannot believe that I have the power to hold converse with departed spirits. He will receive undoubtingly a miraculous conception, narrated sixty years after the alleged event, by persons who could not possibly know any thing about it, except upon hearsay, but doubt that spirits can communicate with mortals although the fact has been known

among all people in every age of the world, and although it is now attested in the United States by two millions of intelligent people, every one of whom speaks of his own knowledge. He will believe any marvellous or even any impossible story, if it was told two thousand years ago, but will not believe the simplest fact if it forms part of Spiritualism. A man who strains at a gnat can generally swallow a camel.

SKP.—I understand your allusions to be to the miracles recorded in the bible—the commanding the sun to stand still, the plagues of Egypt, the opening a passage in the Red Sea, the slaying 185,000 Assyrians in one night, the divinity of Christ, the raising of Lazarus, the loaves and fishes, &c, &c. I do not myself understand those things though I fully believe them. It is true for many of them we have but the authority of one witness, Moses or Joshua or Matthew, but we cannot suppose those inspired men liable to any error.

SP.—Why not believe your neighbors whom you know as readily as one who lived two or three thousand years ago?

SKP.—The old prophets were inspired men.

SP.—As we learn by the same record (written by themselves) in which the facts of the miracles are stated. This would not be good testimony in a court of law. However I admit the testimony and only take you to task for accepting so readily an ancient record while you reject the testimony of your neighbors, in relation to similar facts. If what I have said of the astronomy of the spirit worlds had been told by any mortal two thousand years ago you would receive it without a question. The fault of the statement is that it is not old, that the account of it has not been copied a thousand times over, and mistranslated and revised and corrected a thousand times more. If all this doubt and uncertainty were thrown over it you would believe it. You doubt it because a man who stands before you tells you that he saw it, that he knows it, that it is true.

SKP.—Let me hear more clearly how you obtained this Calendar of two worlds.

SP.—It is about two years since I undertook to find out the comparative time between the meridian where, in the spirit world, one of my relatives resides and the meridian of New York, so that I might know when it would be convenient for her to visit me. I

received many answers to my questions all of which I recorded. I asked them at all times, and of all spirits upon all occasions. It is impossible that the answers could be made at hazard and yet correspond. I received on one occasion a statement of the relative time through Mrs. Gilbert Sweet. The communication was in French and the medium did not understand its purport. This was on the 12th of Dec. 1854. I recorded the statement as usual. By raps through the family of Mr. Snyder at Green Point, I obtained answers to hundreds of questions. By communications through the family of Mr. Azor Hoyt of Newtown I obtained abundant tests on all matters appertaining to the subject. Through all the mediums I have been acquainted with I have asked the questions, generally without suffering the mediums to know their nature and thus accumulated the materials for my calendar. But through my own mediumship more than all else I have obtained the information. In a thousand conversations, on many of the occasions seeing the well known spirits, talking with them face to face, I have propounded the questions and gathered the materials, never being content with any statement of things that required so much proof, as long as I could ask the question of any other spirit, and thus lessen my chances of error. At last I attacked the problem and cyphered upon it. I reduced all the statements to one form. I worked upon these materials for many weeks, doing the sums several times over to avoid mistakes, and at last had the satisfaction to know that the statements agreed. I was satisfied that the spirits who gave me the information were truthful and intelligent, or that if I had been purposely deceived there had been miracles wrought to do so. This calendar which has cost me the labor of two years, might have been obtained at one sitting, if I would have been content to receive it, and had had the intelligence to ask the proper questions. But I preferred getting the facts through so many different channels that there could be no chance for mistakes. It has cost me much thought and labor and I have been laughed at for my pains, (by people, of course, who did not know what they were laughing about,) but I do not regret the work bestowed on it, if no other than myself should value it.

SKP.—I concede that you have made all reasonable efforts to obtain accuracy. It would be strange indeed if all this had emanated from your own mind. I am convinced that you received

these facts from some source beyond yourself. It could not have been from the minds of the mediums for their answers would have been at random—

Well, what is the amount of what you have gained in this Calendar of Two Worlds?

SP.—I have a chart by which at a glance I can tell the time of day or night, at any meridian in the spirit world, Juno; I can also on any given day with us, tell the date with the spirits there—the year, month, day of the month, and day of the week.

SKP.—Have you indeed their date?

SP.—Why not? It is as easy to get their date as anything else.

SKP.—How can you suppose you have it accurately?

SKP.—From the way in which it was obtained it would be a miracle to be otherwise. In my direct conversations with spirits I asked the questions and in answer received the year month and day of their date, and the time from the Ascension to the beginning of their era. The statement given was that their present date is Anno Domini 1685, the year terminating with the time corresponding to our August 8th, 1856. I was told that the Ascension of Christ took place Anno Domini 34, March 31st—reckoning without change for style, and that the corresponding time with them was April 33d of their old date. The ensuing new year was the commencement of their present era.

From Anno Domini 34, March 31st, to August 8th, 1856, is 1822 years and 131 days.

From the 33d of April preceding the commencement of their era to the end of Dec. 1685, in their measurement of time is 1685 years and 283 days.

Our Sidereal year is reckoned 365 days 6 hours and 10 minutes, which gives as the quantity of our time since the Ascension, 15,975,091 hours, 57 minutes.

Juno's sidereal year is 421 days 5 minutes and 37 1-2 seconds—each day being, (in our measurement of time) 22 hours 30 minutes 37 seconds and 9 'sixteenths, which gives as the quantity of their time since the Ascension 15,975,087 hours and 40 minutes.

The difference is four hours and sixteen minutes, which is the exact difference in the calendar time. The sums are therefore equal.

Remember these data were given to me directly, and I had no

possible means of knowing to what they would lead, and, as you will readily believe, I was much pleased when after all my cyphering I found that the two periods, our time and their alleged time agreed. The chances against a successful guess of those figures are many millions of millions. Indeed it would be quite impossible to guess them.

SKP.—I agree with you that it would be impossible to guess such figures. I find one difficulty in your statement, we do not know the exact date of our own era. Christ was born about a certain time but the exact date cannot be obtained. Nor have we the date of the Crucifixion or of the Ascension.

SP.—It is true, there is an uncertainty with respect to these dates but it is generally believed that they are pretty nearly right. The statement of the spirit I have taken without considering to what it would lead, the result of the figures having given me confidence as to the measurement of the time. Astronomers have not the means of determining the length of the earthly year, nor the duration even of a day. They make a very nice approximation to the day, but cannot come, very near the length of a revolution of the earth round the sun. The cause of this is obvious, for the sun and the fixed stars, as they are called, are in motion round a central orb, and the landmarks by which the year is measured are forever changing their position. This fact has led some astronomers to the conclusion that our year was decreasing in length, and that therefore, in the course of time it would fall into the sun. I presume we have nothing to fear from such a catastrophe.

There are several kinds of years known to astronomers &c,

The Sidereal year of 365 days, 6 hours 9 minutes and 10.7196, seconds,

The Julian year of 365 days and 6 hours.

The mean Equinoctial year of 365 days 5 hours 48 minutes and 47.5535 seconds.

The Anomalistic year of 365 days 6 hours 13 minutes and 45.1494 seconds.

The common year of 365 days 5 hours and 40 minutes.

I have taken the year that is deemed the most accurate. It is not to be doubted that the record has been better kept there than here, as the Ascension was an extraordinary event, the time of which would naturally be recorded by both Jews and Christians.

At any rate we cannot hope to find the true date on earth and we may perhaps get it from the spirit world.

SKP.—Do the Jews of the spirit world appreciate Christ any better than they did on earth?

SP.—Yes, because they understand him and his mission better. Christ was a Jew and loved his nation. It was his wish to teach them, but they would not be taught. The great power of the church was brought to bear against him, for the priests then no more brooked interference with their privileges than do the clergy of the present day with theirs. They cherish the power they possess and are jealous of all those who would deprive them of it.

SKP.—It may be so. All men are fond of power. You yourself would like to possess it and to use it.

SP.—Yes, I should—and I would use it to set mankind free, not to bind them in the chains of bigotry and ignorance. I should love power if I could induce men to think for themselves, and not stand gaping to catch the second hand opinions of a lecturer—who perhaps knows nothing of the subject he treats of, and only repeats parrot-like what others have said to him.

Yes, I should like power, if I could use it to enlighten mankind; if I could break the stained and soiled window of error which admits a dim and a false light into the dungeon of the human heart, and let the clear and pure radiance of heaven illumine it. To continue the figure, it is the constant occupation of bigotry to stain and dim this window of the human soul. The light that enters must not be pure, so seem to think the adherents of the time-worn creeds of a past world, and they stain it the color of their own minds. To one they give the blue tint of religious fanaticism, to another the red hue of blood, to another the night color of despair. It may be somber, it may be brown or grey, but it must not be white or pure.

SKP.—You draw a dark picture of the work of the bigots.

SP.—Let us recur to our subject. You have heretofore asked, and perhaps still ask, what is the use to the world, of such a calendar as I have taken so much pains to make? I answer again: all knowledge is useful. It is the true source of power. The calendar of two worlds is intended for those only whose thoughts are turned to the world whose time it treats of. To that vast number of the human family who bury their friends when they die and consider them safely enclosed beneath the sod, and never think of them

but as corpses mouldering in their coffins, this calendar would be of no use, except as food for merriment. To those, however, who have learned that their departed friends "still live," with all their loves fresh in their hearts, with all their intellects bright in their brains, with every accomplishment of mind and every quality of person improved, strengthened and beautified; that their friends were indeed immortal in their individuality, and not changed in any important particular from what they were on earth; to all these, who now are more numerous in this country than any other sect of Christians, this calendar might be very useful. I do not say it will be. Large numbers, the great majority of all who see it or hear of it, will doubt the truth of it mainly because they have not reached far enough in their investigations to find that the spirits departed have a globe to live on, or need one. Many of the mere spiritists (by which I mean persons admitting that spirits can and do communicate with us, but doubting the usefulness of spirit communication) will be the first to ridicule the idea of making a calendar of this kind. But there is a class of persons to whom it will be of service, as soon as they can get used to the novel idea. They being sincerely desirous of communicating with their departed friends, will not be unwilling to learn the best times and occasions to require their presence. They will at least give it a trial. They will upon the occasions when they have identified their friends ask them the question whether or not this calendar is correct.

SKP.—Suppose the spirits should tell them not to credit it.

SP.—Then, if they know absolutely the genuineness and truthfulness of the spirit who makes the statement, they should take his word and doubt the calendar, unless they find that other spirits through other mediums, declare the chart to be correct. In no case will a sensible spiritualist take the isolated statement of a spirit on any important subject. If he has but one medium through whom to consult spirits, and that one speaks or writes or tips the communications, he can know but little of the spirit world from that source. Spirits however true and earnest they may be, can not be sure of expressing through a medium that which the medium objects to. It is otherwise in communications made by raps, or by visions, or in conversations face to face with spirits.

SKP.—Have you put this chart into form so that it could be consulted?

SP.—Yes, I have completed it in the form of a chart, and it will be adapted for the use of circles.

SKP.—I foresee difficulties in your way when you attempt to introduce the Calendar into circles. They will not be prepared to receive it. They will not even give it an examination.

SP.—I know it. I shall not force it upon any circle. I shall allow it to be published in the form of a chart, and distributed, and I feel very sure that I shall lose the money invested in the stereotype plate. But I believe that I shall have developed to the world a new truth, and that will be my reward.

SKP.—I am ready to admit that all truth is good and useful, and that which you have done may not contain an error which future time will have to correct, and yet I believe the world is not ready for such a thing as the calendar of a spirit world. It is before its time, it will have long to wait.

SP.—I know that the world is not ready for this idea but it will hasten the comprehension of the world to have produced it. At least the suggestion is made, and people can get over the shock of it and get used to thinking of the next residence of the human spirit as a real abode, a real locality, a globe like this we inhabit.

SKP.—What is the necessity for such a globe? Why is it not better to locate the residence of the blest in the broad expanse of heaven, where is reared the throne of God?

SP.—There is a necessity that it should be a globe.

SKP.—I do not see the necessity.

SP.—In the first place all planetary systems require globes, there is no other form so perfect. Our solar system consists of a large globe, the sun, and smaller globes, planets, revolving round it, and still smaller globes, as moons, revolving round them. They are all in motion, and it is enough reason for their motion to say they could not be held in position by any other means known to the natural laws. Our system is one of a vast number of systems that revolve, (each system as if it were a planet,) round a mighty sun which is their center, and which orb must be large enough to hold them all in subjection. The sun is five hundred times larger and heavier than all the planets of our system, and yet is not found too large to hold them. They sometimes draw it half its diameter out of the center. It is reasonable therefore to conclude that the great central orb, round which revolves our solar system, and the countless other

systems that are clustered with it, is as much larger than the sum of all their matter, as the sun is larger than the planets. This great congeries of solar systems is but one of many such which revolve (each congeries as it were but a planet,) round some central globe immensely larger than their entire mass; and thus on, in successive combinations, untill the grand congeries of systems becomes one of the vast army of systems of globes which revolve round the great central sun of the Universe, which vast orb, it is reasonable to presume, is a thousand or a million times larger than all the rest combined. Here you might with some reason fix the throne of God—but it would still be a globe. Indeed my friend, there is no possible Heaven in space without a revolving sphere.

SKP.—I do not see how you can possibly know that.

SP.—Suppose it were a flat space, no matter how large, would there not be an under side to it? Or would you rest it on some foundation, as the ancients did—the sages of Greece and Rome, the Prophets of the Bible, and the seers of all ages, the wisest and the most learned of the past. They placed it on the back of an elephant, and that elephant stood on a tortoise. They too could not conceive of the necessity of a globe for people to live on. They did not comprehend the fact, at least not many of them, that space is infinite in extent, and that there is no up or down in it. If there were a flat plain for Heaven, or a brimstone pit for Hell, the under side of each would be just as habitable as the other. Since all sides of a body in space are upper sides, why not have a globe at once, and why is it not the best possible form?

SKP.—Well I never thought of the matter before. I perceive that if there be any place for heaven it must be a globe. But why make it revolve on its axis or round a sun?

SP.—Simply because there is no other way instituted by the Creator for holding a globe in its place. If heaven were either a vast plain, or a globe set in space, and did not revolve round some center (unless it were the center,) the attraction of other matter would draw it out of its place, and it would be hurled to ruin. Only by revolving round a center can it hold its relative place. If it then must be a globe, as the only form of matter which can be permanent, and must revolve in its yearly orbit,

soon found them present, I should ask them how they knew of their presence. If they were present how they knew they did not enter when the door was open. If they communicated and proved their identity, how they knew they did not, from the outside of the window, convey their ideas to spirits within. If they saw them as they thought I should ask them if they knew the difference between a psychological vision and the actual sight of a spirit.

SKP.—If these matters are so uncertain how can you tell anything about it.

SP.—We must trust in the veracity of spirits generally, but not always. If a spirit announces himself he can be questioned upon matters known only to that spirit and the questioner and, thus be made to identify himself. When we have proved that a true friend is talking with us we can take his word in other matters. We can administer an oath to a spirit and there are few bad enough to take a false oath for the trifling purpose of deceiving us.

SKP.—How do spirits like to be doubted?

SP.—No true spirit will object to being put to the test.

SKP.—Suppose a spirit shows himself to you do you then require further proof of his presence?

SP.—To have the form of a spirit presented to a medium is no proof that such spirit is present. It is only a reminder, something to call up the thought of that spirit. Suppose that you were one of a circle where there was a seeing medium and that the medium should describe, as standing near you, a spirit that you recognized as your mother by tokens and signs that could not be mistaken; it would not prove that she was present. It would be morally certain that there was a spirit present who knew the lady and could describe her. That is all it would prove. The picture of the spirit is impressed upon the mind of the medium (when it is a psychological vision) and this is generally done by the spirit whose office it is to be near and control the medium. That spirit having magnetized the medium and obtained control, wills her to see a certain form and she sees it. She wills her to describe and she describes it. If the spirit to be represented is present this can often be very perfectly done. The managing spirit (for in a majority of instances there is some one spirit who has sole control of the medium,) looks upon the face and figure, and

when she can remember the looks so as to call up the picture before her mind's eye he can make the medium see it, and not otherwise. If you were at a mediums and one of your spirit friends was present who knew your mother well, and knew you would be gratified to see her, he would have her form called up to greet you. Spirits are very glad thus to be represented when they are not present. When a vision of this kind is seen it is reasonable to conclude that the spirit is present, but it is not certain.

SKP.—So there is a good deal of guess work about the matter after all.

SP.—Only in little matters and in special cases. There are many occasions when there is no uncertainty in the matter.

SKP.—Let us recur to the matter of the Calendar. How can you feel sure that you have not been deceived in this matter by mischievous spirits?

SP.—Because no mischievous spirits could agree in so many statements on so many occasions. Ask your own judgement the question, could a hundred different spirits, on as many accidental occasions scattered through two years, being asked the question, "what is the time of day now at a given meridian in the spirit world" answer me at random and yet those hundred answers correspond?

SP.—No, it would be the greatest of miracles.

SP.—With regard to the length of their year, could spirits give it to a second falsely, and then a year hence on an accidental occasion tell me the number of years, months and days that would correspond with our measure of time since the ascension of Christ to the present time? Yet this was done exactly. There is not one chance in a million to guess it. I have no better proof than this of any matter here on earth. In this Calendar I think I have a hundred-fold more proof than is necessary to establish its accuracy, and yet, as I said, very few will believe that it can be true, or of any use. I shall however give the public an opportunity to judge of it before long, perhaps with the issue of the first No. of the SACRED CIRCLE, third volume.

SKP.—I shall look upon it with some curiosity, as a remarkable result arrived at in your spiritualism, but if I knew it to be all that it purports to be, I could make no use of it, for I never think of such a thing as asking a spirit to come to me. I have not sufficient con-

fidence that the thing is possible. I am, however, quite as anxious as ever to have all this great question settled in my mind, and therefore should like to continue this discussion, untill I have heard what can be said in its favor by one who has studied it so long and so deeply.

SP.—I am willing to discuss the matter at length, if you do not weary of it. We will see. W.

R A P S.:

Forget not these cosy hours, whether
In silence or chat they elapse;
When often, our hands clasped together,
We've patiently listened for raps.

Perchance we have profited greatly—
We have wasted our labor perhaps—
But all have felt pleasure innately
To talk with the spirits by raps.

We have spread out our hands on the table;
And may be then, after a lapse,
The spirits did all they were able
To talk with the circle by raps.

Sometimes there were some ones clairvoyant
Or went into magnetic naps,
And then were our feelings most buoyant
For this was still better than raps.

They described all the spirits beside us,
Whether friends or the mischievous chaps,
Or the ones that by day guard and guide us
And at night on the head board make raps.

Yet sometimes, tho' great efforts making,
 They only produced little taps—
 At others, our arms rudely shaking
 They gave us the loudest of raps.

They have fastened our hands to the table
 Sometimes with the hardest of slaps,
 Yet kindly 'twas done to enable
 The spirits to make louder raps.

Sometimes a dark spirit beset us
 That cared not for prayers or for traps
 Who would plague us torment us and fret us
 And wholly prohibit the raps.

And then thro' the trap we have put us
 And if we filled up all the gaps
 We compelled the dark spirit to cut us
 And then we could easy get raps.

Sometimes we've been ill or sad hearted
 From colds or some other mishaps,
 And then we've left off where we started
 And utterly failed to get raps.

And now of this matter, the merits
 Will soon be apparent perhaps;
 Then the manifestations of spirits
 Will not all have ended in raps.

W.

Investigating Circle, New York, 1852.

MATERIAL FORMS.

As the lamp that shineth in thy dwelling hath its center, but thou canst not measure the circumference of its rays, thus thy body is only the center of thine organism. Thou carriest around thee a viewless atmosphere that extends even to distant worlds, and affects spirits with love or abhorrence, according to thy affinities. And this atmosphere ever throws off its component parts, which are reproduced, like the light of the lamp, from the storehouse that supplies thy body.

EXPERIENCE OF VOLTAIRE AS A SPIRIT.

PART THIRD.

After having entered upon the duties of my new state of life, I again commenced the study of character; and I discovered that it was still men and women with whom I had to deal. Their pursuits and their nature surely were different from those I had just left, but still there was the same peculiarity of character manifested in different degrees, in every individual whom I accosted. True, the sphere in which I was placed was peopled by those of an elevated character, but how plainly did the earth-life of each one portray itself upon every lineament of their countenances. It marked their actions; controlled their associations; and for a time I almost forgot that I had left earth's plane for another and higher.

It was a curious study to observe how each one approached me according to the feelings which he had imbibed respecting me. The rigid churchman would approach me cautiously, carefully; and express his feelings in the form of a prayer—that I had been snatched as a brand from the burning; that I had been stopped short in my mad career, and brought suddenly to a sense of my awful condition, and then leave me with a promise to help me with his prayers. The free thinker, the philosopher, they would take me by the hand and welcome me to the land of reality, the birth-place of wisdom. It was very pleasant to meet with those whose minds were free and expanding. They could overlook my weakness and give me strength; they could understand why I had committed the unpardonable sin of speaking my thoughts, although they brought condemnation, lasting, bitter, and deep, upon my memory.

I was in a strange company, and strange emotions filled my soul. They were all striving for something, just as eagerly as while on earth, and yet, I could not sympathise with them in the

EXPERIENCE OF VOLTAIRE.

manner in which they made search for the all absorbing object, which was to confer great happiness. Many were contented to move slowly and cautiously, to labor laboriously for a little, when with the same effort they might have received a great deal; they were unable to grasp it, and so they went plodding along.

Some approached me with marvelous stories of what they had seen and heard—the mysteries which their eyes had beheld, and their hands had touched. But to me their tale was a fleeting shadow. I wanted the proof; to see, to know for myself, was what I desired; because as often as they went away, they returned empty handed; nothing benefitted, nothing wiser, for they returned into the same place which they had occupied before their departure.

The spirit habitation is one perpetual panoramic change. As the spirit arises and develops, it leaves behind it the old surroundings, and is constantly gaining new positions and facilities for improvement. This is always in accordance with the rapidity of its desires.

I had commenced far back, in humility and prayer, I had raised my eyes upward; I was building a foundation which I hoped would tower up into grand proportions, the beauty and symmetry of which, it would make my heart glad to look upon. Step by step I groped my way, using every aid, from all sources within my reach. How ardently I searched into the deep and hidden things, which I knew were concealed from my hungry gaze. I traveled over great space, that I might see and converse with those minds of the past ages who had acquired the knowledge for which I sought: and the means were given me to make my researches successful. I could not long remain in the presence of those wise men, for when I would draw thought from the storehouse of their knowledge, their words would fill me with unspeakable wonder, yes, even one word would contain a volume of knowledge which I could not grasp, because of its magnitude in comparison with my limited power of receiving it. To me it was not a world of shadows, but of great and startling realities; not only did the immortal spirit speak, but every leaf, every blade of of grass, every sun kissed flower, gave forth a language deep thrilling and impressive. Well it is for man, that his spirit cannot comprehend its own littleness, nor its own greatness. Well

EXPERIENCE OF VOLTAIRE.

it is that for him there is a school, wherein he may glean the first lessons fitted to the scope of his awakening intellect. And let him pray that he may not know the power, the world of power within himself, until the world without, in all its mysterious phases, physical and spiritual, is understood, analysed by him.

All men cannot be gods in wisdom ; and some must be children, before they can see the power which lurks within themselves.

He of whom I spoke before, counseled me not to seek too much at first. And yet knowledge was so beautiful ! It gave me power, and power was what I loved : but now I did not want to exercise it as I once had done, to swerve men's minds from the better promptings which they could receive from without as well as from within ; but I desired it for myself, that I might leave the busy bustling multitude behind me, and soar away into the illimitable space alone, to grapple with its mysteries unabashed ; to look upon the dread secrets of the Deity's universe. My thoughts rose higher, my desires sunk deeper, than my power extended. Then I said, "I will go to those who know that which I thirst for. They shall tell me how to obtain it ; they shall lead me to what my soul so earnestly craves." They shook their heads at my request, and told me I was presumptuous, "for," said they, "you are but a child. a new comer into this state of being. Labor patiently, as your fellow men are doing, and prepare yourself by degrees to receive the unfolding glories which it is your privilege to behold." They but mocked me. I turned in mute hopelessness ; my spirit chafed, and beat against its prison bars because of the delay. "Why should I wait ? I fear not ; I pause not : I am strong to endure ; I will encounter great and unheard of pangs, to be admitted within the sacred precincts of hidden things ! The light may dazzle ; the sight may even blind me, but why this knawing desire ? Why this drawing upward, this attraction, which stops not midway, but is lost in dim conjecture, and unsatisfied longing ? I see a glimpse of the world beyond ; they call it a sphere, and yet it is but a higher state—a purer atmosphere. It is heaven within my view : can I not reach it ? I behold it as a sunlighted landscape of ravishing beauty—mountain and valley—hill and dale—ocean and streamlet—moon and stars—all natural, but Oh, how sud-

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haze, a thin transparent veil. It is distant, but I see it, and the voice within me tells me it is my own. Then why will I tarry here. I have learned all that is fitting for me to know, and yet I cannot ascend." My soul was sad; its yearning desire was unfulfilled. It is true there were numberless minds surrounding me whose knowledge was greater than mine, whose natures were more loving and benevolent, more social in their feelings towards their fellow men,—but the intelligence from which I sprung, thus formed my being, and could I recreate myself other than I was? No, I cared not for the dazzling prospects of bliss, and joy, and beauty, which men called happiness. To me it was dream-like and misty, leaving naught but hollow echoes to fill up the void when the scene had passed.

Do you call me ungrateful, and ungodly; denying and denouncing that beautiful heaven which the Father had spread out before my wondering eyes? Oh no, my devotion was not of the external part, my desire was not for the things which are seen by the eyes alone. In the depths of my soul I thanked my God for so much of light as he had vouchsafed me, but I struggled to get nearer. Ten thousand newly formed worlds of thought and wisdom and knowledge seemed bursting into life from the center of my own being.

What was I? Less than a man, and yet within me were the elements of a God; power, strong, grasping, earnest, beseeching for something, anything to unlock the pent up fountains and let the waters flow forth, that I might look upon that which had been within myself. If it was life and thought, then was it reaching after the center from which it emanated. Was it power? Oh, then let me give it scope and compass! Was it good or evil? I knew it was good, the still small voice which urged my utterance told me that a universe of thought was rushing across the threshold of my soul. For I stood alone, alone, trembling with eagerness to pierce through the veil—to behold face to face those whose names were almost forgotten upon earth. I would see them, and hear them, I would walk and talk familiarly as with brothers; for had not they struggled too, as I was now doing? I stood upon a plane of glorious beauty, and transparent light, but then I could see that beyond, which was more inviting still.

Why should I linger below when there were messengers constantly bearing back and forth some spirits who had lived out their allot-

SELF DENIAL.

Why should I be called upon by the Almighty parent to forego the pleasures to which I am drawn as part of my nature?

Nay, O man, rather ask why thy hands should be ever bathed in pure water; why thy body should ever accept the impurities which cling to it, either in the diseases inherited of thy birth, or otherwise. Must not he that would enjoy the pure mountain air toil up with many a weary step the steep ascent? Complain not thou of this—remain in thy dwelling on the marsh if thou lovest it, but ask not there for the buoyancy, the salubrity of the upland. Thou sayest thy appetite for the wine cup was given thee of nature. Well, wouldst thou have health and peace, barter the commodity which nature gave thee, and the purchase is thine.

Wilt thou pity the miser who envies and sighs for thy comforts when he locks up the gold that could effect the exchange, even so thy loves and thy appetites are nature's capital to thee. Sayest thou thou hast nothing to exchange? Then thou art an idiot, and hast nothing to desire. The system of transfer is written in God's great book of commerce, where thou mayest ever learn that Heaven hath all its great commodities on sale. Thou dost not well understand when thou thinkest of "buying without money and without price," that may mean that heaven will receive thine own coin as current, for still it saith to thee, "buy, buy!" I will not damn thee for thy poverty, thou doest that for thyself; neither will I throw around thee lurid flames, for thou art choosing to brand thyself with the iron of thy lusts, and it shall assuredly be known to whose herd thou belongest. Think not when thou sayest thou canst "not help thy passion," that thou deceivest any but thyself. That passion is the pabulum of thy life, and like as the beast of the forest growleth lest an intruder touch its food, so thou fastenest thy will with a stronger grasp against every fancied invasion. But could the tiger be taught to forego the slaughtered prey, even he perchance might find some cooling stream that would slake his thirst better than the blood of his victim. H.

FORCES OF THE UNIVERSE.

"Is the central controlling force of our solar system, magnetic or spiritual—a passive power or a power capable of especial application, of individual exertion?" This question is propounded us for spiritual exposition, by a querist of great intelligence and research. Some of our most learned and able scholars support the theory that the grand sidereal and solar systems of our universe, are kept in motion by Divine will alone. We have received the accompanying on this interesting subject, written by the gentleman above alluded to, in answer to some strictures made by Professor Nichol, in relation to this matter. Although this communication appeared at the time in some of the daily papers yet as it relates to a subject involving many curious facts, we feel confidence in presenting it to our readers. We see in the conclusion of the article that 'Nassau' himself expresses a doubt whether this "stupendous power, this all controlling influence of destiny itself, is vivified or not, or if it be but the mechanical offspring of a vivified power." But, acknowledging it to be a magnetic force, what that magnetism is, we know not. It may be the WILL of the Deity. We make no doubt that will exerts a mysterious power over mind, and in some measure over matter. Many theorists account for the movement of a table without visible contact, by attributing it to the concentrated action of the wills surrounding the board. Edgar Poe founds one of his wildest and most powerful tales, on the assumption of an old writer whose name we cannot now recall, that man only dies because the will ceases to act, the magnetic force which hold the atomic particles together, being turned in another direction, the lifeless mass of matter assumes its natural state of rest. It is a very common occurrence in daily life, to hear this remark in relation to any ailing, "I should have been in my grave by this time if I had given up to it." What is the magnetic power? Is it will? Is it the principle of life? Is it the Divine law? Is it Deity?—Will "Nassau" answer the question?—*

"Pro. Nichol, who has been received with such eclat by the public and press generally, betrayed in many of his deductions, views of the most narrow and limited description, devoid of all boldness of conception, and absolutely deficient in the plainest de-

ductions which common sense should arrive at when reasoning from the known to the unknown.

In a recent lecture, after first tracing the movement of the planets around our sun, and next the mightier movement of our entire system, and of all the other solar [systems which form our group, in an orbit of incalculable immensity, and declaring that mechanism stamped the whole arrangement—Think that he should allege that this was not the result of force, of power, but that these present movements were a mere sequence, uncontrolled by any mighty physical influence, and conclude by that refuge of imbecile minds, the clap-trap, that all is kept in motion by Divine will alone, and that the whole machinery is imperfect in that point which alone can constitute its perfection. Throughout all nature, every school-boy now realizes the fact that there is no effect without a physical cause; and the merest tyro who would profess ignorance or doubt on this subject, would not be deemed by American parents as worthy the bringing up.

The lecturer asks us doubtingly, "What idea we have of force in itself, when we speak of gravitation? Has it an idea? Is it tangible? Is it correct? I think (he says) a little reflection will convince us there is no external material force." And further adds, he thinks "we receive the idea not from our connection with the material world, but the spiritual," and that "law is not the power created by the Deity to keep these worlds in existence," &c.

Surely the worthy lecturer must have made his debut among us Americans with the same narrow conceptions of our intellectual development which are so often manifested on the other side of the Atlantic; or rather what I most fear is, that he has himself come among us without sufficient mental and scientific expansion to meet an American audience. Who would believe, when a Newton, the Herschells, Arago, Laplace, and Struve, have, in all their stupendous and sublime investigations, proved, step by step, the eternal presence of order, by physical law—who would believe, when from school-boy demonstrations up to those emanating from the loftiest minds of which science can boast in every department, we have incontestibly proved the universal operation of physical law, that we should at this late day have our understandings assailed (and from so distinguished a professor) by the stale annunciation that there exists a boundary to the physi-

cal law and order of nature—a point at which the mechanism of the universe ceases to exist—a point at which effect is produced without a physical cause—thus annihilating at one blow the symmetry, the perfection, the sublimity, of the mighty machinery whose movements ages have as yet but partially developed? Are we at this day to be asked, “What idea we have of force?” and to be taught to doubt the all pervading power of an eternal physical essence, when the magnet is revealing to us in rays of eternal truth, the (so called) mysteries of all the works of nature, and even as regards the conformation of the human mind itself? Who for a moment doubts the universality of its influence?—and when the mind, rising gradually from effect to cause, in the long chain of electrical developments, soars to the power whence its influence first emanates, and diffuses itself throughout our system,—it finds itself reposing at last on that mighty orb which daily imparts its divine and vivifying influence to the planets and satellites which surround it! Arriving at that brilliant bourne of our aspirations, can we then say that we have no idea of force, of power, or that the idea is not derived from a material world? And having travelled thus far to a reality of our conceptions, guided by that eternal influence which constitutes the essence of physical harmony itself, what course shall we next pursue in order to attain to still more ample conceptions? The human mind has no limits but superstition, ignorance and prejudice. Analogy and inference based on cause and effect, are the rational means exercised by every enlightened mind, wafting it to the utmost limits of our universe, and arriving at conclusions founded on the physical order of nature, and based in internal truth. The mind partaking in a still greater degree as it advances, of the perfecting influence of that eternal and congenial essence of which it is constituted, and brightened into new conceptions by its sublime attributes, banishes all that has seemed obscure and mysterious, sends forth its aspirations amid the mighty congregated masses of ill defined light, unvails their separate existences, marks out their immutable orbits, traces wisdom, harmony and perfection in all their movements, and revels amid the increasing glories of

THEORETICALLY.

BY ANN M. H.—

This is the great new theory age
When new opinions are all the rage,
Ever with all things to be at war
And to raise our notions by the score
Is the ever aspiring
Ever untiring
Something or other we're living for!

Our national grammar is very good,
Our God is a great Infinitive Mood,
All of the future, and all the past,
Ever the first and forever the last,
The ever ascending,
Ever descending
Shadow from all things cast.

Many a soul through the records dim
Goes out in the darkness to look for him,
"He's certainly not on my library shelf—
I'll take for my guide some sprightly elf,"
But he finds despairing,
With all his daring
He is only getting "beyond himself!"

And many a soul grown tired of strife.
Who cannot make out the "end" of life
Through its long debates, and its dire confusion,
Not only in novels ends the delusion
Out on some ledge,
Or the river's edge,
By "jumping to a conclusion."

"Doing good," says one, "without vanity,
Is the string that threads humanity."
So he's not so impolite as to frown
When poor men's coffins are bought by the town,
And it doesn't strike him,
And others like him,
He is really helping to "screw them down,"

And the essence of poverty distilled
Is the perfume with which his rooms are filled.
And the crushing of heart and flesh and bone,
Makes his carpets soft, and his couch a throne.
And his haughty flowers,
Grew in the showers
The widow and orphan wept alone.

And somebody thinks in the Free Love plan
Is the meaning of God, and the power of man;
We shall wind up every social affray
By setting the parties farther astray!
Ah the disguising,
'Tis most surprising
That ages of starlight ne'er made a day!

He thinks at least that the marriage vow
Is most nonsensical, anyhow,
He's a man of business, why shouldn't he, pray,
When his wife, poor tool! is getting astray,
Demand with sweetness,
And manly neatness,
Permission to "put her away?"

New theories often are sudden fits,
Of men who are living upon their wits,
Who'd no idea till they came to try it,
They'd find it such very meager diet!
It's not very strange
By way of a change,
They take a "new course," to keep them quiet.

All lies are great truths in disguise,
All oceans are arched by kindred skies,
The great Creator, who ever is true,
The balance of all things keepeth in view,
From words we're sowing
Great deeds are growing,
The seeds are old, but the flowers are new.

These new born thoughts are glorious things,
Thick as shadows in woodland springs;
This strange unrest and apparent division
Are but the Deity's mighty incision
Which ever changing,
Is ever arranging
To sculpture earth to his mighty vision.

OUR SPIRIT SOIREES.

Newtown, L. I. June, 1856.

DEAR W.—You ask me what are my ideas in regard to “lost spirits.” Lost spirits! Yes I believe there are such. Lost from the warmth and light and joy of this world and the next. Wandering, dreary, and desolate. And, that is doubtless the meaning of the terrible sentence. Straying but not destroyed, not driven out—But with the hope of recovery, of repentance, of reformation; for what is only lost must surely be found again. The night is dark, the way is wearisome, they are lost, but not forsaken.

Yet to go out of life entirely in the dark—utterly ignorant of the other life—blindly to wander, scared and despairing on that unknown other shore—that is as weird and desperate a fate as any idea of death could possibly be to the most rigid Calvinist.

“No punishment hereafter!” exclaimed a friend in our circle the other night, shuddering at the suggestive description a spirit gave of his experiences in the new life. It is a pleasant belief, yet it does not outdo the fact that the “soul that sinneth it shall die.” There must be a death, in order to rid it of the impurities it contracts. The grossness the materiality the “body” of evil, must be cast aside, it shall surely die.

I often imagine that poor spirit, Mrs. H., wandering maniac like through the thronged streets, or wailing in the solitudes of the vast forests of the spirit world; unfulfilled duties, unforgiven unforgotten wrongs going up to her from the earth with a mighty cry; old associations, old sorrows, haunting her. She cannot seem to meet, or avoids meeting those friends who should recognise and care for her; and those missionary spirits who are always glad to help the helpless, she rejects by her uncontrolled attraction earthwards. Mrs. H., was as it were thrust out of life with a strong hand; she desired to live, she willed to live. Surprised and awe struck she entered the spirit world, and could she have returned hither, could she have again united the delicate cords which the soul had severed for flight, she would I believe gladly have accepted once more the pained and stricken body,

preferring the shelter of such tenement, to the night and mystery which greeted her Beyond. This is an unpleasant thought, but it is something which spiritual revelations oftener verify than is supposed. I will even admit that those who according to the old "finishing" system regard their friend as entirely done with this world, as utterly passed away, are happier in their belief than we on whom the truth is forced, that she is ever revisiting longed and distracted the scene of her past existence. This is one of the enlightenments from which we must not shrink. We must expect in proportion to the beauty of our belief will be its strength of terror.

And this is not the only spirit we know who seems to be homeless and friendless. Many a one whose pride will not own it, who desires that neither the visible nor the invisible company should be aware of his homesickness, visits our circle with gloomy brow, and rayless eyes.

The passage to a spiritual world apparently vivifies and intensifies every feeling, or rather the soul disencumbered of its veil shows forth its realities more distinctly; unintentionally revealing itself to us, with greater frankness than we ever reveal ourselves to each other.

Spirits coming to earth, all nerve and fire, elate with the invigorating breath of another atmosphere, are repulsed often, unwittingly, by our unmeant roughnesses, and unsympathising attentions. We have evidences of this varied state of feeling in our own life; There are a hundred little things in our daily existence, which are unfelt by our stronger powers; but brought into contact with our finer, more subtle organisms, which are only exposed when the strong covering, in which we enshroud ourselves from very necessity is weakened, they fret us with keen reminders of their presence. A thousand motes, floating viewless hitherto in the sunshine of our being, light upon the delicate and ethereal nerves, which quiver and writhe in agony. Voices, tones, looks, break upon us disagreeably. Provocations which the strong soul has only received as the coat of mail receives the javelin, now smite us to the earth.

We naturally hide a great deal of ourselves from ourselves, and we protect ourselves from each other. Knowing our weakness it seems instinctive to erect walls about it. When we are prostrated by

illness, or defeat or sorrow, or fasting, these qualities of ours, which we carefully conceal, as a catholic enshrines his madonna, whom he cannot make work, and therefore worships, become evident.

Doubtless often amid the intricacies of this curious human nature spirits find great discomfort in attempting to communicate; and with the higher and more intellectual it is probably a real missionary labor; a cheerfully performed sacrifice, yet a sacrifice nevertheless. And this is perhaps the reason that each spirit is followed in such quick succession by another; in order that neither the medium nor themselves may suffer from the too powerful action of opposite forces. Spiritualists are beginning to appreciate these difficulties, but do not as yet discover the remedy.

Our Spirit Soirees this month have been rather interrupted. We have had however many pleasant visitors, among the rest our true friend, Jesse Hutchinson; and any one who has met the genial, truth-loving, hopeful, Brothers, needs no farther proof of spirit identity than the strong resemblance which this Soul out of the body, bears to the Soul once animating it. He gave us some fragments of a new song he has composed since his departure. It is the real witty, jaunty, reform song, such as these Brothers know how to make music and thrilling inspiration out of. Jesse informed us particularly of the whereabouts of the remaining members of the severed Family; he wished us to write to them. Then catching up a sheet of paper upon the table, he scribbled off some wild hieroglyphics—"There!" said he, "take that to Judson! Tell him I wrote it, and he must read it. It'll do him good, it's a sight for sore eyes!" Jesse kept us in a whirl of excitement and exhilaration all the evening, singing some of his old songs, and making his society so delightful, that never were we more reluctant to say good night to our best earthly friend, never felt we more heart and soul warmth to any being, than we did to this invisible intelligence, whom some would persuade us is a—ghost.

Mr. Maffitt also was here for a while. Some of the company jocosely, as is the custom, were laughing at the remembrance of his "old loves," as they called them. "Friends," said he, "why should you laugh? I am not ashamed to have loved, I wish I had loved more. Do not be offended—but it seems to me that if your own hearts were purer, you would not thus laugh. Men and women, do not understand the divinity of love; they do not under-

stand each other, or these smiles and jests would never occur.

I wish I could help you to better appreciate and reverence the God-like dignity and power, the nobility, and purity, of a heart that truly loves. The Deity is worshipped with this same principle by which we appreciate and are attracted to each other. We insult ourselves, we insult our Maker, when thus we lower to a theme for mirth, his highest attribute, his choicest gift." And Mr. Maffitt was right: we too often in our superior intellect and manliness, uncrown ourselves of our only insignia of royalty. We despoil the temple, we trample on the shrine, the statue, and the god within it, and then cry, "What is there to worship?"

Rubens, the painter, not long ago honored us with a visit. He discoursed in most beautiful and glowing language through S. reminding us all of Italy; its beaming skies, and brilliant atmosphere. We asked him why he did not try his skill as a painter through some medium in that fair land, "Ah!" said he "Italy is not ready yet; there are none there to receive me. I must labor in America, to arouse the enthusiasm of art, to cultivate the sense of beauty." Some one in the circle laughingly asked "What the pope would think of Rubens' return to earth?" "The pope!" exclaimed he, shaking his head, "Ah, if Rubens could make one of his old pictures wink, that might make some impression on the pope!"

Spirit paintings!—If those old masters who have given to us so glorious results of their genius, have been progressing ever since their departure, in comprehension of their art; have been extending their knowledge through the vast unfoldings of higher worlds, and have as they endeavor to explain, obtained new methods, and discovered new processes of coloring, and finer materials, more brilliant, and lasting,—how transcendent in form and hue, must be those landscapes which gleam—as sometimes visions gleam upon us—in the soft light the artist atmosphere of their art-palaces. We are told that often these great painters are employed by spirits to take a portrait of some friend below. Who knows, then, what flattering resemblance of themselves may be wogling on the walls of some spirit home, while they are toiling

A WORD FROM MRS. HEMANS.

GIVEN THROUGH MRS. SWEET.

GENTLE FRIENDS,—The sunlight of love makes the heart glad, and the lifelight of wisdom makes the soul strong. The arch of promise is bending over humanity's brow, radiant with life giving light and holiest wisdom. Man shall no longer be weak and puny as a little child, but his thoughts shall go soaring upward fleet as lightning; sure and safely shall they reach the fountain from which flows truth purely and sweetly distilled, which shall be as nectar to the fainting soul. What hallowed ground is man now treading upon! The Angel world is bursting upon his vision gloriously beautiful, in its simple but majestic grandeur, which poets and sages have long wished and prayed for. Beautifully mysterious are the leaves which are slowly unfolding before your astonished gaze, and they shall reveal those things to your soul which find no equal save in the dim land of dreamy imagination. Who shall repress the glad tidings? Who may stem the mighty torrent? for in its resistless might it shall uproot the strong foundations which error has erected; and they shall float away on the billowy tide to be known no more forever. And truth, so simple shall be unfolded that little children may become teachers and wise ones in Israel.

Oh gentle friends, I beseech of you, make the fleshly tabernacle of your hearts pure and holy! There are countless numbers of intelligences watching every pulsing thought and motion of your mind, and you may either become the ministers to elevate and connect with the Angel world, your brother man, or else become dark deceiving ministers, to lead downward all who are misled by dark, designing, and unwise spirits. Be firm, be earnest, and you shall bring to your side those holy men and women, who have become pure through suffering, and whose strength shall add to yours, and surround you with that which will render you unapproachable to any but true and holy influences.

My spirit is not sad but very hopeful, and as I look upon humanity's undulating surface, here and there I see the heavens and the earth kissing each other in a close embrace. I see the bright ones linking their hands with mortality, and I know that the chains are becoming so firmly riveted, and the links so strong that they cannot again be snapped: for the spirit world has gained a foothold on the understanding, and on the heart of mankind which will not be swept away from henceforth nor forever.

But man is now having solemn lessons in his eternal destiny. This is no guess-work, no child's play, no freak of the imagination. but it is something which he may know, and daily feel, firm as the foundation of his own souls trust. And let him take heed that he carry with him visibly, and invisibly, those companions which it is his duty and his privilege to travel with. Oh! let his soul daily mount upward, and in the embrace of angel arms, let him pluck fresh radiant flowers from the gardens of beauty, and let him come back to earth refreshed, odorous and genial with the fragrance and the light in which his soul has revelled. The cold and unsatisfying forms of things held sacred, must give place to the warm and living streams of things tangible and real. The heart must become as that of the angels, transparent and natural, the lip but breathing what the spirit gives birth to. And when the labors of angels have been crowned with success, and we see here and there all over humanity, ethereal forms of light and beauty, mixing in, and dotting the dark, moving, living mass—when men know that those who had left, have returned, to baptize their friends with the light of wisdom guided by some superior knowledge, which is hovering over them to lead and direct them; we shall know that the old things are passing away; that earth is becoming a paradise, that suffering and sorrow no longer exist, because Love and Wisdom have conquered, and God hath called his children home, and all that he hath made he hath pronounced good.



PLEASANT TALK WITH PLEASANT PEOPLE.

Our June Number—Should commence as the month commences, very hopefully, and very promisingly: with all the fresh buds coming into bloom, and the birds' nests builded, all the experiments tried, and all the expectations realized. So, in a measure, it does commence. Some very pleasant fragrances waft about in the mystic ring of our Sacred Circle. Some very glittering shapes are winging around it, like good wishes.

It would please us to see this Magazine succeed. In fact we are determined it shall succeed. In order to sustain it as it should be sustained, the subscription list must be extended, so shall we extend our usefulness and our pages.

Our friends would oblige us by circulating their copies as freely as possible. We shall re-supply any who may lose their numbers by this means.

It will be remembered that the office of the Sacred Circle has been removed to 132 Nassau, corner of Beekman st. where letters should be addressed, care of O. G. Warren.

Several communications should have been noticed in this No., our correspondents will however accept this general acknowledgement, and our warmest thanks for the interest shown. We should like this magazine to be a pleasant sort of home book, a sort of chimney corner, where every one who had a tale to tell would feel confidence to tell it, and every one who had a riddle to solve would hope to get the knot untied. Any articles sent us for publication we shall of course take the liberty of revising, accepting, or rejecting; but there are very few spiritualists whose experiences and disappointments whose speculations and reflections on the subject of this new philosophy, would be devoid of interest.

The Phrenological Journal.—Although not exactly converts to this science in all its details, yet we do believe in whatever tends to awaken the mind, and to keep us searching actively into the mysteries of our being. In this way only do men arrive at new truths. We therefore recommend all intelligent, enterprising, and ambitious people to subscribe to the Journal, if they wish to get—a-head!

The Spiritual Telegraph has adopted the quarto form as more convenient and elegant. This paper is always well got up and full of interesting facts on the spiritual phenomena. Among its writers are men of talent, and research, whose opinions should be honored in any community.

The Christian Spiritualist. This always pleasant and enjoyable paper has very much improved of late. Wonder who is its invisible Editor?

The issue of this number of the magazine has been delayed until we should ascertain how many of our old subscribers would continue with the new volume. So many good word, and new subscriptions have reached us, that we feel confidence in proceeding. In consequence however of the detention, the July No. will not appear until the last of the month.

We are greatly indebted to Mr. W. of Newtown, for his efficient kindness in repairing an accident which occurred to our press during the printing of the June No. Original from

We have received from W. R. Prince, Esq. of the Linnaean Botanic Gardens, Flushing, L. I. some of the finest ever published. We have our doubts if even the spir-

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